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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER,

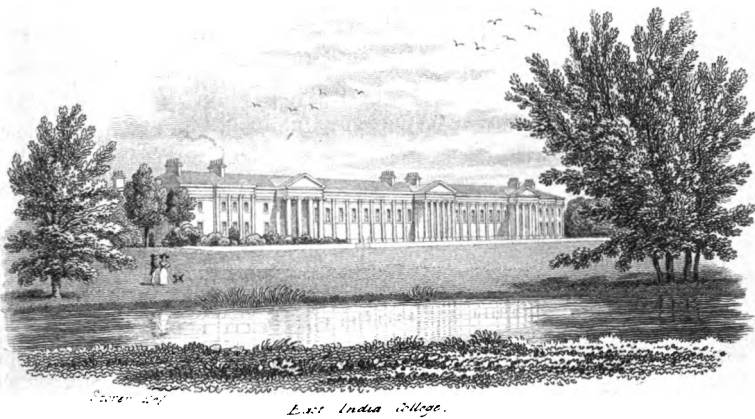
A MISCELLANY,

BY THE

STUDENTS OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE,

HERTS.

PART I.



HERTFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN AND SON,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE;

J. MADDEN AND CO. LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.

1840.



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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosus, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

THERE are few, it may safely be assumed, who have not at times felt weary of a life passed in complete seclusion from society, and little diversified by incident and adventure. Without indulging in fretful complaints of their condition, they have wished that some means could be devised of rendering it less irksome and monotonous. Such will eagerly catch at whatever wears the appearance of a novel pleasure. It is therefore confidently expected, that an attempt to supply them with excitement at once agreeable and innoxious, and to vary in some measure the routine of their employments, and recreations, will be regarded with favour. *Professione pietatis aut laudatus erit, aut excusatus.*

It will be proper, however, to furnish some information respecting the plan upon which the *Haileybury Observer* is to be conducted.

The precise objects of the publication, as was stated in the Prospectus, are to open a field for voluntary intellectual exercitation, and to circulate materials of amusement and entertainment. Accordingly it is designed to embrace original compositions of every sort,—essays literary and political, historical and biographical sketches, romances, poems, satires, facetiæ, together with news domestic, national and foreign. In short, none except religious topics will be excluded.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that upon the countenance and co-operation of the Students the success of this project mainly depends. The friendly manner in which the announcement of it has been greeted forbids the supposition, that the contribution of articles will be much less general than the subscriptions have been. No one can doubt, that the reputation of the College would be raised by a happy consummation of the proposed scheme. The

alternative of a failure, which would leave its members chargeable with a poverty of talent, of energy, and of liberal and ingenuous tastes, is one which, as there is no reason to anticipate, it would only be distressing to contemplate, or to point out.

As the Editors are chiefly responsible for the tone and merit of the work, it will of course be understood, that nothing can obtain insertion which is disapproved by them. It is their fixed and unalterable determination to reject whatever would degrade the character of the paper, or pain the feelings of individuals. In declaring themselves willing to receive satirical productions, they would have it provided that the satire be always delicately concealed, and be of that kind which rather tickles than irritates, and sparkles without burning. Assuredly, they will not lend themselves either to excite, or to nourish, private animosities.

The Editors conclude these introductory remarks, by offering their sincere thanks to the body of their fellow-students for the encouragement which has already been afforded them, and by requesting continued assistance, as well as, in the estimate of the manner in which they perform their task, a very indulgent consideration of the difficulties which they have to encounter.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

DEAR SIRs, I am glad from reports sempiternal
To hear you've determined to issue a Journal
For Poetry—dramatic, and epic, and lyrical;
For Prose—sentimental, instructive, satirical.

I repeat, Sirs, I'm glad, at length has been granted
That lofty tribunal, so awfully wanted,
A censor of morals, a foe to abuses,
And a terror (the phrase pray forgive) to all *gooses*.

Your far seeing eye will not fail, Sirs, to scan
Each practice which plagues the poor hard Reading Man,
Under which he has long unresistingly groaned,
But which ought to be now, *sine die* postponed.

I think it is hard, that over my busy pate
As I pace the quadrangle, each witting should dissipate
A jug of cold water, which gives me a staggerer,
And suggests most unkindly the "Falls of Niagara."

I think it is hard, that when any one seeks
The name of a book, to be told it is "*Cheeks*,"
And on asking what that is, an impudent railer
Should say a "Marine" or the "E. I. Coll. Tailor."

I think it is hard, to leave Greek or Hindī
On a special invite from a *Pro* to drink Tea,
And your bow having made, (most dressing of jokes)
To find the *Pro's* letter,—*proh pudor!*—a hoax.

I think it is hard, when stretched on one's truckle,
To be roused from soft slumbers, by loud cries of "*Buckle*,"
A practice which long has discretion outran,
And offends very deeply that worthy young man.

I think it is hard that a fat man should snore
 When I strive to gain Legal or Pol. Econ. lore ;
 But I know you'll exclaim, " our patience will fail us"
 If I say a word more on this *Heliogabalus*.

I think it is hard,—but, Sirs, let me restrain,
 My praiseworthy wrath, till I write, Sirs, again ;
 Meantime let the flame-breathing steed of your pen
 Ride rough-shod the foes of us hard Reading Men.

Go on, Sirs, and prosper : feared and loved may you be
 In the turbulent regions of A B and C.

Write again and again if you find No. 1. do :

Remember that "*Vires, acquirit eundo*."

A. READING MAN.

[We have received the following from a correspondent, and, having decided upon the admission of political articles, we insert it accordingly : but we beg to state once for all, that we are not to be held responsible for the sentiments contained in this, or any other communications from correspondents.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS,—Though, from the name which you have given to your Paper, it might be inferred that your remarks were to be restricted to the little concerns of the College ; yet it is difficult to suppose that you will omit to acquaint us, from time to time, with the progress of events and of opinions in the world about us. No one would wish you to be hot, indiscriminate defenders of any political party, or person. But, occasionally, you might endeavour to draw the attention of your readers to the grand principles of the science of government, and to the qualities of head and heart which ought to belong to public servants. When you consider upon what a stage they will hereafter figure, and how important it is that they perform their parts well, nothing will appear more proper, or more expedient than such a proceeding.

In so doing, you would naturally direct their eyes to the character and conduct of the present Ministry. Justly may we boast of rulers, whose rare fortune it is to possess both the favour of the court and the confidence of the people, because the rare merit attaches to them of being not more ardent lovers of liberty, than zealous advocates of order and obedience. They are men of immaculate patriotism, of uncommon capacity for affairs, of large schemes and liberal views of policy. Not at all averse from judicious measures of reform, they have ever opposed a resolute front to hasty, ill-considered and needless innovations. The narrow prejudices which have long obstructed the march of civil equality and religious toleration,—the wild theories of a fatuous enthusiasm, which gaping after impracticable perfection in the constitution of human society, loses sight of that excellence which is attainable,—seem alike to have been unable to gain any hold upon their vigorous understandings.

Their policy at home and abroad has been attended with singular success. Among ourselves party heats have been gradually mitigated. The ill-omened signs of discontent have passed away. Ireland is enjoying a tranquillity which she has not known for many years. The rebellion in Upper Canada has been utterly extinguished. In the East, wars that appeared imminent have been averted by dexterous diplomacy, without any compromise of the honour of England. The ambition of Russia has not been suffered to encroach upon the rights and interests of other nations. The integrity of the Ottoman empire has been preserved inviolate.

That a ministry, having such claims to general approbation as services so great as these constitute, should nevertheless have been maligned as a set of scoundrels and incapables, is grievous, indeed, but not surprising. As if the degree of depreciation on the one side should be exactly proportioned to the degree of merit on the other, it is observable, that the missiles of abuse and scurrility have been chiefly aimed at the nobleman who presides over the administration of affairs. Let him be comforted by the approval of his own conscience. Let him look forward with assurance to the sentence of future generations. That, placed in the delicate and responsible situation of adviser to a youthful and inexperienced Queen, he should have used, without abusing, the implicit confidence which her generous disposition led her to repose in him, and should have demeaned himself towards her so properly, so wisely, so honestly, as to have won the acknowledgment, that she regarded him as a father, with affectionate reverence ;—that, aspersed and vehemently denounced by the established clergy, his only revenge should have been, to confer upon them the benefit of a commutation of tithe, and to deliver the highest dignitaries of the church from temptations, which their virtue was not always able to resist, though to yield to them was disgraceful, by abolishing the evil practice of translating bishops from one diocese to another ;—that, suddenly and fiercely assailed by an old and familiar comrade, who had basely deserted to the enemy, he should have had the magnanimity not to disclose facts, the very mention of which must have effectually bridled the licentious tongue of his unprincipled antagonist, and covered his face with shame and confusion ;—these are a few of the noble traits, which, however the eyes of contemporaries may be blinded to them by party spirit, will assuredly be recognised and depicted by the impartial historian, and command the admiration of posterity.—I have the honour to be, yours, &c.

PHILALETHES.

TO GREECE.

Land of the Bard who sang Achilles' ire !
 Land of the battle-sword and melting lyre !
 The patriot's thoughts shall ever dwell with thee,
 Birth-place of Heroes and of Liberty !
 How long shall cruel tyrant man oppress
 The spot, which bounteous Nature loves to bless
 With brilliant skies of Heaven's clearest blue,
 And sunny plains that gentlest breezes woo ?

How long shall Grecia's dark-eyed daughters weep,
 And classic valour rest in death-like sleep ?

— I listened, and the voice of vengeance cried,
 " Let Grecia's dark-eyed daughters cease to weep.
 " No more shall tyrants revel in their pride,
 " Awake ! awake ! The Turk hath murder'd sleep !"

— See ! slumb'ring Greece is wak'ning from her dream,
 The war shout rises, and the lances gleam ;
 The banners wave, and soon the crimson flood
 Shall stain the plains with dying Moslem's blood.

— Strike home, brave Greek ! Let Turkish foemen feel
 The virtuous wrath of thy avenging steel ;
 Fight on and conquer, like thy sires of old,
 And thy proud tale, like theirs, shall oft be told,
 And lovely woman shall reward the deed ;
 For lovely woman's praise is valour's sweetest meed.

A*****

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A STUDENT OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

As the long middle age of ignorance in these academic walls is about to vanish, and the classic glories of our predecessors, dimly shadowed forth in the columns of the *Scrutator*, are about to be rivalled in the pages of the *Observer*, it is a duty which we owe to posterity, to paint in colours, at once vivid and correct, the habits and character of the embryo civilian of the present time. We offer no apology for the publication of the following Extracts from the Life and Adventures of a Student of the East India College, knowing that England, India, and indeed the whole of the civilized world, together with Hertford and Leadenhall-street, peremptorily demanded its appearance.

The author, proud of being above the prejudices of his times, and spurning the flimsy prettinesses by which his brothers in literature veil their ambition and their vanity, at once states, that he presents to the universe what the universe wanted, a true and faithful history, replete with erudition, teeming with interest, enriched with the noblest sentiments, and enlivened by the purest humour.

[NOTE.—We have here omitted some admirable passages on the ideal, and the true, in composition,—together with a masterly review of English literature, and East India College Examination papers. We have also dispensed with all the valuable reflections with which the work abounds, and have confined our extracts to events. We are, however, happy and proud to be enabled to state, that the whole work will be shortly published, in one volume, 8vo. by J. Madden and Co. with illustrations by A. W. Phillips, and A. C. Travers, Esqs. In the exercise of a sound discretion, we have also passed by the early education of the hero, and the reader will therefore please to imagine him to have been educated at a private school, and to have entered his eighteenth year.—Ed. *Observer*.]

On the fifteenth of December, 18—, Arthur Fielding was summoned from a parlour boardership, at a romantically situated school, to undergo the necessary examination for a Writership in the East India Company's service.

Although a youth of fair talents and considerable assiduity, yet from the private nature of his education, he had about as vague a notion of a public examination, as an Oxford undergraduate has of the Integral Calculus. Not a little, therefore, was he alarmed, when told that he must be prepared "to go in and win" before another calendar month had elapsed. The intervening time was spent in alternate hopes and fears, in running from Euclid to Paley, from Paley to Walkingame, from that respectable gentleman to Magnall's Questions, and from thence to every bookseller's shop in town, in search of aids, synopses, and translations, and five minutes' advices, and brief views, and tabular views, and comprehensive views, and analyses, and every thing which could make a young man satisfactorily acquainted with every subject in twenty-one days.

A few days previous, however, to the ordeal, it was incumbent to comply with a necessary form, entitled, "the Presentation of Petitions." Our hero found this but a very slight affair, merely consisting in giving full

scope to the reflective faculties during the space of four hours. The speculative have sought to place another interpretation upon this ceremony, but the acute have always considered that, for any less excellent purpose than the one above-mentioned, the royal family of Leadenhall-street would never drag young gentlemen from their studies at so critical a period, to ask them whether they were the sons of their fathers, whether they had ever had the small-pox, and whether their handwriting was their handwriting.

The awful day at length arrived, and, contrary to novelistic custom, was of a very every-day appearance. Several times before our hero left his home did he endeavour in secret to discover the decree of fate, by the rotatory motion of a penny piece; head for success,—their antipodes for defeat. Nor could all the caresses of his kind relations quite dispel the gloomy forebodings, which the continued appearance of Britannia seated on the edge of her shield shed over his superstitious temperament. At length he found himself at the appointed field, surrounded by about thirty young men of his own age, the majority of whom, by certain silver sounds, and by the nationality of those garments which can only be expressed to ears polite by a periphrasis, he soon discovered to be natives of

“The land of brown hills and shaggy wood.”

A tedious pause now ensued, which some employed by telling others where they had been at school; some in devouring with all the ferocity of despair question-and-answer editions of Paley's Evidences, whilst all, in their secret heart of hearts, felt their situations to be very similar to that of the criminal who hears the rack preparing in an adjoining room. Exactly at half-past eleven A.M., the engagement commenced by the distribution of arithmetical and mathematical papers of questions, and by each of the three Inquisitors simultaneously seizing a victim for a *vivâ voce* examination.

As, however, one day's trial will enlighten our readers as to the nature of the ordeal, we will therefore, with his permission, describe the third and last day. On this day, a paper of questions on History and Geography was placed in our hero's hands, which demands a more minute attention. It appears that the Examiners, finding their task to be one not very amusing, determined to relieve the monotony of their labours by a slight infusion of comedy.

With this view, the gentleman who proposed the questions on the third day, and who must most decidedly have been a wag of the first water, enlivened the natural dulness of History, and threw a charm over the sinuous perplexities of Geography, by specimens of humour, of which the following are examples:—

QUESTIONS.

Compare a square mile with the area of this paper?—

A map in relief is sometimes so constructed, that a mile in a horizontal direction is represented by a line much shorter than that which represents a vertical mile—on the other hand, in looking at an actual country the eye is pointed in a direction nearly horizontal; on a map we look *down*. Does this difference in the line of view aggravate or compensate for the errors produced on the map in the appearance of a mountain?

The little river at Shoreham in Sussex, after almost reaching the sea is compelled to move parallel to the coast before it finds an exit—give

other instances ; and mention what are the ordinary causes of obstruction ?

One foreigner landing at Falmouth traverses the west coast of England. Another lands at Dover and proceeds along the east coast ; they meet and compare notes—what are the chief differences in their accounts ?

What is the physical character of East Florida ?

As it can never be supposed that these queries were intended to be *correctly* answered, it is presumed that they were designed by the Examiner to form the materials for the sublimest mirth. The number of square miles of Sicily, as set forth in the different answers, varied from 4 to 4,000,000. Some of the candidates, being determined to encourage the comic vein of their task masters, returned entertaining replies to serious questions. On this account some of the papers contained some playful sallies, such as that “ the principal circumstance in the American war of independence was the battle of Bunker’s Hill, in which Washington Irving was slain ;” that the “ Azores is a town on the Baltic,” and “ Havannah in Holland.” Others, in a more serious tone, endeavoured to reprove the ponderous levity of the Examiners, of which an answer to the following question is the best instance,—“ If any doubt were entertained of the existence of Alfred the Great, as there is of the Roman Romulus, what would be the best proof we could adduce of his having lived ?” A spirited youth, in his papers, took an *‘in limine’* objection, and denied the major premiss of the hypothesis, by stating that “ *he never did doubt the existence of Alfred the Great.*”

Let us now return to our hero, whom we will suppose seated before this tessellated paper of History, Geography and Facetiæ, flanked on one side by an individual, in the before-mentioned tartan never-whisper’ems, and on the other by a good-looking little gentleman, endued with wonderful activity. Whatever hopes of assistance our hero may have entertained from these supporters were quickly dispelled by the Caledonian gentleman on his right affirming with startling vehemence, that it was impossible to answer the questions without the assistance of a book, and proceeding to procure the necessary works at a neighbouring bookseller’s : and by the little gentleman on the left, softly enquiring whether Perkin Warbeck was or was not a cotemporary of Pericles. Indeed, the little gentleman afforded, by his assiduity in asking questions, an admirable instance of the “ pursuit of knowledge under difficulties ;” he seemed to possess a vicariousness, amounting almost to ubiquity,—now with an insinuating bow offering refreshments to the Examiners,—now rushing to the right, to ask who Hobbes was,—anon stumbling to the left, to ascertain certain circumstances regarding the Duc de Sully, and again returning to write down that the former was the author of a book called the “ Leather thing,” and that the latter was a celebrated dictator of Rome. Being, however, at length detected in inquiring whether the Edict of Nantz did not relate to certain laws concerning the importation of spirituous liquors, he was sent into honourable exile, at a distant solitary table.

Fearful, however, of being tedious, we must draw this chapter to a close. Shortly after the banishment of the little gentleman, our hero was summoned by the waggish examiner for a *viva voce* examination in Sophocles. The wit was determined to give a parting taste of his quality, and so, after he had compelled our hero to explain all the metrical difficulties in a chorus, he commenced a more pleasant line of examination. By these

means he reduced poor Fielding very nearly to a suicidal degree of despair, asking, among other facetious queries, with a truculent visage, whether Mount Taurus was covered with snow in the month of June?—What Delos was famed for?—and,—on our hero answering with rapidity, “for being the birth-place of Apollo,”—replying, “No—Eggs.” Thus ended the examination, and our hero, as he walked home, could find little room for comfort, and accordingly acquainted his family at considerable length with the pleasing fact, that there was no chance of his entering the East India College at present. In vain did he try again the “sortes pennypieceanæ.” Invidious Britannia and her garden roller-like shield always appeared uppermost. On the next day he went to the field of battle with little hope of raising a trophy,—and in about two hours returned home in a frantic state, exclaiming that Tails had deceived him, that he and a majority of the candidates were duly elected.

(To be continued.)

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει, &c.

Anacreon.

The black earth drinks the freshening rain,
From the earth drink flower and tree,
The air is drunk by the thirsty main,
And the sun drinks the waves of the sea,
And the pale moon drinks from the sun the light,
Which she sheds o'er the brow of the silent night.

Then why should you blame me, if I too love
To quaff the flowing bowl?
Shall all things drink that live or move,
And must I alone be dull?
If the earth, and the air, and the sea, and sky
May drink when they will, why should man be dry?

C.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to “A Candidate” for his contribution, but are obliged to decline it, as it intrudes upon the subject of a series of papers promised us by another correspondent. We beg, however, that he will infuse the humor, which he appears to possess, into articles of another description.

Our thanks are due to “H,” for his Sapphic Ode, which, though it gives good promise of future excellence in Latin versification, does not possess sufficient classical merit to admit of insertion in our pages.

We recommend “O. M.” to stick closer to his Algebra, and not to coquette with the Muses.

We are sorry that Mr. “Chrononhotonthologus” should have had so much trouble in copying the verses he sent us; and beg that his next communication may be a little more original.

“V. W.’s” composition shows much talent and justness of thought, but is rather deficient in perspicuity and method, and calls for a more liberal use of the file. We hope, however, to receive some more contributions from him.

“Φιλοσκόμμων” is informed that the merit of his charade cannot be estimated, without the solution of it being known to the Editors.—The same answer applies to “Swipes” conundrum.

“Hβη” shall be inserted in our next.

The contributions of “Swipes” and “S.” are postponed for further consideration. N. B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter’s Lodge.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si
Dixero quid; si forte jocosus, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

Of all speculations, those on human nature are perhaps the most interesting and instructive; especially if made on an age, when the natural characters and dispositions are seldom artfully concealed, but while yet the final bent, whether for good or evil, is undecided; and while, consequently, the formation of the habits is of almost infinite consequence to the individual. If, then, we examine the minds of the young men of the middling and higher classes, when met together in a place of public education, we shall generally find them divided into three classes, running, indeed, into each other, yet still separated by lines sufficiently distinct. The first belongs to those habitually averse to study of any kind, and in general devoted to the most vain, if not the most mischievous, pursuits. The second, by far the least numerous class, possesses intellect of a superior, though by no means of the highest, order. We see those who belong to it labouring indefatigably at the work set before them, but rarely allowing their views to extend much further; following with diligence the beaten path, but never venturing to quit it, in order to explore the varied scenes among which it leads them. The third, of which, at the present day, the growing size cannot fail to gratify the eyes of the philanthropic observer, is that of those who, while they pursue their immediate studies, do not lose sight of the ultimate object of all education, the perfection of the powers of their mind; and therefore are by no means content with the scanty stock of information meted out to them, but zealously search after knowledge wherever it may be found, grudging neither the sacrifices nor the exertions which they may find themselves called on to make, in the pursuit.

Widely dissimilar as is this class from the first, it has yet one point in common with it seldom found in the second grade of intellect,—we mean a fondness for the works of fiction and imagination; a taste, however, which produces very different effects on different characters. Reading of this sort dissipates and enervates young and uncultivated minds; but on a strong and fortified intellect, it often bestows a grace, and polish and elegance, which softens the severity of its severer attributes, and qualifies it to delight as well to instruct. Such, we repeat, is *often* the effect; would we could say *always*. Of all tastes not absolutely vicious, few are more dangerous than this. Even if indulged at first in moderation, its strength will rapidly, though almost imperceptibly, increase; and, when the proper bounds are once passed, it will require a firm hand, indeed, to manage the reins of the imagination, and to guide the steeds of fancy in their headlong course.

Its effects, however, vary greatly, even upon the minds of a more robust cast. Some, from reading, catch the idea of writing romances, and, neglecting their duller, but more useful employments, work themselves into a morbid state of excitement and enthusiasm. In others, the intellectual powers are not perverted, but weakened; and in all, that time, which should be spent in exercising and improving our highest powers, is much less profitably employed, and habits of industry are destroyed, while those of indolence are strengthened.

So far, however, let us be understood as speaking, not of the use, but of the abuse, of imaginative works. This distinction, however, when applied to the other class, almost vanishes; for Novel-reading, in particular, is commonly a great cause, and a besetting sin of, idleness; and even if viewed as an amusement, one which dissipates the mind more than any other. It is a great mistake to suppose it a recreation, as the experience of those who have tried it as such will testify. Who, after spending an hour, still more an evening, over a novel, has

laid aside his book refreshed in his mind, and eager to recommence his severer studies? If the novel has interested him deeply, his thoughts will be constantly reverting to it, glad of an escape from the dry and hard studies of languages, or mathematics, or any of the usual branches of modern education. And, even if it be that wretched trash with which Circulating Libraries are now so generally filled, the unwholesome food will hardly create a new relish for the plain, unseasoned repasts of reason.

If such be the effects of an occasional indulgence in this amusement, what shall we say for the habitual novel-readers. At the best, they do not enjoy a pleasure superior to his who cultivates his mind, and brings the reasoning faculties into play: while, it must be remembered, that the pleasures afforded by the intellectual powers constantly increase with their exercise; but those enjoyed by novel-readers are diminished by every fresh repetition. Moreover, they have the double disadvantage of spending their time on what will hereafter profit them but little, and of rendering themselves incapable of feeling satisfaction in any employments of more real use; not to say that the weakness which yields to this temptation will hardly be found proof against others which are stronger and more dangerous.

Upon the whole, then, it is not easy to say in what light novel-reading can be looked upon as conducive to study and the improvement of the mind, which, as a habit, it weakens, without informing; as an occasional amusement, it relaxes, without refreshing; and yet we fear we are hardly exaggerating, when we say that nearly half the books at the present day read by young men are novels, and some not of the least exceptionable kind. We trust that the evil effects of this system of reading may not be fatally evident hereafter; and that, when their judgment and steadiness and decision of character are put to the test, they may not be found wanting.

Τ ω τ α.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

Fair sister of the sun! queen of the night!
Whose throne is glory, and whose paths are light!
Not more when all unveil'd is seen thy face,
Than when dim pomp of clouds
Awhile its brightness shrouds,
I greet thee, type sublime of purity and grace.

Anon thou ledest forth a host divine,
Stars numberless, like cluster'd gems that shine;
Anon thou marchest through the skies alone;
While ocean's waves below,
Still as they ebb and flow,
Feel thy incumbent power, thy law mysterious own:

Beautiful art thou, too, when thou art seen
Vesting the landscape in a robe of sheen,
When in their gentle play thy silvery beams,
Like elves on frolic bent
Soon as the day is spent,
Dance 'mid the quivering sprays, and glide o'er sparkling streams.

Oft have I gazed upon thee, and have dream'd
Of countless forms, peopling thine orb, that seem'd
Too bright, too fair for aught but angel-kind;
Such as, o'er Bethlehem's plains,
In new and holy strains,
To shepherds sang of peace for man by God design'd.

Haply they pause at times from their high mirth,
Nor scorn to visit the mean sons of earth;
But, while they mourn the blots on nature's face,
Tell of a coming day,
When these shall pass away,
And vanquished sin and death confess the power of grace.

Π. Β. Φ.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS,—Although far from feeling convinced that political discussions will either extend the sale, or elevate the character, of your paper; I am yet unwilling, that the Conservative cause in this College should fail in finding a champion, bold enough to raise the gauntlet which Philaethes has thrown down. Your correspondent has clothed his sentiments in an Attic elegance of diction, and, if he has done nothing else, has at least proved, that the most extravagant opinions may be introduced with the utmost moderation of expression.

I shall at present leave unnoticed the various questions, which Philaethes has raised, on the Home and Foreign Policy of the present Ministry, considering that each deserves to be discussed in a separate article, and shall address my remarks to the general tenour of his letter.

Your correspondent opened his panegyric with a flourish of trumpets, which proclaimed, that the Ministry possessed the favour of the Court and the confidence of the people. The first of these statements is, we hope, in a country like ours, a matter of very slight importance; the other will encounter a denial at once indignant and universal. The only criterion, by which we can judge of the people's attachment to a Ministry, is the test of representation in the Commons House of Parliament; and Philaethes must surely possess a singular felicity in extracting victory from defeat, if he expects to maintain his argument by proofs derived from this source. It is notorious, that the Ministry did not dare to raise a single member of the Lower House to the Peerage at the Coronation;—that the noble lord, who at the commencement of this year was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, was replaced by a gentleman of adverse politics;—that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer was ignominiously defeated, by proxy, at Cambridge;—and that even in Manchester, the stronghold of Liberalism, the substitute for the Governor of Canada gained such a victory, as must have infused a very Pyrrhus-like apprehension into the breasts of those who eat the bread of office.

Philaethes, however, thinking that his praise was too general, has bestowed on the noble Premier such encomiastic sentences, as must surely console his lordship for the cares of office, and the ruthlessness of the *Times* newspaper. These praises I should have left unnoticed, had they not been made the vehicle for an attack upon a nobleman whom the unprejudiced must ever consider as one of the master spirits of the age. In this part of his epistle Philaethes does not show his usual acuteness; it smacks awfully of the sentimentality of the *Globe*. From whom did he hear of those facts which would have bridled Lord Brougham's tongue, but which were not disclosed? If your correspondent knows them, it is evident, that the Premier must have mentioned them, which rather detracts from the boasted *magnanimity*. But all this partakes so much of "pamphleteering slang," that we will not dwell on it. We simply and seriously ask Philaethes, what will probably be the decision of posterity, when one statesman, who has spent a long life in diffusing knowledge, and promoting the interests of science; whose giant intellect has grasped, and adorned, every subject; whose errors have always been the errors of genius; is compared with another, who, though possessing considerable abilities, has been famed for little else than unbounded nonchalance, extensive anecdotal talent, and the "nice conduct of a clouded cane." If the Premier is to look forward with assurance, as Philaethes says, to the favourable sentence of future generations, it can only be, because his lordship has assurance enough for anything. Finally let me say that, under the present government, the church has experienced heavy blows and discouragements,—that our universities have been insulted,—that our peers have been brow-beaten,—that our flag has been disgraced,—our Foreign affairs rendered a farce, and our Home department very nearly a tragedy,—our Colonies endangered, and our Court scandalized.

England has, before this, been governed by a virgin Queen, but the supporters of her Court were stately columns, like Burrell, Walsingham, Bacon and Raleigh, not such filigree pilasters as my Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, and the most noble the Marquesses of Normanby and Headfort.

I have the honour to be yours, &c.

ASTEIOS.

[The Editors, on further consideration, have determined to decline in future, any article of a political nature, which contains allusion to public men of the present day.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Est genus unum

Stultitiae, nihilum metuenda timentis.

Horace, Lib. II. Sat. 3, line 53.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS,—In a letter, signed “Philalethes,” which appeared in your last Paper, the writer commences by a most judicious observation. He remarks that it would be unworthy of you to edit a journal “restricted to the little concerns of the College;” and he recommends that you should “draw the attention of your readers to the grand principles of the science of government, and to the qualities of head and heart which ought to belong to public servants.” To this sentiment all, doubtless, must cordially agree; and, farther, all must admire the liberality with which the writer deprecates “the hot, indiscriminate defence of any political party or person.”

But, then, the ingenious writer of the article in question, proceeds to illustrate “the principles of the science of government, and the qualities of public servants,” by adducing as examples, the present Ministry of this country. Without entering into the question, how far our rulers are skilled in governing, and models among statesmen, I beg leave to put this to your serious consideration,—Whether you act rightly in permitting in your Paper the discussion of the politics of the day?

In the first place.—What is the attraction in discussing politics, which should make it a favorite subject? If any among the Students do feel so intense a desire to debate of “Men and Measures,” their anxiety must arise from the peculiarly interesting, or rather exciting, nature of political controversies;—which circumstance alone creates a difference, in the present case, between politics and the discussion of any other subject. I say this *alone*, because it would be absurd to assert that the *Haileybury Observer* can make a medium for conveying political news. All that it can do, in this department, is to recapitulate the substance of the public prints, accompanied by the crude ideas of the inexperienced minds of embryo politicians; or it can raise subjects for violent and heated discussions, which, (though, doubtless, the good taste, and discretionary power of the Editors will prevent abuse or scurrility) will be influenced by youthful prejudices, and will certainly cause pain, and perhaps, awake the evil passions, in the minds of the individuals themselves.

Originality, Gentlemen Editors, is your object. Why, then, insist upon the admission of compositions on that subject, in which originality cannot be expected from persons of the ages of your contributors? Are there not open to their emulous research the rich fields of literature, history, biography, romance, poetry, satire, and the indulgence of the comic vein, in each and all of which youth may display originality and genius?—Why not, then, contentedly resign the dangerous, and, to the youthful mind, the barren, desert of politics?—Wherefore, when the gates of treasure chambers are thrown open to invite you to their safe possession and enjoyment, insist on entering the barred door, within whose portals lies nothing to repay your trouble, and whose violation, you have been warned, will cause the complete failure of your enterprise? Did not a person, whose opinion all of you must give in to, assert his conviction that the first letter on the subject of politics, which appeared in your Paper, was the most likely possible to provoke “a virulent and acrimonious answer?” and farther, that any violent *political* discussions, must infallibly call for the interference of the College authorities, to put a stop to a Paper, managed in a manner so ill-judged as to permit their admission?

Have you not heard the decision of those who will be judges in this matter, and will you wilfully persist in admitting what they have distinctly condemned? With what view do you invoke judgment on your own heads, despite warning given, and conviction forced upon you? Believe me, I give utterance to the sentiments of many, when I assert, that the expectation of the Students, on the establishment of the *Haileybury Observer*, was, that it would be a medium for conferring pleasure, not exciting strife; that it would shine brightly and steadily for long, not be quenched at its rise by the obstinacy of a few.

Gentlemen, I have only now to crave pardon for trespassing so long on your patience, and to hope that nothing in this letter has been taken amiss by any of you. If you object to the admission of this paper in your pages, the writer will hope you have agreed with him; if not, he begs that it may be inserted.

Zeal in the cause of the *Haileybury Observer* is (believe me, gentlemen) the sole motive that influences your humble servant,

DESINE PERVICAX.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιληῖσαι: &c.

Anacreon.

O bitter is e'en love's delight,
And better ne'er to feel his might;
But, all misfortunes far above,
Is unsuccessfully to love.
No longer rank availeth aught,
Nor learning by deep study bought;
But gold alone love's charms may claim.
Accursed be that wretch's name,
Who taught mankind for wealth to thirst,
Thro' which came wars and slaughters first,
Whose force can brothers' souls divide,
Tear children from their parents' side,
And, worse than all, whose tyrant power
Of' mars the lover's happiest hour.

Ἡβη.

A TALE OF MODERN CHIVALRY,—IN TWO CANTOS.

My dear Mr. Editor,
I hope you will read it, or
I ne'er would have given
To my fancy the rein;
Or thus boldly have striven,
In a Walter Scott strain,

To describe what I think the most beautiful scene
Which, since the year 1, on this dull earth has been.

The sage Mr. Burke
Made a fine piece of work,
In sentences flowing,
About chivalry going;
But I think very soon,
That my Lord Eglintoun,

Will prove that the orator made a mistake,
Or at least to the future was not 'wide awake.'

For e'en in this College,
This bower of knowledge,
And deep information,
And civilization,
And wisdom and virtue,
I will boldly assert, you

Never heard of, or read, in the whole of your life,
Of so gallant, and glorious, and brilliant a strife,
As lately took place, in some regular lists,
With spear and with shield, not with clod-hopping fists,
Between two knights well known to fame,
Whom modesty forbids to name,
Who engaged quite à l'outrance,
About, sir, a new trans
Of a passage in Hindî,
And thus made a shindy,
Which put both the combatants quite out of breath,
And caused very nearly a premature death.

They both were exceedingly brave,
And one was excessively fat;
But your pardon I ought, sir, to crave,
For incautiously mentioning that;
But this, sir, at least, let me say,
That one was the boast and pride of A.

The other the joy of B.
 That one was for whiskers far renown'd,
 Was emerald-studded, and shawl-dressing-gown'd,
 A Swell exceedingly.
 The other cared little or naught for the Graces,
 Was usually quite independent of braces,
 And all other tawdry restraint;
 And, as some one has truthfully written before,
 Over learning was always accustomed to snore,
 A beauty, indeed, without paint.

The Knight of the Buck, the first was named;
 But, being in hall and bower far famed,
 He was frequently called LE BEAU:
 Enormous circumferential size
 Proclaim'd to the world's admiring eyes,
 That his rival, who shone in chivalric guise,
 Was no other than great LE GROS.

Anthropometamorphosial talent
 Converted each youth to a knightly gallant;
 Their coats of mail were most skilfully wrought
 Of hampers, which once were clandestinely brought,
 Full of wine, through the College gate.
 Caparison'd donkeys the warriors rode,
 And each charger, beneath his pond'rous load,
 Seem'd not quite in love with his fate.

Their helms were academic caps,
 Which oft had stood some lusty raps;
 Their spears had ne'er known rust;
 For, prigg'd from some dark centre room,
 Each warrior wields a trusty broom,
 Of deal inlaid with dust.

But hark! the Herald's trumpet sounds,
 The cortege leaves the College grounds
 In very noble state:

But, ere they quit the quiet scene
 Of that much-loved quadrangle green,
 They halt at Coleman's gate.

The Fat Knight swore he must have here
 A stirrup-cup of Coleman's beer:
 His friends knew after what he hankered,
 And soon produced a foaming tankard.

And now each ardent Student strives
 To reach, with all his might and main,
 The scene of strife, the listed plain
 Which oft has fired a Poet's strain,
 The Field of the Court of Fives.

Oh! 'twas a gallant sight to see
 The whole of that fair company;
 From all the rooms, pell-mell, had poured
 The motley academic horde;
 The reading men, the rowing set,
 The novel readers, all had met:
 The light cigar adorns the mouth
 Of almost every anxious youth;
 The tartan hue profusely flames
 From waistcoats, coats, and fye-for-shames.
 Conspicuous o'er the multitude,

The Ruffian kept the lists,

Lest the *οἱ πολλοί* should intrude,
 And quiz, with observations rude,
 The two antagonists.

O Ruffian!—cause of misery!
 Foe to freshmen and to me!

Thou, whose hand on quiet pates
 The limpid stream precipitates ;
 Thou, whose curst cast-iron touch
 Drags the poor student from his couch,
 And lodges him, spite wrath and wrangle,
 Securely in the cold quadrangle ;
 Chief of hoax and humbug makers,
 Panel sporters, statute breakers !
 List, Ruffian, to my imprecation,
 Than *Solemn Moneo* worse, more dread than *Rustication* !!!
 May'st thou, when Chapel bell is down,
 At the last minute, miss thy gown :
 When to the Hall your steps have stroll'd,
 O, may you find the viands cold,
 The vegetables gone :
 May the Pros' table greet your eyes,
 And dainties o'er your vision rise,
 And call up suffocating sighs,
 That thou hast dinner none.
 At Lecture, may some tough Greek play,
 Defy your best exertion ;
 And, still worse yet, may you always get
 The hardest piece in Persian.
 But hark ! the trumpet rends the gale,
 And thunders o'er each hill and dale
 That's in the College Map.
 O'er Peter's heart it shed a fear,
 That danger to the lamps was near,
 It spoilt all Coleman's home-brew'd beer,
 And Duncan's evening nap ;
 For Sir Buck, in the pride of youthful might,
 Encounters the force of the obese Knight.
 End of first CANTO.

A DAY'S DEER STALKING.

ON a lovely morning in the beginning of August, when the tops of the mountains were still capped with mist, and the dew lay heavy on the heather, two sportsmen were seen to issue from the door-way of one of those black bothies which everywhere abound in the wild Highland Glens. The sun had not yet risen, and so universal was the stillness, that the faint bark of the shepherd's dog, and the shrill scream of the eagle, could be heard among the distant hills.

"How's the wind this morning, Duncan?" was the first question of one of them to a well-built, athletic looking man, in the dress of a forester. "Couldn't be better, your honour, if you had prayed for it," he replied ; "and one of the shepherds has come down to tell me that he has marked two fine stags into the Corry-Dhu. With your honour's leave, I have sent on Angus with the dogs, and we can follow when you have had breakfast." "Very well, Duncan, you must be master of the ceremonies, and now give us half an hour's law, and we are at your service." Ere the time had elapsed, our sportsmen were equipped for the chase, and, under the forester's guidance, took their way up the glen. After following its windings for nearly two miles, they breasted the steep hill which formed its boundary on the right. "What a splendid view," exclaimed Granville, the younger of the two, on nearing the top.

"So that's your tune, already, Master Harry," said his companion, "admiring the prospect as an excuse for being blown ; let me tell you you'll require all your wind to-day, or the ground is not what it used to be."

"Faith, your honour says right," replied Duncan, "but I see Angus waving his hand to us from that rock above, and I'll be bound he doesn't do it for nothing." So saying he hastened a head, to communicate with the gilly.

"Make haste, gentlemen, make haste," he exclaimed, as, almost breathless with anxiety, he met them coming leisurely along. "Angus saw the deer on the move, about half an hour ago, and now he has lost sight of them altogether."

They required nothing more to make them double quick it to the ridge of the hill, that commanded a view of the corry ; and their glasses were put in immediate requisition.

Long and carefully did Duncan scan every patch of juniper and little dell, in hopes of finding the game, and not a word was uttered as they waited the result of the scrutiny. At length, as they began to despair, his cautiously raised hand warned them of his success. "I've got them," he whispered, "they're lying down a little to the left of that stunted birch, two splendid stags! Oh! Glenvallich, your honour's in luck to day; They're as fat as butter, and one of them has ten tynes."

"Give me the glass, let me have a peep at them," exclaimed Granville. "By Jove! what a fine fellow that is by the foot of yon brown stump," burst from his lips when he at length discovered them, "I hope to put a ball through his hide before long."

"Well, Duncan, how are we to approach them," said Glenvallich. "Indeed, your honour must just go back the way you came, as far as the bottom of the corry, and then I will engage to take you within a hundred yards of them, by the channel of the burn." "Nothing for it, Harry, then but to follow Duncan's directions." Leaving Angus at his post with the dogs, in case the deer should be merely wounded, they struck at a quick pace down the hill side, till they came to a point where they could enter the gully that formed the channel of the little brook, without fear of being seen. Then, indeed, the task was arduous, for sometimes they had to wade through heather up to their waists, and at others, to worm themselves along over spots that were rather exposed. After proceeding in this manner for nearly half an hour, Duncan found by his marks that they were nearing their game. Therefore motioning them to stop, he crawled along for some distance alone. Suddenly they saw him cautiously raise his head, and peer over a hag, behind which he lay crouched; but this was only a momentary suspense, for a waive of his hand brought them instantly to his side. "You're not sixty yards from the largest stag, at this moment," he whispered, "and there's no use in going nearer."

"Come then, Granville," said Glenvallich, "you are to have the first shot, and remember, I fire only if you miss." Duncan was evidently not pleased with the arrangement, but he said nothing. Granville now peeping over, saw the noble brute extended at full length, and only showing signs of life by an occasional shudder, as the flies tormented him. He slowly extended his rifle, but the click of the lock, as he cocked it, made the animal start and raise his head. "Low, Harry! aim low! take him behind the shoulder," whispered his friend. Whether it was that his hand was unsteady from recent exertion, or that he was nervous from excitement, the ball flew harmless. But scarcely had the report roused the deer from his lair, ere the rifle of Glenvallich gave forth its deadly contents; and the deer, making one headlong bound in the air, lay, writhing in the agonies of death.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will observe that the present number contains a greater quantity, though not more pages, than our last. Had the number of pages been increased, it was found that a large additional expense would be incurred, and that the facility of transmission by post, and consequently the sale of the Paper, would be greatly diminished.

The 'Extracts from the Life of a Student' will be continued in our next.

'M.A.' and 'Bloomsbury' are postponed for further consideration.

The letter of 'No Humbug' would have been inserted, but that we had previously been favoured with a reply to Philalethes, from another Correspondent.

'A Minor' is acquainted with our reasons for declining his contribution.

On further consideration we are compelled to return the papers of 'Swipes' and 'S.' We believe that all our readers would be shocked by 'A Martyr's' tirade against his Tutor. We will therefore spare him the severest punishment, which, in our opinion, it would be possible to inflict, and which he well deserves,—the publication of such a specimen of bad taste and bad feeling.

We are much obliged to 'R.' and 'A Sentimental Gentleman' for their contributions, which are not however exactly suited to our pages.

We received 'F's' translation too late to give it proper attention.

N. B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter's Lodge.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

Doctrina sed vim promovet inaltam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

Hor. Carm. Lib. iv. Ode 4.

THE right cultivation of the moral and intellectual parts of our nature is the great business of education, and the true end of our being. For this alone can qualify us for that future and permanent state which is constituted by an unbounded expansion and exercise of our faculties and dispositions. It is certain, however, that this consideration does not at all adequately influence our conduct. It does not render us sufficiently careful in the formation of habits, nor does it hinder, or recall, us from the pursuit of objects of a far inferior value.

There is a close analogy between our duties as moral and as intelligent creatures. We are almost as much bound to seek after speculative truth, as to love virtue. Speculative error operates upon practice, and is scarcely less productive of evil than are vicious principles of action. In truth it matters little, in one respect, whether a person is induced by a false opinion, or stimulated by malignant feelings, to do what is hurtful to his neighbours. The guilt is not equal in both cases, but the amount of injury is the same.

It is generally acknowledged, that he who neglects the culture of his moral principles is accountable for such neglect. None attempt to vindicate from blame, or desire to rescue from punishment, the liar, the thief, the adulterer and the murderer. We readily bestow our pity on criminals of this sort, who have been urged to the violation of laws divine and human by strong temptations or the fury of desperation, if it appear that, by the misfortune of their condition or circumstances, their minds have never been subjected to such discipline as would have habituated them to control their fierce passions and sordid propensities. Yet we by no means deem them to be thereby exculpated. For we feel assured that none can fail to perceive the distinction between right and wrong, who do not determinedly shut their eyes to it.

But it has been asserted by some, that men are not to be held responsible for the speculative notions which they may entertain. It is lamentable that such a gross, pernicious fallacy has been carried even into the sanctuary of theology, and that there have not been wanting deceivers to pretend, that mankind will not be judged according to their creeds. These wretched sophisters commit the two-fold solecism of supposing that a person's conduct is not affected by his belief, and that no one can choose what he will believe. We know that it is not so in the ordinary affairs of life. He who diligently investigates, and impartially weighs, arguments on both sides of a question, arrives at an opinion which experience proves to be correct;

while another, of a more hasty and impatient temper, takes up an opposite view, which is reprobated by the same decisive touch-stone. The difference of their judgments is owing to the difference of their mental habits, which are the result, in one instance of an efficient, in the other of an imperfect, training.

It is clear, therefore, that inattention to the development and growth of our intellectual powers is highly reprehensible, as well as the voluntary waste and ruin of our moral feelings. Nor would this, perhaps, have ever been so much overlooked, but that it is more obvious to trace crime to vice, than to ignorance and error.

The labours and the rewards of moral and of intellectual cultivation are not unlike. The noble conflicts of religious faith with carnal appetites are represented by the strenuous resistance which literary zeal opposes to the difficulties which beset its path. The delights of virtue correspond with the pleasures of knowledge. The harmony of subjugated and obedient passions resembles the peace of a well-disciplined mind.

It behoves the young not to let a season, peculiarly favourable to the prosecution of so important a work, be consumed in idleness or dissipation. Let them not lay up for themselves a store of bitter regrets. But let a stringent sense of duty, together with the promise of an exceeding recompense, be of force to withdraw them from idle amusements and sensual indulgences, and to engage them in honourable efforts to attain the perfection of their nature.

T——e W——s.

[We are indebted to a friend who signs himself *Γερων*, and who avows himself (as, indeed, his name indicates) not to be a Student of the East India College, for the following translation, which we consider to be very happily executed, and which we are sure will amuse our readers.]

Hey diddle diddle ! the cat and the fiddle !
The cow jump'd over the moon :
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

[TRANSLATION.]

Evœ ! dum fidibus felis citharœda canebat,
Lunam auscultantem vacca supersiluit :
Risit inextinctum mirata canicula ludum,
Et demum abduxit lanx cochleare meum.

THE DILEMMA—AN OLD JOKE.

The Dilemma,—think not, Mr. Editor, that we are about to indulge in any dialectics ; we use the word quite in a conventional sense, and all our readers are at liberty to define it, if they choose, as Hobson's choice.

So much for a name : as we, in all things, admire precision, let us at once say, that we relate no tale of Italian passion, or French *esprit* : but a good, solid, right-down English story—an old joke.

"Is your master at home ? (this borders on the common-place, says my lady's lady)
"Is your master at home ?" asked a young gentleman of a grey-headed domestic, at the gate of a country house.

"What do you want to know for ?" was the responsive interrogatory.

"Because, simply, I want to see him."

"I dare say, I dare say,—is it business ? if so, you must call to-morrow."

"I dare say you wish to be impertinent, but perhaps you will tell me where my Uncle is."

"Your Uncle,—oh my !—your Uncle ;—oh then, you're the wild-un that's to be tamed.
Mr. The—The"—

"Theophilus Markham, sir, is my name, and I beg, without delay, that you will show me the way to the house."

"Stop—stop, every thing in order if you please,—you'll sit down here in the lodge, until I see master,—I know what I'm about, and (with an expression of countenance intended to denote unparalleled shrewdness) I don't know you."

"As you will, but make haste."

"Oh! you're in a hurry—there's a proverb which"—

"Come, come,"—

"Go, go,—I suppose you mean,—one must be careful,—I'm going",—said the worthy Jonathan, as he moved off with consequential precision, and some mumbling allusions to the care of silver spoons were conveyed to the astonished ears of our hero.

For our hero he is—and, as the speed of Jonathan was not that of a St. Leger winner, we will take advantage of his absence to introduce the young gentleman to the reader. Theophilus Markham was a victim,—his friends had pronounced him a genius, a term often applied to idle men, who do nothing worthy of praise, upon the "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*" principle. But our hero had some talent, which might have been more usefully developed, had it been more skilfully nurtured. But, being from his cradle a young Norval,—a politician when he had numbered half a score of years,—a poet in his teens,—a versatile author before he had attained his full stature,—it is no great wonder that he had not yet arrived at years of discretion.

Bred up, however, in accordance with this assumed character,—sent to Eton, in order to form connections, who might hereafter introduce him to the Senate, and to Cambridge, to preserve those acquaintances,—but, as the event proved, to be cut by them,—our hero, at the age of 23, after having idled away 4 years at college, had made no progress towards an independence. His friends began to fancy that he was not the genius, which their imaginations had visioned; and his father suggested the propriety of choosing a profession. The bar was mentioned, but its grave austerities did not suit our hero's temperament; the prospect of a jaundiced visage and a long lease of empty pockets was not satisfactory. No, to do him justice, he was a lad of spirit; he determined, to the chagrin of his friends, to adopt the profession of Homer, Plautus, Shakespeare, and other worthies of that stamp,—and, in courting the opinion of the great world around him, to adopt the rather revolutionary position, of "*standing on his head*."

Such being his decision, his father redoubled his applications to men in office, for a seat in Parliament for the hopeful youth,—and called in the assistance of the head of the family, Squire Markham. This worthy gentleman, a bachelor of unsullied character and indisputable rent-roll, invited the future heir of the ancestral honours to Markham House, —shire. To this spot we have brought the reader; Jonathan has not yet returned; we may therefore mention, that the Squire was an excellent country gentleman, who lived on his paternal acres,—always served on the grand jury at the assizes,—was as learned in the law as any of his brother justices,—supported the races and the race ball,—subscribed to the county hospital,—and seconded the nomination of the church-and-state member at every general election.

Jonathan is in sight. Let us therefore hasten to say, that he belonged to that class, called privileged domestics,—who, though certainly respectable, are decidedly bores. He had been a soldier, and a close observer might perceive something of the pipe-clay dignity, in the precision of his walk, which certain interminable stories about the Peninsula would confirm. He was slow, very slow,—but then he was honest, very honest:—and that is not to be despised as this world goes.

"Now, young gentleman, if you please, you will follow me, take care not to tread on any of the beds, and mind you wipe your shoes, when you get to the hall." Our hero resigned himself to his fate, walked slowly on, and like the Pretender conciliating the Baron of Bradwardine, heard in silence, two long stories about the lines of Torres Vedras, and Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington.

On arriving at the house, however, our hero was freed from his companion, and introduced to the presence of his uncle. From him he received a warm-hearted welcome, and an intimation that the first dinner bell had sounded. After an adjournment to the room provided for him, and another long story from Jonathan, who had been assigned to him as an attendant, Theophilus returned to the library, whence, in the company of his uncle, and two other gentlemen, he descended to the dining room. The rector of the parish, and a brother squire were the guests, who, on this occasion, partook of Mr. Markham's hospitality. The former was an individual of good humoured countenance, sound learning, strong common sense, and orthodox appetite. After a twenty years' experience of an Oxford Common Room, he had succeeded to a College living, where he smoked the calumet of peace, in a well earned *otium cum dignitate*,—and lived at once respected and beloved by his parishioners. The latter belonged to that class, which includes what fashionable novelists are pleased to term "every-day personages;" his conversation was

not particularly brilliant, and the gusto, with which he expatiated on the viands before him, might have qualified him for the office of "*decoy eater*" to a newly established Steam Boat Company, but irretrievably lost him the good opinion of the aspiring youth who enacts the principal part in this interesting tale.

On what occurred after the cloth was removed, and the pleasures, or as they are termed at public dinners, the business of the evening commenced, we shall not enlarge, as our hero early pleaded fatigue, and retired to his chamber. After some skilful manœuvrings, he managed to rid himself of Jonathan, and finally effected his retreat to bed.

The morning arrived and our hero, who had been long meditating on some extensive efforts in literature, rose in high and most poetical spirits. He had dreamt of the battle of Thrasymene,—his Pegasus was therefore bridled and saddled,—his common-place-book, containing a thousand stanzas, odes, sonnets, and elaborate impromptus, was hastily seized,—and in an instant he was building the lofty line. He commenced, after a short abstraction, with—

"Souls of the brave!"

At this moment a knock at the door recalled our hero to the insignificant earth of these modern times, and a voice, slow but not solemn, exclaimed, "Your boots, Sir."

"Very well, put them down; I shall not want you this morning;" he resumed—

"Souls of the brave who linger round the flood,"

"Your hot water, sir."

"Well, well, put it down and be off."

"Souls of the brave! who linger round the flood,
Which once ye crimsoned with your patriot blood,"

"Are your razors all right, sir? But perhaps you have no occasion, as yet, for such things."

"I really wish you would be gone; I am not in want of anything;" answered poor Theophilus, in a distressed tone, and then recommenced;—

"Souls of the brave! who linger round the flood,
Which once ye crimsoned with your patriot blood,
Oh! rise again."

"Yes, sir, quite right;—rise again,—exactly what I was going to say; you had better get up, as master is very punctual at breakfast."

"This is insufferable. What do mean by annoying me thus," said our hero, opening the door. "I say, I do not want you or anything else."

"Very fine morning, sir," persevered Jonathan, who had now effected an entrance, "just such a morning as that on which we beat the French at Salamanca; Marshal Jourdan, you see, sir,"—

"Confound Marshal Jourdan!"—

"All in good time,—so we did,—confounded him well, too. I remember poor Sandie Fletcher of our regiment said to me,"—

"What do you think I care for?"—

"Aye, aye, very good; but look here," continued Jonathan.

"Will you be gone," peremptorily exclaimed Theophilus, elbowing him out of the room. "An intolerable mixture of impertinence and boreism,—has not even the points of an effective character about him,—or I might make some use of him in a Farce."

Thus have we introduced some of our *dramatis personæ*. What were the adventures of our hero at the Hall,—what was the Dilemma,—we intend to be cruel enough not to tell our Reader until next week:

A READING MAN.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF MODERN CHIVALRY,—CANTO II.

Oh! hast thou known, my reader dear,
That shiv'ring sense which men call fear;
Hast thou, unlucky wight, at school
Called a boy twice your size a fool?
Hast thou, in early days, in bed
The Mysteries of Udolpho read?
Hast ever, on some Christmas night,
Of goblins talked by candle light?
And by some would-be witty spark
Been left quite solus in the dark,
In some old hall, which shows on high
Groined arches and rude tracery,

A spot round which some dark tale lingers ?
 Hast snuffed a candle with your fingers ?
 Hast e'er got up with many a qualm,
 To prove your courage at Chalk Farm ?
 And worn a pair of Russia ducks,
 And rivalled them in whiteness ?
 When some thin friend your steps will tend,
 Have you envied him his slightness ?
 Hast felt that smart of terror's dart
 Your breast which o'er and o'er racks,
 When remembering that hopeless thing,
 "A bullet in the thorax."

If these you have suffered, oh ! then, you will know
 What was felt by Sir Buck, and endured by Le Gros.

Yet think not, gentle reader dear,
 That their's was any coward's fear ;
 It was, I ween, a solemn dread,
 Not of a cracked or broken head,
 But a noble terror, lest they might
 Lose honour in the listed fight.

Sir Buck, ere he gave his charger the spur,
 For an instant sighed as he thought of her,
 To whom his gallant heart paid duty,
 As the only Queen of Love and Beauty,
 The fond, the faithful and the true,
 The beautiful—I don't know who.
 Far other thoughts Le Gros inspire,
 His stout heart burns with martial ire,
 And lady-loves he humbug calls ;
 And, when the trumpet gave command,
 He merely spit upon his hand,
 And said, what would have some unmanned,
 "Sir Buck ! look out for squalla."

They meet, they meet with a deadly shock,
 Which each in his heart's core feels ;
 But fearlessly still each sits like a rock,
 Though his steed to his haunches reels.
 The Knight of the Buck, with fierce intent,
 Endeavour'd to end the tournament
 By a terrible beginner.
 He struck, with a tremendous blow,
 Four pounds of beef, which Sir Le Gros
 That day had eat for dinner.
 Le Gros, with equal rage inflamed,
 His spear-point at the head had aim'd ;
 It dash'd the helmet from the crown,
 And then,—oh, horror ! glancing down,
 (Heu pietas, heu fides prisca !)
 Deranged a hyacinthine whisker !!!

Their shivered spears aside are thrown :—
 Each warrior gave one single groan,
 Then drew his battle brand ;
 And, formed of extra density,
 A basket hilted stick you'll see
 In either champion's hand.
 They hammered and clamoured,
 And battered and clattered,
 And certainly seemed to endeavour,
 With might and with main,
 Again and again,
 To do for each other for ever.

But hark ! the trumpet's sound
 Proclaims to all around,

The Ruffian's pleasure,
 That some slight leisure,
 And breathing time, should now be given
 To those who had thus boldly striven.
 The College echoes quickly rung,
 With shouts both loud and deep, for " Young";
 " Young" instantly arrives:
 His dainties rare are soon unpacked,
 His varied stores are quite ransacked,
 To save the warriors' lives.

Le Gros recovers in a trice,
 Demolishes two quarts of ice,
 Of lemon water made;
 And quickly, next, his inside treats
 With tarts, such as Victoria eats,
 Triangular, and full of sweets,
 With fairy crust o'erlaid:
 On the same road, huge cakes he sends,
 And fruit and sugar candy,
 And then at last his feast he ends
 With pints of cherry brandy.

Sir Buck all melancholy stands,
 His face enveloped in his hands:
 He frowningly refuses aid,
 Drinks but one glass of lemonade,
 And utters a loud groan:
 He mournfully thinks of the hard-earned hair,
 Which had valanced so trimly his face so fair;
 And he orders, in accents of deep despair,
 Some water of Cologne.

Again in fight the warriors meet;
 For six long jousts each kept his seat;
 Sir Buck with frenzy mad was fired,
 Le Gros most copiously perspired;—
 Yet neither hurled his foe.
 Till chance, which rules the fate of kings,
 And domineers o'er meaner things,
 Decides for Love, and gaily strings
 The chaplet for Le Beau.
 The Fat Knight's steed without a groan
 That day had borne some eighteen stone,
 A weight by no means airy;
 But now the gallant ass declines,
 And shows, by very obvious signs,
 Exhaustion pulmonary.

The seventh charge commenced right well,
 They met, and then, oh! hard to tell,
 Sir Gros went see-saw,
 His ass said hee-haw!
 Then steed and rider fell.

A loftier shout was never made
 Than when Le Gros undonkeyed laid.
 All rush confusedly to show
 High honour to the brave Le Beau,
 To him, the yet unconquered Knight,
 To him, the victor in the fight,
 In tones both loud and merry:
 They hail him Joy of Letter A,
 The College boast, and pride, and stay,
 The young, the gallant and the gay
 Sir Buck, of Bucklesbury.

The fat Knight then reluctant rose,
 And rubbed his back, well bruised with blows;

He thought not of the moment's need,
 But fix'd his eyes upon his steed ;
 And soft emotions seemed to roll
 O'er his brave good natured soul ;
 And though almost inclined to choke
 With stifled grief, at length he spoke,—
 " Poor beast, at least, I'll say that on her
 I lost some leather, but no honour."

My tale is told. God prosper long
 Our Principal and Dean,
 Our Pros, and all the studious throng
 That in these walls have been.
 May we, in peace, or war's alarms,
 Remember, all our lives,
 The great and the glorious passage of arms
 In the " Field of the Court of Fives."

A DAY'S DEER STALKING—(Continued).

"Capital shot, by Jove," shouted Granville, springing to his feet, but the strong arm of his companion instantly pulled him down. "Hush! Harry, hush! there might be a dozen deer within the same distance of us, and that shout of yours was enough to scare the devil himself." Hardly had he uttered the words, when the quick eye of Duncan caught a glimpse of a stag and two hinds, moving over the shoulder of the hill to the left, alarmed, doubtless, by Granville's exclamation.

"Hang it, what a fool I was," said he, "this will be a lesson for me in future."

"Never mind," said his friend, "it can't be helped now, and there are plenty more among these hills."

Meanwhile, Angus, having been a witness of their success from above, had come down to them with all speed, and was now engaged in paunching the slain animal. "Well, Duncan," said Glenvallich, "I want to show Mr. Granville what sport our Highland Glens afford, and what Bran and Luath can do; where will our best chance of finding again be?" The dogs alluded to were two magnificent deer hounds, of the genuine Irish breed. Strong in the loins, broad in the chest, with the swiftness of the wind, and eye like a kindled coal, what dog can compare with the ancient Irish greyhound!

"Indeed, your honour knows as well as I do," replied the forester, "that if there's another stag in the ground, we're sure to find him in Cairn-a-Corcoch, for they always draw into it with the southerly wind."—"I dare say you're right, Duncan," said his master, "and now, Harry, what say you? Are you ready for another burst, or should you like to halt a little longer?"

"I'm your man," said Granville, "don't think I am to be fagged so easily, although I was a little blown at first."

Having carefully concealed the slain deer, and marked the spot, so as to be able to ascertain it again with ease, they once more committed themselves to the forester's guidance. Their path lay through a lovely little hollow, wooded on both sides with the stunted weeping birch, so universal in highland scenery. When they came nigh the head of it, after nearly an hour's smart walking, it opened out into a small amphitheatre, carpeted with velvet-like turf; in the centre bubbled up a spring, clear as crystal, which murmured away in a silvery stream down the glen they had just ascended. "What a beautiful little spot!" exclaimed Granville, "let us have five minutes breathing time, and a draught of this beautiful water." Ere his friend could reply, a foot-print on the soft moss by the brink of the spring caught his practised eye, and, stooping down, he examined it intently. "I'll tell you what, Harry," said he, "if you knew what was before us now, you'd as soon think of flying, as halting for an instant."—"Why, what is it?" said Granville, "I see only the foot-mark of some stray bullock, that has come to slake his thirst here." His friend said nothing, but, beckoning to Duncan, silently pointed to the object that attracted their attention. The honest forester's eyes instantly sparkled with delight, and he cut a caper that made Granville think he had gone stark mad. "The big stag, as I'm a living man!" he rather yelled than exclaimed. "Oh! Mr. Granville, I would give five pounds for you to get a shot at him; let's be off, let's be off, we haven't a moment to lose."—"By Jingo," exclaimed Granville, now nearly as much excited as Duncan

himself, "if that's the track of a stag I'd follow him to Jericho, only for a sight of him ; come Glenvallich, we mus'nt halt another instant."—"I thought you'd change your tune, Harry," replied his friend, "and I'm quite as keen as yourself, so let's pull foot."

As they proceeded at a brisk pace, the occasional print of the stag's foot in the soft moss encouraged them to advance, till, at length, on reaching the top of the knoll that terminated the dell in which their path had hitherto lain, Duncan deemed it advisable to examine the ground with the glass. They waited while he carefully scanned it, but this time the search was without success. He rose with a disappointed air, and was about to proceed, when the dog, which he held by a leash, after gazing fixedly for a moment on some distant object, made a spring that nearly pulled him on his face. "I'll bet a hundred guineas the dog sees the deer," said Glenvallich, and truly enough ; for, on straining their eyes in the direction the dog looked, they saw the branching antlers of the stag in bold relief against the sky, ere he disappeared leisurely over the brow of the hill before them. "That deer never saw us, he was feeding on,"—said Duncan, "and I know to an ace where to find him in the next hollow. Follow me, gentlemen." Not a word was spoken, as they followed their guide in single file round the foot of the hill. Angus, with the dogs, ascended the hill, lest the deer, if wounded, should break in that direction ; and the other three silently crept through the broken ground that intervened between them and the spot where they expected to find their game. "I see his antlers moving among those low bushes," whispered Glenvallich, at length ; "get your rifle ready, Harry." While they were stealing stealthily along, Duncan's foot caught on a broken stump, and he stumbled and fell. The deer, startled by the noise, bounded into an open glade, and looked uneasily round. Crack went Granville's rifle, and this time with better aim ; for the deer, bounding with the speed of light up the little acclivity before them, stood for a moment with the blood dropping fast from a wound in his flank, and then vanished down the other side. "Slip the dogs ! Angus, slip the dogs !" shouted Duncan ; and they rushed down the hill side, like falcons stooping on their prey.

(To be continued.)

"Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα."

Anacreon.

The Muses Cupid's limbs around
Fetters of wreathed roses bound ;
And then the lovely captive gave
To Beauty, for her waiting-slave :
But Venus, for her darling fearing,
Seeks to release him, ransom bearing.
Ah ! well I ween, though loos'd his chain,
Of his free will would Love remain,
And choose to be a slave again.

P. B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We decline "M.A.'s" essay, only because the subject of it is unsuited to our pages. For the same reason we return the stanzas of "Bloomsbury," and the heroics of "Sigma."

"F.'s" translation from Anacreon is rather too paraphrastic. We hope he will try his hand again.

The "Narrative" of "A Clootz" is clever, and the satire which it contains is quite unobjectionable ; but its unfinished state precludes its insertion. We could wish that the author would change, not the objects, but the mode of his ridicule, which we do not consider happily chosen.

The 'Extracts from the Life of a Student' are unavoidably postponed.

N. B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter's Lodge.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

"Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum."

Horace Epist. Lib. 1. 18.

THE common impulse of the labours of men is self-interest. Whether the high rewards of fame, or the mean gratifications of sense; whether the pleasures of intellectual study, or the excitements of corporeal recreation; happen to awake the aspirations, and form the fancied means of happiness of each, in that, his favourite pursuit, no difficulty, no danger can arrest his headlong speed.

Man's search after happiness (as if, forsooth, that could be found in the external world which depends on himself alone) has been compared to a madman's furious race through a rocky plain, whom neither danger nor warning can cause to swerve from his onward course.

What, then, do men seek with this frantic eagerness? What, what is happiness? To the generality it is a confused, undefined idea of undisturbed complacency; of universal joy; of smiling nature without, and heaven within; a vision, wilder than the poet's Arcadia, more delusive than pagan Elysium, more mocking than the mirage of the desert.

Can it be possible? Have men no real good in view during so much toil? Are not their labours directed to the attainment of some object, the possession of which will ensure happiness? They are not. Who dare call much-sought fame a means of happiness? Who riches—the desire of many—in themselves? Who the all-captivating pleasures of sense? The statesman, the miser, the prodigal, the voluptuary, are these the happiest of men? Are heavy cares, and avaricious fears, and sickening satiety, but imaginary ills? But, says one, there is a large class of persons careful to avoid these extremes, moderate, temperate, wise in the world. What say you to these? Their object is to secure a competency—"otium cum dignitate:" they at least surely have rational views. Again and again the same cry—

*"O cives, cives, querenda pecunia primum est,
Virtus post nummos."*

The man of the world is of all beings the most selfish. Cold suspicion and calculating cupidity have supplanted in his breast high-minded liberality, the warmer feelings and the softer sympathies. By a sinuous and grovelling path he will at length obtain, perhaps a fortune, but never happiness. For him there is neither recreation in literature, nor profit in science; with him there is no bond of heart-born friendship, no tender tie of family affection. The immediate object of a toilsome pursuit is in his reach, while he is farther than ever from the grand consummation of his labours.

Degrading it is to human nature to view this busy world; its inhabitants toiling after a fleeting shadow—sullyng fair fame—outraging conscience—by every step receding from a hope of happiness.

Where shall we turn from this motley scene of folly and guilt to find true happiness? Does she deign to descend from realms above upon this gross and tainted globe? Picture a man, whose natural benevolence spreads through his family circle, and with benignant smiles seeks happiness in creating the happiness of others. Such search will not be in vain. But far greater will be the share of happiness enjoyed by that universal philanthropy, that overflowing love, which, emanating from one heart, expands with increasing warmth and brightness through the hearts of the wide family of mankind. Such a man, feeling and acting according to the precepts of a pure and holy religion, experiences the highest degree of exquisite happiness within the reach of mortal enjoyment. Whatever be the circumstances of his position in society, whatever the embarrassments of his situation, whatever its temptations; sound in his principles, pure in his practice, a true disciple of that religion whose basis is *love*, he, and he alone of men, is truly happy.

NIL ADMIRARI.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες.

Anacreon.

By every laughing girl I'm told,
"Anacreon, thou art growing old;
Look in yon glass: just here and there
Your brow displays a lingering hair;
The rest with youth have flown away;
And e'en the few you have are grey."

"What then? I neither care nor know
How many hairs are on my brow;
But this is sure, if I am old,
If life's short tale must soon be told,
More need to joy and mirth to give
The little I have yet to live."

C.

[We could not prevail upon ourselves to deprive our readers of the amusement and good advice which they will extract from the following letter. However, we must say that it is inconsistent with the design of the *Haileybury Observer*, to admit anything that is not the composition of a Student of this College; although it is with sincere reluctance that we decline the valuable contributions of our kind friend, whom we recognise as the Γερων of the last number.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

"Digne puer meliore flammâ!"

Hor. I. Od. 27. 26.

GENTLEMEN,—The commencement of the literary undertaking in which you are engaged has already constituted an epoch in the history of the East India College. That its success may be commensurate with your wishes, it should not only amuse a passing hour, but also have its effect upon the tastes and habits of those among whom it circulates. The spirit and the fun, which, from want of objects whereon to expend themselves, have hitherto run to waste, or have merely exhaled themselves into mischief, may now rush singing through a more congenial safety-valve. He who once dashed a poker through the panel of his neighbour's door, may vent his vexation in a satire; or, ceasing from his Gothic endeavour to plunge the quadrangle into darkness, may rather light up the wick of a lampoon; a wine-party, if such things there be, may be well exchanged for a translation from Anacreon; practical

jokes, by an easy transition, be sublimed into pasquinades; broken windows become epigrams; and a duel, shunning the dusty Fives' Court, appear as an Amœboean Pastoral, in which each swain may strive in turn to hit harder than his opponent, while you, gentlemen, will sit in judgement, as Palsemon, to decree or divide the prize.

"Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic."

In prosecution of this idea, give me leave to announce that I am not ignorant who broke my teapot a few nights ago; and that I am preparing a castigation in Iambics, after the manner of Archilochus, which I only hope will not quite drive him to the fate of Lycambes. And I shall certainly pay off Mr. ***** who not only showered cold water from his window, but also applied to me some *bad language*, by emptying a bucket-full from "the well of purest English undefil'd" on his devoted head.

Thus shall I demonstrate mine not to be an Utopian theory. And I beg to point out to you that an admirable opportunity is offered to all, for proving the correctness of these anticipations. The 5th of November is a day distinguished here, by any other than by agreeable recollections. Of these, however, I am willing to be silent, and to speak only of a brighter future. Many a lively student, accustomed in other places to amuse himself with such exhibitions, feels their prohibition to be a grievance. I am no enemy to fun, and have so much of the boy still lingering in me as to appreciate it, even though containing a spice of mischief. Therefore I do not mean to charge these annual displays with particular atrocity anywhere but here, where the mischief has considerably prevailed over the fun. But this part of the subject may be dismissed with the brief assertion that the practice is *nefas* because it is *vetitum*. It would be a characteristic triumph for your Periodical, not so much "*restringere fontibus ignes*," as to achieve a victory over this annual ebullition by supplying an ample compensation for its omission. We may hope that your number which will appear on the 6th of November will be unusually brilliant; that it will even abound, in squibs; and that all those choice spirits, who wish to get rid of their inflammatory propensities, will infuse them into amatory sonnets, or, giving up pyrotechnics for classics, will convert, in order to qualify them for your insertion, crackers into *Roman* candles, and Catherine wheels into *Greek* fire. An ode to Mount *Etna* would consume a large quantity of sulphur. The saline ingredient, named, perhaps, from Peter, because often requiring the vigilance of that functionary to repress it, may be re-crystalized into *Attic* salt. By such conversions, the day will cease to be marked in the Haileybury Calendar with charcoal rather than with chalk. Under your chemistry, these three gross ingredients of gunpowder will be taught to sparkle in a brighter wild-fire. The old chant,

"Remember, Remember,
The fifth of November,"

need no longer be sung over a bon-fire, and all other missiles will be superseded by your "paper pellets of the brain."

But, though pleading for the Principal and Professors of this Protestant Establishment, I have no desire to prevent the Pope from being *blown up*. You may be very caustic to the College of Cardinals. I hope to see a rocket ascend from Haileybury of which the sparks will alarm the *Scarlet Lady* in the Vatican. So shall a light also appear to linger round your own editorial brows,

"tractuque innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci."

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"LUCEO NON ARDEO."

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A STUDENT OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

(Continued from No. 1.)

"Allow me, sir, to ask your custom on the behalf of Mr. Simson?"—"I trust, sir, Mr. Twaddle will have the honour of working for you?"—"Mr. Sherrell, the hair-dresser, sir,—just taken my son into partnership—a new hand, sir, in my shop,—but yet the best practitioner in the county."—"Let me give you a card, sir, of Mr. Check,—tailor, hosier, and man's mercer?—every variety of gloves, stocks, and haberdashery."—"Mr. Biggin, sir,—the original boot maker to the College."

Such were a few of the sounds which astonished our hero, as he descended from a Hertford coach at the gate of the East India College. By the same conveyance also came several other students, who having, however, had some terms' experience of the College customs, paid little attention to the solicitations of the utterers of the *ambigua voces* above cited. With poor Fielding the matter assumed a serious appearance. Bewildered by the novelty of the scene,—nearly torn to pieces by the voracity and loquacity of the College tradesmen,—bored by the coachmen,—hemmed in by servants,—knocked about by porters, and stared at by all,—he began to think that the Previous Examination was but the first sentence of a long and varied chapter of horrors. A friendly voice, however, delivered him from these accumulated miseries, and a helping right hand was extended.

"Why, bless my soul! it can't be—why, it is—no, it isn't;—no! yes!—what, Fielding! is it you? don't you recollect me—Slashton—Slashton major, at old Smackerton's, your friend and schoolfellow. Who thought of seeing you here?—very glad to see you,—one of us, eh? fancy, how strange! how are you? when did you leave?—who's your Di? and how's your mother?"

To this medley of interrogations our hero succinctly replied, that he was the same Arthur Fielding, who whilom was at Dr. Smackerton's seminary; that he did recollect Mr. Slashton major; that his appearance at the E. I. Coll. was very unexpected; that he was in exceedingly good health; that he had left school about a month. He then mentioned the name of his director, and finally stated that his mother had been unwell, was now convalescent, but that he was not aware that she had the honour of Mr. Slashton's acquaintance.

"Oh no,—no!—more she has yet,—a pleasure to come;—but I was so overcome with surprise and pleasure at seeing you, that I could not help inquiring after your mother, as I know her sorrow at parting must be proportional to my pleasure at meeting with you. Well, I'm glad to see you, you must drink tea with me to night, and meet some of the top-sawyers of the College,—all bricks,—you know what that means of course,—*τετράγωνοι ἄνδρες*, as Aristotle said in our lectures last term,—men of talent, spirit and game. We'll make a man of you in no time; never mind these fellows here—your luggage will be all right in a jiffy; let's go and see which is to be your room.

So saying, Mr. Slashton, a magnus Apollo among the students, led the way into the quadrangle of the College. We believe that according to the custom of our brother authors, Bulwer, Dickens, &c., we ought to give an elaborate description of the principal scene of our story. But our judgment tells us, that to give to our readers any account of the appearance of the East India College, would be, like what the sapient Partridge (not Swift's opponent) would call, "taking a broken head to the wars, or coals to Newcastle." We shall therefore "bride in our struggling muse," not in vain, and keep to the thread of our story.

"This, then, is to be your room," said Slashton, "it was engaged for you a week ago, they say:—furniture, you observe, neat but not expensive; curtains, I must say though, seem as if suffering from atrophy, and the chairs from the gout, table highly respectable, and the whole affair to be covered by a 10*l.* note,—for which, mind, you have the use during your life here, and will get about 3*s.* 6*d.* for the remains after your departure. But, come along, there's no Chapel to night, come to my room at once, leave unpacking till to-morrow, for I'm pretty certain that tea is ready."

Our hero, pleased with the total change which his life had so lately undergone, begged, that, before he attended Mr. Slashton to his rooms, he might be allowed to secure a new cap and gown; to which that excellent gentleman assented, and the necessary costume was soon obtained. Who shall describe that peculiar emotion of which every academic heart is sentient, when we feel what Mr. *Satan* Montgomery beautifully terms "the first flutter of a virgin gown." It is akin to, but is more delicious than, the feeling suggested by that dim period, when our infant limbs first experienced the touch of those garments, which, we have before said, can never be called by their right name; it is, we fancy, similar to what Her Majesty's Judges of Assize experience when they assume the ermine, or to the full blown dignity which Her Majesty's wax-chandler delights in, when his neck is encircled by an Aldermanic chain. The feeling is complex, and cannot be conveyed in words; it is something compounded of *ne plus ultra*, *summum bonum*, and *sine quâ non*.

* Di, or Director in common parlance.—The verbal abbreviations of the E. I. Coll. are treated of in a very masterly style in another part of this celebrated work.—ED. HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

But let the scene be changed to Mr. Slashton's rooms, where our hero was introduced to, and welcomed by, about half-a-score of the *élite* of the College. Mr. Slashton was a man of taste; his apartment was the glass of fashion which others vainly endeavoured to imitate. Handsomely papered,—carpetted with right Kidderminster,—embellished with admirable sketches of races for the Doncaster and Ascot gold cups, portraits of high-mettled steeds, opera dancers and *prima donnas*, together with extracts from the Book of Beauty, and a modest imitation of himself in black profile,—it presented an appearance at once unique, elegant and interesting. A handsome pipe, of Patagonian dimensions, reclined elegantly in one corner, in juxtaposition with a pair of single sticks, and a similar number of boxing gloves, peace and war united in amity. A mirror adorned the mantel piece, Byron and Scott were on the book-shelves, the ancient authors in brilliant bindings were not soiled by frequent reference, and two or three novels in nice confusion dispersed, showed that Mr. Slashton cultivated modern literature, and was not in his studies "*a laudator temporis acti*."

The meal was substantial; and the justice done to it by the guests requires, unlike the viands, a longer discussion. Those who have attended the Lectures on Political Economy, delivered by a very popular Professor of that science at this College, will recollect that three causes are assigned as determining the productive power of labour:—

- 1st. The continuity with which it is exerted.
- 2nd. The skill by which it is directed.
- 3rd. The power by which it is aided.

The truth of these positions were powerfully exemplified by Mr. Slashton's guests, They were all in the vigour of youth,—they had all appetites commensurate with that vigour,—they would all have exerted an unparalleled continuity of labour, but they could not obtain an opportunity. There were among them some excellent carvers, and many who could be put forth as young phenomena, in respect to the celerity with which they managed to make away with the articles of sustenance,—but, and it is an important fact, they were deficient in auxiliary power, in implements and machinery; their knives were few and blunt, and their cups cheated of their fair proportions:—and, whatever may be said to the contrary, it is impossible to rival the rapidity of steam, when we have to eat cold-boiled beef with a spoon, and when our teapot, like the hat of one of the heroes of Canning's Sapphic ode, has a hole in it.

The conversation during tea did not display the brilliancy with which it afterwards shone. And here we may slightly glance at a fact, which seemed very curious to our hero. The conversation of the students assembled seemed to aim at a kind of mathematical density, that is, to include "a great many particles of ideas, in the smallest possible volume of expression." With this view every word was abridged, and by the uninitiated was hardly to be understood. Such phrases as "Prin"—"Pros"—"Pol. Econ"—"Vac"—"Di's"—"Trans"—"Anal"—"Solemoneo"—"Exam"—"Great"—"G"—"P"—"L"—"N"—were profusely scattered over their remarks, and will form a very nice puzzle for the speculative, to assign the meaning of them.

The cloth was removed, and the conversation became very interesting, until eleven o'clock. Our hero was soon absorbed in listening intensely to a spirited argument, upon the relative merits of Macready and Kean, between a pale-faced gentleman on the one hand, and a son of Scotia on the other. The pale gentleman seemed inclined to deliver a lecture on the merits and demerits of our immortal bard, the length, breadth and vehemence of which rendered it rather unpalatable to the majority of the company, who were less ambitious in their themes of discourse; and he was accordingly outvoted, and confined to the mere ability of remarking "that it was impossible to talk anything like sense in this College."

At eleven o'clock the watchmen came round, to demand the names of those who were in the room;—an excellent custom, which forms a very powerful check to anything like playing truant. On this occasion, Fielding could not understand what was the meaning of the practice, which was no great wonder, as the watchmen's report on the next morning gave the extraordinary intelligence, that on the previous night Mr. Slashton had entertained at tea Her Majesty the Queen, my Lord Melbourne, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, several civil servants who were generally supposed to be in India, together with Messrs. Cheeks, Ferguson, and Murphy, a postman named Walker, and James Crow, Esq.

The watchmen retired, but before they did so, extinguished all the passage lamps;—

a practice to which we imperatively call the attention of the President of the Board of Controul. It is a rule which endangers life and limb. If it be alleged that students should not be walking about at that period of the night, we immediately answer, that in that case, any injuries received must be considered as a punishment for the transgression of some rule, and we then put it triumphantly to the Law Professor, whether the penalty possesses Bentham's attributes of punishment, particularly those of remissibility, divisibility, and equability. The President of the Board of Control may pretend that he does not hear our complaint, but he must and shall,—there is such a thing as impeachment,—and we conclude by asking whether the Students should be thus exposed to broken noses and shins? and whether so great an inducement should be given to use immoral expressions? for it is extraordinary how often an oath is heard to follow the fracture of a collar bone, or an injury to the tendon Achilles.

But to return to our tale. After the *beats* had departed, Slashton proposed that some gentleman should oblige the company with a song. From the alacrity with which this idea was carried out, any observer would think the East India College was, like Pembroke College in Dr. Johnson's time, "a nest of singing birds." The performances were characterised rather by spirit and enthusiasm than science, and our censorial character compels us to say, that the pale gentleman, in attempting a song commencing with—

Now ancient English melody
Is banished out of doors!

gave a very practical proof of the truth of what he sung, as far as his own exertions were concerned. The style of the several efforts were very various, but a great proportion were in praise of "Caledonia stern and wild," which so much annoyed a gentleman of the emerald isle, that he endeavoured to change the topic of melody by the following original and very Mooreish ditty:—

Let your patriots drink deep to their country's fair fame,
The birth place of beauty, the home of the free;
But oh! softer and sweeter the pledge that I name,
The girl of my soul is the toast, boys, for me.

In the dead of the night when the candles burn dim,
And I dose o'er my book in my own little cell,
When weariness fetters each sense and each limb,
And what is each sentence my eyes cannot tell,
Oh! then she is near me, in grace and in beauty,
My own fairy Mentor, who bids me to see
The guerdon of honour, the goal of my duty;
The girl of my soul is the toast, boys, for me.

When the lamps are invaded, when wild spirits riot,
When the Pros are deprived of their natural rest;
Oh, her vision is near me to soothe and to quiet,
To teach me the path which I ought to love best,
Then a polltroon is he, boys, who will not fill up,
Be it water or wine, be it beer or bohea;
Al! freshly remembering, full flowing cup
To the girl of my soul, the toast, boys, for me.

Loud cries of "bravo! Pat," followed this elegant effusion, and a sentimental gentleman grasped the hand of the Hibernian, and said, "Pat, you are one who feels,"—and then added, "Gentlemen, I will sing a very beautiful little thing, entitled "The Maiden's Lament for her Dead Lover," or "The Whisper of Love."—"Go it," from all sides.

THE SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN'S SONG.

The shades of eve were closing, when
We walked upon the shore,
And listened to the sea birds' cry,
And to the ocean's roar.

The sun had set upon the wave,
No longer to be seen,
And the purple hue of heaven
Was mingled with the green.

"A stupid tartan," said the Irish gentleman. "Order," order from the chair.

We thought not of the closing gloom,
We looked not on the sea,
For oh! thou wast with me, dearest,
And thou wast all to me;
We thought not of the closing gloom,
Nor where our footsteps rove,
When thy trembling voice gave utterance
To "The Whisper of Love."

Those words our troubled spirits calm'd,
 And gave our fond hearts ease ;
 Like melting strains of music, when
 They die upon the breeze.
 Those words our troubled spirits charm'd,
 We thought that joy was nigh,
 And look'd upon our future course
 With fancy's beaming eye.

Yet, Walter ! in a foreign land
 You found a warrior's grave,
 And no kind hand was near to soothe
 The death-pang of the brave.
 And though full many years have past,
 Though you are now above,
 Time has not from my bleeding heart
 Torn " the Whisper of Love."

This admirable piece of Haynes Bayley-like lyricism was received with unbounded applause, and the sentimental gentleman threw himself back upon the sofa, seemingly quite overpowered by his feelings.

"Gentlemen," said Slashton, rising and taking his meerschaum from his mouth, "after the very plaintive melody with which our friend has obliged us, I do not think that we can do better than beg our worthy ally, Maltravers, to give us a taste of his quality" (hear, hear).

Mr. Maltravers, who had already, with the utmost *vis comica*, described in song "The Miseries of drinking Tea in an Arbour," and the "Hardships of an Overseer," after the proper degree of reluctance, started to his legs, and struck out—

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

As Miss Myrtle is happily wedded,
 And additional hearts will not break,
 As foplings and wittlings light-headed
 Will perish no more for her sake ;
 I will sing to a similar tune,
 Though my tale's on a different plan,
 For she was a charming woman,
 But I'm an unfortunate man.

On the preface no longer I'll linger,
 But at once will with sorrow assert,
 That always, instead of my finger,
 My foot in the pie I insert.
 That the same limb goes into my mouth,
 When a sentence my tongue has began ;
 That dwelling East, West, North or South,
 I'm still an unfortunate man.

In the morn when to Chapel I rush,
 My clothes in a dishabille state,
 A breath-losing, vigorous push
 Makes me just be in time,—to be late.
 In lecture I daily am stumped,
 Though I learn it as well as I can ;
 At five I get awfully thumped,—
 Oh ! I'm an unfortunate man.

When I go to my breakfast, I find
 That my bread in my teapot is jammed,
 And, the further to comfort my mind,
 My milk in the coal-scuttle crammed ;
 That my butter, placed close by the fire,
 Has away in a rivulet ran ;
 That preserves are smeared o'er my attire ;
 A'n't I an unfortunate man ?

And (the worst of all possible cases)
 If e'er to a party I go,
 I find it a hoax, and my face is
 A stereotyped semblance of woe :
 If I stay, and should chance bend my back
 To pick up a fair lady's fan,
 My garments are sure to go crack ;—
 Yes ! I'm an unfortunate man.

This song, like all those which Mr. Maltravers sings, was encored,—the merriment was kept up with great spirit, and, after the small hours had commenced, Mr. Slashton declared that now was the time to begin to spend the evening, and accordingly commenced the national melody of

" We won't go home (ill) morning."

He was however interrupted by a Reading-man, saying that it was time for him to retire,—a motion which was vehemently opposed by the right royal chairman,—and an amendment was eventually carried, that, before the honorable member could adjourn, he must give a stave. The Reading-man, therefore, in a very ludicrous manner began to the tune of “Charming Judy O’Callaghan”—

I must no longer wait,—
It’s one o’clock in the morning;
I must be off, sir, straight,
Ere the light be dawning;
I have got such a lot to do,
Which I must not fall in;
My head’s got a bit of a screw,
And my sight is sadly ailing:
I wont stay,
I will not lag again,
Off, away,
I want to fag again.

Think of Mathematics,
Think of Pol Economy,
Remember Hydrostatics,
Do’nt forget Astronomy;
I wont stay,
I will not lag again,
Off, away,
I want to fag again.

Then there’s lots of law,
Blackstone, Paley, Bentham,
Though I think them each a bore,
I’m afraid that wont content them,
I wont stay, &c.

Then there’s Aristophanes,
Whom some of you can’t endure,
And say the bard a muffin is,—
A very bad rhyme to be sure,
I wont stay, &c.

And then there’s each Oriental,
Hindi, oh! and Persian,
To the last my faculties mental
Have a very deep aversion.
I wont stay, &c.

So now, before the next ray
Of morning light appear,
I’ll go and learn some *extra*,
So good bye to all of you here,
I wont stay,
I will not lag again,
Off, away,
I want to fag again.

The Reading Man then made his exit, and the rest of the company began to disperse, notwithstanding the hospitable entreaties of Mr. Slashton, who, on parting with our hero, said—“Fielding, my boy, while you’re here, read hard, take prizes and keep steady. The hapiness of millions depends on you, and your anxious parents have set their hearts on your doing great things. Keep out of all rows. Good night, good night,—yet stay, where’s my cap—I’ll go part of the way to your room with you, as I want to cork Goslow’s face: he never washes, I know, before Chapel, and I should like to see him make his appearance there to-morrow with a countenance like a chess board.”

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Unfortunately we have not room for “D.L.’s” little piece of comedy.

“A.B.’s” essay is kept for further consideration.

“M.R.’s” ode is rather tame in thought and expression; as are also the lines of the correspondent with a Sanscrit name.

“The Dilemma” will be concluded in our next.

N. B.—All rejected articles may be had on application at the Porter’s Lodge.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 5.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1839. [PRICE 6D.

——— And he, the laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners—painting verse,
Well moralised, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er his genius thrown.

Thomson.

CONSIDERING the great variety in the tastes and pursuits of mankind, no one could reasonably expect to find any one class of compositions, which would have equal charms for all ages and ranks, and which would succeed in engaging the attention as well of light as of graver readers. If, however, such a species of writing is to be found anywhere, we have it in the productions of our poets. They, whose volatile minds cannot be settled or interested in the sober narrations of history, or in the profound and sometimes subtle discussions of philosophy, willingly turn to the more varied and glittering attractions of verse; while the critic, and the man of letters, too, who despises or affects to despise all the “fictions of flimsy romance,” finds, in the pages of poetry, subjects for the loftiest meditations and sympathies with the most elevated feelings.

The stations and characters of those whose names have been immortalized by their writings in this line, we would naturally suppose to be objects of some interest to many. On this supposition we would be led to look for pretty detailed accounts of the principal incidents in their lives; but it is too often the case, if a person has passed his life in retirement and quiet, and has not attempted to raise himself to the high places of power by the ruin of his fellow-creatures, that his humble station and unfriended genius obtain but little notice; and by the time that calmer judges have acknowledged his merits, and felt a desire to know the particulars of his state, the season for discovering them is past.

Of the birth of Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been honoured with the title of Father of English poetry, we are unacquainted even with the exact date; we know, however, that he was a Londoner, and that he received an University education. During the greater portion of his life he was in very comfortable circumstances; but at the time of the decline of the power of John of Gaunt, with whom he was connected by marriage, he was banished, owing to his share in an obnoxious political disturbance, and on his returning to his own country thrown into prison. After some time, however, he was released again, and had a pension, which he previously enjoyed, restored to him. By this means he was enabled to spend in comfort the remainder of a long life of upwards of seventy years.

It is very seldom that we see an individual attain to great eminence in any particular line, who does not in his youth give some indication of his talent. Thus Chaucer distinguished himself, at a very early age, by his

poetical compositions, and while still in the prime of life, was in high estimation at court. The earliest of his extant compositions is "The Court of Love," which appears to have been written about the age of nineteen, and though the fantastic nature of the subject rather exceeded the powers of the youthful bard, so as to render the poem in many places meagre; it is, nevertheless, a very remarkable production, both as being the earliest attempt of a great genius, and as the first regular introduction of the heroic measure into our poetry. His "Troilus and Cresseide" is well known, and was long one of the most popular poems which our language possessed. Besides these, we have also several of his minor pieces, a few of which have been modernized by later poets,

But it was not till his old age that Chaucer commenced that work, on which, principally, his fame depends. The design of the *Canterbury Tales* is taken from the *Decameron*; but the English bard has greatly improved upon the plan of his original. To attempt, however, in a short compass to give extracts would, of course, be impossible; as, indeed, would be any endeavour to convey even a tolerable idea of the exquisite variety and truth with which the characters of that wonderful poem are delineated. Characteristic description, indeed, is the excellence which first strikes the reader of Chaucer; and in this none of our poets, excepting only *Shakespeare*, can be at all compared with him. So vividly does he paint manners and persons, that, as has been well remarked, "after four hundred years have closed over the mirthful features that formed the living originals of the poet's descriptions, his pages impress the fancy with the momentary credence that they are still alive, as if time had rebuilt his ruins, and were re-acting lost scenes of existence."

But, though this is his chief, it is by no means his only, beauty. We are often delighted by passages equal in elegance to any which we find even in the "gentle Spenser." He abounds, too, in the pleasing extravagances which are so attractive in the compositions of the bards of the succeeding age of chivalrous and romantic sentiment; and, though he may not often soar, like *Milton*. "upon the seraph wings of extacy," yet there are few poets who, when the subject requires it, can be more dignified and majestic. And, if the reader will but make some allowances for the effects naturally resulting from the changes in language and expression which have taken place since his time, he will find in the pages of this writer as elegant diction, as beautiful imagery, and even as pleasing versification, as are to be met with in the works of any modern poet.

What reasons, then, can we assign for the fact, that this delightful author is now comparatively little read, save by those who have naturally a decided partiality for poetry, and those who feel a particular interest in the habits and customs of former times? Can we believe that the free, and sometimes even gross passages which are to be met with in Chaucer, are so shocking to modern delicacy as to render his whole works unreadable? Alas! we have evidence that worse than these are eagerly sought after. Are then the manners of the period which he so well describes less interesting than those of others? Even this excuse cannot be urged, as that age was indeed "peculiarly picturesque and suited for the uses of a poet, in which the broken masses of society gave out their deepest shadows and strongest colouring in the morning light of civilization." May we be allowed to hint at a cause which, however discreditable it may be to the taste and ardour of modern readers, possesses, probably, more of truth than either of the above. The language in which Chaucer wrote has now become in

a great degree unintelligible, and at first the reader has continual need of assistance. This necessarily occasions some inconvenience, which too often exceeds the patience of the peruser. Thus has it come to pass, that the light effusions of Barry Cornwall and Knowles have superseded the exquisite pictures of Chaucer, and that, while those rejoice in morocco and gold, he is condemned to the dusty retirement of some all but inaccessible shelf.

TRANSLATION OF A CHORUS IN THE ŒDIPUS COLONEUS.

L, 670—719.

STROPHE I.

Kind chance hath led thy errant feet,
 Stranger, to the land which breeds
 Comeliest, strongest, fleetest steeds,
 White-cliffed Colonos, a retreat
 Loved of nightingales,
 Darkling that prolong
 Through its wooded vales
 Their clear-warbled song,
 Or purpled ivy-leaves amid,
 Or in the wanton foliage hid
 Of shrubs, to Bacchus dear, which ne'er
 Hot suns may scorch, or wild winds tear,
 Beneath whose shade the jovial god, each day,
 With his celestial nurses wots to play.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Watered from heaven's perennial spring,
 Here bright daffodillies grow,
 And thick-clustered beauties show;
 Here crocuses their radiance fling
 Emulous of gold;—
 Even for brows divine
 Such fair flowers, of old,
 Holy hands would twine.
 Here are the founts that never sleep,
 Which feed Cephissus, pure and deep,
 And aye the land's broad bosom o'er
 Their fertilizing waters pour:
 Among these scenes to dwell the muses deign,
 And Venus hither speeds, queen of the golden reign.

STROPHE II.

Not within Asia's wide-encircling strand,
 Nor yet in Dorian Pelops' land,
 Sprouts the green olive, all our own,
 The natural product of our soil alone,
 Sweet nurse of boyhood's tenderest years,
 Terror of hostile spears,
 Whose undecaying roots no arm
 Of flesh can ever harm,
 Watched by the sleepless eyes of patren Jove,
 And viewed by Pallas with maternal love

ANTISTROPHE II.

And yet another praise my country claims,—
 For yet untold, unsung remains
 Great Neptune's gift, Colonos' pride,
 Its mettled horses, and its harbour wide:
 For to Colonos' children brave
 The son of Saturn gave
 The art, with nicely-managed rein
 The wild colt to restrain,
 To guide the oared boat through the perilous waves,
 And chase the nimble Nereids to their ocean-caves.

FITZGERALD.

A DAY'S DEER STALKING—(*Concluded from No. 3.*)

Away they flew like wildfire o'er brake and hollow, the gallant stag bounding along at a rate that seemed to defy pursuit, with the dogs straining every nerve after him. "He'll not last long at that rate," said Duncan to Glenvallich, as they stood on the top of the eminence looking at the chase. "But we must follow up as fast as we can, for the dogs will bay him before long."—The deer, being unable to face the hill from the wound, kept along the bottom of the hollow, which, after running in a straight line for nearly half a mile, turned sharply to the right round the shoulder of a projecting hill. The sportsmen were thus enabled to reach it again by a much shorter path than the course of the hollow; and, as they ran at a smart pace, they did not lose sight of the animating spectacle for long. But they soon saw the stag begin to flag; the dogs were pressing hard on his haunches, and at every moment they expected to see them fasten on him, and pull him down, when suddenly, the foremost, in springing over a rocky chasm after his prey, came violently against the opposite bank with his chest, and lay stunned and motionless; the other dog now pressed the deer so hard, that in desperation he turned on him. The dog sprang heedlessly forward at him, and the stag's horn gored his side dreadfully. Deep were the forester's imprecations on witnessing this distressing spectacle; but they were too distant to be of any use; and the stag now freed from his pursuers, trotted slowly along towards a small clump of birch and alder at some distance, when they lost sight of him. On coming up to the spot they staunchly the wound in the best manner they could, and leaving Angus behind, they bid him take care of the dogs, the other having by this time partially recovered. "Devil take the brute," said Granville, "to baulk us in this way, it's too bad—do you think we shall get him yet, Duncan?" "Indeed, your honour," he replied, "I can't say for certain; but I'm thinking he's lain down in that clump where we lost sight of him; he's too sick to go far; but one of you, gentlemen, had better go to the hill above him, and the other can come along with me to the spot. I think we'll do him yet."—"Well, Harry," said his friend, "your best chance is, I think, to go with Duncan, and I'll take the hill, for I can see how he breaks." The forester and Granville proceeded cautiously to the small clump of trees where they supposed the stag to have lain down. "It was just by that white stump I saw him last," he whispered; "go on quietly to that break in the bushes, Mr. Granville, and you may get a shot at him as he goes away." Granville did as he was ordered; but his luck failed him this time, for they had roused the animal ere he got to his post, and he only got a glimpse of his brown hide moving leisurely away before him. He fired—but whether with success or not, he could not tell. Suddenly, the report of Glenvallich's rifle rang through the air. The deer stumbled, fell, and rose again; but still had sufficient strength to proceed slowly; the ball had passed through the haunch without touching the bone. "We have him safe now," shouted Glenvallich; "but he's making for a loch down in the hollow before us, and if he goes in there he'll only be food for the ravens. Duncan and Granville pressed forward—and in a few minutes came in sight of the lake. On the brink stood the noble stag at bay, bleeding at every pore, and disdaining to yield, yet fearing to take the water. As they approached, however, he plunged in and swam from the shore. Glenvallich fired and hit him on the horn, the head being the only part above the water. He was stupified by the shot, and turned to the shore again, when a second shot from Granville put an end to his miseries. "Poor brute!" he exclaimed, "you have died nobly, but it was sad butcher-work." So saying, the sportsmen both threw themselves down on the bank to rest for a short time before returning to the bothy. The scene was one worthy the pencil of Schneider. At their feet lay the dead stag, and in the back ground were the forester and his assistant with the wounded dogs, while the wild character of the scenery around them heightened the effect of the picture. Soon, however, the fading light warned them to proceed. Leaving the dogs and game to the care of their attendants, they turned their faces towards their abode, and after nearly two hours' walking they reached it, as the night was deepening around them.

THE RAPE OF THE WHISKER.

That live-long wig, which Pallas' self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in the Parian stone.

Pope's Moral Essays.—Epist. III.

Apollo's name adorns the dread Gazette,
The Muse is bankrupt, Helicon to let;
Yet could they raise for my ennobling lyre
A little dividend of heav'nly fire;
Or if in some fair haunt they still retain
Sufficient sparks to light a poet's strain;
Then would my unchanged fancy gaily fling
A thousand beauties from its spotless wing,
Break into song and dim admiring eyes
With brightest tears of holiest sympathies;
Then would the classic wreath, and poet's fame,
To future ages consecrate my name;
To be remembered then my happy lot,
When Pope, fond flutterer, is remembered not.

Fond, foolish flutterer, whose ambitious rhyme
Dared to anticipate my thoughts sublime,—

To sing the anger of Belinda fair,
Her injured dignity, and ravished hair;
To paint, in numbers soft, on gold-edged leaves,
Felonious wits, and fashionable thieves;
To seize the theme which Jove for me designed,
And not to think "a greater is behind."
Your dulcet verse green girls may learn by rote,
Lean bards may copy, and small wits may quote;
But nobler, holier charms my muse inspire,
Elysian graces and Utopian fire;
"About my brain," oh! let me cast away
Each thought pathetic and each image gay,
And, stern in virtue, let my moral song
Wreak keenest vengeance for this dastard wrong:
Let phrases choice be left to meaner men,
Since honour prompts, and friendship arms, my pen;
And let me write, that, as the wretches read,
Their inmost thoughts may shudder at their deed:
A deed, which rule and social life o'erthrows,
Condemned by Students and abhorred by Pros.

Amid the College haunts, where letter A
Serenely holds its upretended sway,
There, where a thousand charms the chamber show,
By all respected, dwelt the young Le Beau,
Whose fair renown among the studious throng
Has beamed in legend, chronicle, and song.
His mingled grace what pen can truly tell?
A sage in lecture, and in hall a swell;
Gay, gallant, clever, affable and kind,
His person elegant, enlarged his mind;
His genius shone in every varying hour,
Joy's festive board, or beauty's roseate bower;
No coarse, crude jests defaced his gentle fun,
Good humour own'd him as her wittiest son;—
Such glowing traits can yet but faintly show
The Crichton of the age, unparallel'd Le Beau.

Fanned by the breath of every scented gale,
Unhappy subject of my mournful tale,
Fringing his face, the wondering eye could see,
(Twin fruits of Nature and of Industry,)
A pair of Whiskers, glossy, dark and sleek,
The hirsute honours of his rose-hued cheek.

By all admired,—alas! yet not by all,
There was a faction, infamous but small,

Whose eyes invidious could not bear to trace
 The budding beauties of that youthful face ;
 Whose hopes and feelings were devoid of taste,
 Whose cheeks were sterile, and whose chins a waste :
 Yet inconsistent (as we see so oft),
 The mind was rugged, though the face was soft.
 This faction now, by meanest envy fired,
 To seize these whiskers impiously conspired ;
 Oh ! that such dastard thoughts should ever rest
 In Christian countries, or a human breast !

'Tis deepest night,—the College lamps burn dim,
 The moon looks sleepy, and the watchmen grim ;
 Le Beau consumes, in oriental toil,
 His giant intellect, and midnight oil ;
 Pale and uneasy, weary and alone,
 His listless limbs upon the sofa thrown,
 His collar loosened shows the snowy skin,
 The blue-veined throat, the moss-surrounded chin ;
 He tries to study, but in vain he tries ;
 The letters dance before his swimming eyes :
 With airy accents and with golden rod,
 Some spirit tempts him to the land of Nod,
 Nor leaves him, till within the ivory doors,
 The luckless youth securely sleeps and snores.

He sleeps,—delicious dreams around him rise,
 Sweet sprites sweep o'er him, rob'd in radiant guise,
 In fairy lists he wields a sylvan lance ;
 In mystic measures treads the moonlight dance ;
 Ethereal music steals upon his ear ;
 Bright eyes beam kindly, and lov'd forms appear ;
 And air-drawn scenes around his vision swim,
 Flitting and changing, shadowy and dim,
 Yet link'd invisibly like rainbow hues :
 A new existence his young spirit views,
 O blessed slumber ! which can always bring
 Hope, solace, joy, upon its downy wing ;
 Of mortal care the sweet, yet sad, relief,—
 For calm and beautiful, alas ! 'tis brief.

He sleeps and snores,—fond youth, he little knows,
 His instant peril, and impending woes ;
 In rosy slumber bound, each wearied sense
 Is mantled o'er with childlike innocence :
 The door is opened, noiselessly and slow,
 With whispered caution, and with muffled toe,
 Two wretches, not-yet-executed, creep,
 The craven villains who could " murder sleep :"
 One bears a well-burnt cork,—the other rears,
 With face like Atropos, a pair of shears.

And were there none, who in that hour of need,
 Sought to avert the sacrilegious deed ?
 To stay the ruthless hand, and thus to save
 The much-loved Whisker from an early grave ;
 Some guardian sprites which people earth and air,
 And smile propitious upon beards and hair ?
 Oh yes, there were,—some unseen power draws near,
 And whispers loudly in the sleeper's ear,—
 " Oh rise, my loved one, or for months you'll mourn,
 " Awake, arise, or be most closely shorn."
 He hears no voice, but still profoundly sleeps ;
 No chilling horror o'er his senses creeps ;
 The felons hasten with a cat-like tread,
 One holds the weapon, one sustains the head ;
 Again the spirit calls, and yet again,
 With frenzied eagerness, but calls in vain ;

The steel meets steel,—the guardian fairy shrieks,—
The hairs fall heavy from the damask cheeks,
And quit for aye the soil which gave them birth,
To rot and moulder on the dark, drear earth.

Has seen a country, where, with deadly blast,
Red war has swept, nor pitied as it past?

Has seen the blacken'd cottages? has seen

Uprooted trees deface the village green?

Has seen white ashes, where the golden corn

Was wont to sparkle in the ruddy morn?

If these you've witness'd, you may faintly know

How dreary was the face of young Le Beau.

A whisker lost methinks I've seen before,

It is just possible I may see more;

But then, (another case you'll say, I hope,)

'Twas shaved with razors, and 'twas frothed with soap.*

The deed is done,—away the wretches run,

Their envy gratified, their vengeance won;

Le Beau starts up from sleep, and quick and bleak

The night wind sweeps upon his naked cheek.

He wildly cries,—“Why now, it cannot be?

“Why,—what the devil?—why, it isn't me!

“Give me the glass,—oh! horrible!—oh! where

“Have fled the glories of my blooming hair?

“Oh! insupportable, oh! heavy hour,

“What foeman's envy, or what demon's power,

“Has o'er my senses cast this sad surprise?

“Curst be his malice, and condemned his eyes!

“Burst round me now, ye storms of darkest fate!

“My whisker's gone, and I am desolate.”

He spoke,—in vain his manly spirit tried

To veil his feelings with a stoic's pride;

Hide, blushing glory, hide him now, and save

From vulgar eyes the sorrows of the brave!

But hark! soft music through the chamber rings,

The breeze is rustled as with spirit's wings.

From atmospheric halls and castles fair,

The light battalions muster in the air,

Gold-helmeted and azure-clad, and dimly bright;

They circle into form, and tremble into light.

And one before the rest advanced and said,—

(A wreath of halo round his reverend head)

“O grieve no more, loved youth, with mien forlorn,

“Thy graces ravished, and thy whisker torn;

“Think not, the outrage of this evil night

“Thy youthful beauties will for ever blight.

“This shadowy band upon your cheek will toil,

“Will sow the seed, and cultivate the soil:

“The verdant down shall quickly find increase,

“If daily rubbed with Truefit's ursine grease:

“And while you flourish in a rosy youth,

“The craven dogs who played this—joke, forsooth,

“Shall rue this deed, for soon their heads shall seem

“Bald as the style of any schoolboy's theme.

“But these bright hairs, loved youth, shall aye exist

“In cloud built palaces and groves of mist.”

He spoke,—and slowly through the balmy air,

Each spirit takes an individual hair;

Le Beau, with outstretched hands and streaming eyes,

Still to behold the bright battalion tries,

But fluttering, fading, beautifully less,

They melt in air, and fade in nothingness.

VINDEX.

* Some critical persons may think this line and the three preceding, similar to some lines in Lord Byron's *Corsair*. If they read this poem with due attention, they will conclude, I fancy, that I need not fear a comparison with his lordship.

AN ENIGMA.

Born of discord, born of flame,
 A word of magic is my name.
 I mock at mortals' feeble power,
 Surpass their ages in an hour ;
 Nor yet to serve them I disdain.
 But still amidst their menials reign :
 And oft, impatient of their sway,
 From out my bonds I burst away.
 Of many a varied use and form,
 I ride triumphant o'er the storm ;
 Dare with the foaming billows sport,
 And steer the seaman to his port.
 I swim, I dive, or if there's need,
 Can swifter than the whirlwind speed ;
 Can pierce the earth, and bring to light
 Treasures which else were lost to sight ;
 Or point the bolt with deadly art
 Against the warrior's fearless heart ;
 Can weave the web, and turn the mill,
 Or crush through iron at my will ;
 And roaming, oft, with giant hand,
 I change the aspect of the land,
 And level rock and forest old,
 Or rear a city on the wold.
 Formed with the world, long time I lay
 Hid from the glorious light of day.
 Till modern science saw my worth,
 And genius gave me second birth.

Φιλοσκάμμων.

Επι μυρσιναις τερπειναις.

Anacreon.

'Neath the shade of the myrtle I love to recline,
 And drink sweet draughts of the generous wine,
 While Love, his bright tunic girded up,
 Refills each moment the gladdening cup.

This life is gliding, day by day,
 Like the wheel of the rolling car, away,
 Soon shall its dim light no longer burn,
 Soon shall this body to dust return.

Why scatter rich ointments a cold stone round,
 And pour the bright wine to the thankless ground ?
 Oh ! give to me now the rights of the dead,
 With your unguents sprinkle my living head.

Fresh roses twine in my silvery hair,
 And call to my side the blushing fair,
 For, O Love, I would banish all thought and woe,
 Till I join the dull dance of the shades below.

C.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On consideration we decline "A.B." 's essay.

"Vigil" 's parody is good, and should have been inserted had we not been favoured with a poem on the same subject from another correspondent.

We do not wish to have any more Impromptus from "A."

The conclusion of "The Dilemma" is once again unavoidably postponed.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosus, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniâ dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1839. [PRICE 1s.

CUSTOM, which renders exertion easy, robs pleasure of its charms. It is, therefore, a capital art in education so to establish habits, as that they shall neither be shaken by the sudden and capricious assaults of passion, nor refuse to bend to the authority of enlightened reason; and to be accommodated to the fluctuations of circumstances: To be constantly forming projects, and abandoning them as soon as they are formed,—to be so fondly attached to a particular routine of affairs, as to be pained by an occasional deviation from it,—are equally proofs of moral imbecility, and sources of misery. Without firmness of purpose, a man is despicable; without an easy temper, he is wretched in himself, and disagreeable to others.

As nothing is more pitiable than the fickle disposition spawned by a greedy lust of variety, which frets at itself, and is flouted by mankind; so it is not possible sufficiently to admire or commend a zeal untiring in the pursuit of its objects, joined with a courage that never flinches from encountering the difficulties which stand in the way of their attainment. In the same manner, as the sourness, which a timorous aversion to change is apt to breed, deserves to be condemned as antisocial; so a readiness to be pleased, and a good-natured compliance with the tastes and wishes of others, is to be considered as a pre-eminent ornament and grace of character.

It is demanded of those who conduct public works, that they should possess a vigour of mind, not liable to fits of depression, from weariness or despondency. On the other hand, those who labour for the improvement or amusement of others, have a just claim to a favorable prepossession, and an indulgent judgment.

The Editors of the *Haileybury Observer*, when they presided at its birth, were tremblingly alive to the perils by which it was compassed. They could not but apprehend, that the curiosity which its first appearance might excite would quickly be appeased: that the stimulus which it applied to indolence would soon cease to operate, or would operate but feebly; that, as it lost the attraction of novelty, it would not gain more of intrinsic worth to recommend it; and that, after a

brief and troubled existence, it would be stifled by general clamour, or sink unnoticed into oblivion. These fears, however, dwelt in the silence of their bosoms, whence they strove to expel them. It is hardly necessary to say, that, in the event, they were scattered, like the mists of the morning, by the early dawn of success.

The Editors feel, that, after so short a period of probation as they have passed through, it would ill become them to indulge in the language of exultation and triumph. But they may be allowed to own, that to have won the approbation of those whom it was their chief desire to please, is a peculiar gratification to them, and an ample reward. They gladly acknowledge their obligation, and offer their warm thanks, to such of their friends as have kindly contributed articles,—to one especially (whom it is needless otherwise to designate), to whose practised talent of composition, and rich vein of humour, the *Haileybury Observer* owes not a little of its merit and its fame. Honour and gratitude require them to mention this circumstance, not the less imperatively because they are likely to be deprived henceforth of his valuable assistance. They earnestly hope that the standard of excellence, which he has erected, will never be suffered to be lowered; and that the specimens of playful and racy satire, which he has furnished, may provoke many to jealousy and emulation.

It only remains to announce, that, as the approach of the Christmas Examination warns the Editors to release their correspondents, as well as themselves, from tasks that would interfere with their academical duties, the present is the last number that will be issued this term.

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN THE CLOSE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.'s LIFE.

"He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral."—ROBERTSON, VOL. iv. p. 285.]

I saw a sable mourner-band
Round an uncover'd coffin stand,
Silent, with drooping head;
I heard a priest, in surplice clad;
Utter the solemn words and sad
Appointed for the dead:
And yet methought it was a hollow show
A mockery of death, a counterfeit of woe.

Near to the mournful scene I drew;
A curious glance I downward threw
What horror meets my eye?
Before my feet, in funeral-dress
Shrouded, supine, and motionless,
A corpse appeared to lie:
I bent me down to scan its ghastly face,—
When lo! the living chief of Austria's ducal race.

Sat not upon his face grim scorn,
 Nor wildness of despair guilt-born,
 Nor pallor of cold fear;
 A meek serenity was there,
 A sober pensiveness of air,
 A quietude severe,
 As though the workings of reflective thought
 Over his soul dim clouds, dashed with bright gleams, had brought.

But, as I gazed on him, a light
 Miraculous reveal'd to sight
 The chambers of his heart;
 The lines of habit deeply writ,
 The shades of feeling as they flit,
 The hues which tastes impart,
 The stronger colouring warm affections made,
 As on a limner's canvass, clearly were display'd.

I saw the evil passions all
 Before the might of reason fall,
 Ambition, pride, and hate;
 I saw the victress mount her throne,
 And wield, despotic and alone,
 The signs of queenly state,
 While all the lesser powers her sway confest,
 Studious each nod observ'd, and speeded each behest.

I saw her from her throne come down,
 Dash on the earth her jewell'd crown,
 Her robe for sackcloth change;
 Lo! in the dust she bends her knee,
 And upwards gazes eagerly
 As on some vision strange;
 'Tis on a star, risen in the eastern sky,
 Saviour divine, thy star, that she hath fixed her eye.

NOVITIUS.

ODE AD CLEMENTIAM.

O quæ Dearum prima choro Dea
 Vicina semper stas solio Jovis,
 Et fulmine arrepto flagrantem
 Blanditiis moderare sanctis :
 Injuriarum nec memor es, neque
 Ultrix ; sed ingratum excipis in sinu,
 Verbisque mellitis novisque
 Muneribus cumulare gaudes.
 Gaudes levamen ferre dolentibus,
 Fractisque morbo reddere pristinas
 Vires, senectutisque lætis
 Fallere imaginibus cubile.
 Te Gratiarum turba decentium
 Circumvolat, te castus Amor fovet,
 Nec laudibus fictis Camœnæ
 Egregiam peperere famam.
 Numen fatetur miles atrox tuum,
 Cùm, laureato fronte superbiens,
 Ardet coronâ pulchriore,
 Munere, Diva, tuo, pctiri.

laude non daci/

IGNOTUS.

REMARKS ON LYCIDAS.

"A critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon trial."—*Swift's Tale of a Tub*.

THE pleasure which we feel in looking upon any work of art is indubitably heightened in a considerable degree, if we discover it to be the production of one, whose genius we have ever been accustomed to admire, and whose name has been associated in our minds with the idea of excellence. A fine painting acquires even additional beauties, if we learn that it was executed by one of those great masters, whose pieces we have been accustomed to regard as approaching most nearly to perfection. For though we still look upon the same objects as before, a train of agreeable recollections has been started in our minds, which produces something like emotions of gratitude, and renders us more easily pleased and more willing to praise. In precisely the same manner, too, a noble sentiment or a fine image is never so charming, as when known to proceed from one whose writings have often afforded us gratification. Without this consideration, it would be difficult to account for the very lavish praises, which are frequently bestowed upon compositions which seem altogether undeserving of them. But, whenever a writer has once particularly distinguished himself, and engaged in an uncommon degree the attention of society, his subsequent productions are not judged entirely according to their intrinsic merits. Those, who have been influenced by the splendour of his former compositions, will necessarily retain a bias in his favour, which, if not sufficient to blind them to very conspicuous defects, will induce them, at least, to magnify slight beauties, and to over-rate the effect of the whole.

If this not unfrequently takes place with regard to poets who are not in the first grade of merit, and who, consequently, cannot be expected to exercise an irresistible control over the feelings of their readers, what is to be expected in the case of one, who attains to such a lofty pinnacle of glory as Milton stands upon? Can we wonder that those, who have been astounded by the sublimity of his moral genius, and the almost unbounded range of his imaginative powers, should be rather slow to find fault with any of his productions? Or is it inconceivable, that, trusting less in their own judgments than his, they should make his works to a certain degree the criterion of their tastes, rather than presumptuously cavil at what is above the reach of imitation. To such a degree have these feelings been carried regarding the productions of this author, that there are few of his minor poems, which have not been lauded above their real deserts. There is scarcely one of them, indeed, which has not repeatedly been declared to be superior to any thing which he himself, or any one else, has ever written.

But, though the preconceived opinions of the reader have so great an influence, it would be impossible to believe, that they could give immortality to any composition which would otherwise have sunk into oblivion. Can it be supposed by any one, that the mere fact of a poem being the work of Milton would raise it to the rank of one of the finest pieces in our language, if in itself it possessed so little beauty as not to be worth reading? Are we to entertain so low an opinion of the taste and candour of the public, as to believe it possible, that the general voice will be loud in the praises of a work, which in itself is destitute of merit, merely in consideration for the name of its author? Yet such an assertion has been really made respecting the *Lycidas*,—an assertion, of which, based as it is on no solid or definite ground, it may be somewhat difficult to shew the absurdity, but which, as proceeding from one evidently searching for faults, will have little weight, and will not leave its impression on the mind of any one who carefully peruses the subject of it.

It has been frequently urged as an objection to all elegies, that grief is dumb; and consequently, that the feelings expressed by the poet are fictitious and unnatural, and, for this reason, can excite no sympathy in the breast of the reader. But there can be few, who have ever experienced the sorrow resulting from the loss of a companion or relative who was peculiarly dear to them, who will not attest the falsity of such a supposition, and confess that the heart is eased of its grief by giving vent to it in language. Real grief does not, it is true, ostentatiously display itself; but it loves in solitude to open itself, dwelling upon the recollection of the virtues, and conjuring up the image of the person, of the friend it loved.

The above-mentioned argument, however, appears, at first, to apply with more than ordinary force in the case of *Lycidas*; and there seems some truth in the remark, that deep sorrow does not call upon *Arethusa* or *Mincius*, and is not careful to remember the dancings of "satyr" and "faun with cloven heel." But, on looking closer, there

does not seem any gross inconsistency even here. It is not, surely, very unlikely that, in giving utterance to his grief, the poet should fall into that train of thought, and style of expression, which is produced by the studies to which he was much addicted. The allusions, though uncommon, do not, in this instance, strike us as laboured or far-fetched; they were indeed the forms that most readily presented themselves to his mind; and deep and overpowering, indeed, must be that distress, which can altogether tear the thoughts from those pursuits in which they are constantly interested and engaged.

The indirect method taken by the poet to express the closeness of the union which existed between his friend and himself, and, consequently, the great blank which his loss occasioned, has also been the subject of objections. When the poet tells us, it has been urged, that

" Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field,"

and that together they passed the day in singing rural ditties, "tempered to the oaken flute;" as we know that they never did any such thing, we are not very deeply interested. But we do not see, that to enable us to share in the regrets of the author, we must so minutely consider the actual relation in which he stood with regard to his friend. We know that a deep affection really existed between them; we know that their tastes and studies were the same; and that they used together to wander amongst the scenes which are here described. Whether driving flocks or not, they went forth with each other in the morning, and, in the day-time, if not singing to the oaken flute, they were exercising their talents in the higher department of poetry. Viewing it in this light, the imaginary colours with which the picture is filled in, far from diminishing its effect, tend rather to give a simpler and more pleasing face to the whole.

But there is too much in this poem that calls for admiration, to admit of our dwelling any longer on the less pleasing task of examining the censures from which it has by no means escaped. And, perhaps, it is scarcely desirable, that it should have done so, as the investigation and discussion of any really meritorious work serves, always, in the end, to set off with greater clearness its more striking beauties, and to bring into general notice others of a less obvious, though not less pleasing, nature.

From the very outset, in the present instance, we begin to share in the griefs of the bard, and to join in lamenting the peerless Lycidas, "dead ere his prime." Nor do we feel for him, merely, because he died while life was yet in its spring. The effect is heightened by the consideration that he was no ordinary person, and possessed of no mean abilities.

" Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

He was not one to be loved solely on account of some natural tie, or accidental companionship; but he was one, who ensured his hold on the heart which he had once gained by his estimable qualities and his high attainments. He had not a claim upon his immediate friends and neighbours alone, but a title to a portion of the respect of all, from his many virtues.

For any composition of this kind, however, to produce any great effect, it is essential, that it be written as feeling prompts. If the reader observe that the poet has been directed and influenced by any consideration but pure regret for the subject of his sorrow, his interest is immediately lessened. For how can it be expected that one should inspire that which he does not feel, or impart that which he does not possess? Thus the very natural manner, in which the poet declares the close relation in which he lived with his friend, at once engages our attention, and forces us into sympathy.

" For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill."

Together they passed their youth, and their pursuits were similar. At all times, and in all his studies and retirements, therefore, would he feel the loss which he had sustained. We can imagine how sad and lonely he would feel in his solitude, and the heart is prepared to receive a deeper impression from the touching appeal,

" But, oh! the heavy change! now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!"

The whole passage which immediately follows this must strike every reader as peculiarly impressive. Minutely to examine the whole, however, would occupy more time and space than could well be spared; and the only way fully to appreciate its beauties, is with attention to peruse the original.

It would be impossible to pass over without notice the exquisite lines, in which the poet calls upon the vales to give up their choicest flowers, "to strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies." Not only is the passage itself remarkable for its great poetical excellence, but the application of it seems so beautifully turned:—

"For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away."

How natural the wish that he might pay some affectionate tribute to the body of one so loved in life! how natural that dwelling upon the wish that he might for the moment cheat himself into a forgetfulness of the mournful reality!

But too great grief is needless and unmanly, and we must, after a certain period, strive to check or smother our feelings. It is with great taste and propriety, therefore, that, towards the end of the poem, the friends of the lost Lycidas are called upon to cease from their woe, and to be comforted by thinking upon the happy state of their departed friend.

"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk tho' he be beneath the watery floor:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, is mounted high."

The concluding lines, by turning the thoughts from the sad spectacle which has just been presented to them, serve to cheer the mind, without diminishing the previously formed impression: he was sorrowing before, and forced us into sympathy with his sorrows; but he is now cheerful, and we partake of his cheerfulness.

How enviable the fate of Lycidas! none read of him in the lines of his friend, that do not bestow upon him kind thoughts and blessings: all go away sorrowing for his fate. Of what avail is glory to the dead? What though future generations marvel at the records of their fame? But blessed, indeed, is his lot, of whom none ever think without pity for his misfortune, and of whom none ever speak without praise.

THE FLAME WORSHIPPER.

ᾠ πῦρ σὺ, ὦ πᾶν θεῖμα.

Sophocles—Philoctetes.

"It is a story, good Monsieur Le Notaire, which will rouse up every affection in nature; it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herself with pity.—The notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn, and the old gentleman, leaning a little forward, commenced his story in these words."—*Sterne.*

Fast fades the day,—the gloom of evening creeps,
Quad of the College! round thy classic steep;
Like dim-seen stars upon a winter's night,
The scattered lamps are struggling into light;
November's mists in dusky masses fall
O'er the lone windows of the desert hall;
No eve-awakened moon, with gentle beams,
Fitful and pale, upon the Chapel gleams;
But wearied nature, upon vale and hill,
Is mantled with thick darkness, and is still.

The day has past,—that day remembered long
By nurse's story and by poet's song;
That day which gladdens every infant heart
With grand displays of pyrotechnic art;
And shows to boyhood's ever-wondering eyes
Exulting mobs and scare-crow effigies:
Whose honest joys all patriot hearts confess,
The bright memorials of that lucky guess,
Which rescued good King James from Popish plots
(The first of England and the sixth of Scots).

Spirits of poesy ! wheresoe'er ye be,
 On the green earth, or in the broad blue sea ;
 If in the echo's mountain-haunt ye dwell,
 Or rove the woods, or wander in the dell ;
 Or if, with azure garb, ye sport and roam
 With spray-wreathed Nereids in their ocean-home ;
 Or if, with wings of light, ye hover there,
 Where viewless forms perambulate the air ;
 Assist me now !—no fabled woes I sing,
 No fiction fraught with joy and suffering,
 No legend tinged with fancy's varied hue,
 But facts unvarnished,—terrible, but true.
 Upon my wild chords pour the living fire
 Of Tasso's harp, or Ariosto's lyre ;
 Till my rude verse to wondering ears shall seem
 Worthy the ardour of a Dante's theme ;
 With laurel fillets circle now my head,
 Inspire me living, sanctify me dead !

From that dark hall, by erring sprites possessed,
 Where kings pre-adamite in splendour rest ;
 Where, girt with flame, and in his might alone,
 Unpitied Eblis rears his demon throne ;
 And where the "lost ones" curse the tempter's arts,
 *Their quivering hands upon their burning hearts ;
 And mourn for ever their unhallowed doom,
 Their changeless misery, and living tomb :
 From that dark haunt of sorrow and of shame
 A fiend devoted to the fell one came,
 By Eblis sent, to tempt mankind, and show
 The safest passage to eternal woe.
 With varied form, in every clime and age,
 He arms the despot, and deceives the sage ;
 He lit the crucible, in days gone by,
 And blinded wisdom with curst alchemy.
 He passes over none,—he tries for all,
 The good and mean, the mighty and the small ;
 Now fires the wine-cup, now appears to view
 The ardent spirit of the mountain dew !
 He urged poor Guido Faux to slay his King,
 He revelled lately as mysterious Swing ;
 Each ruthless heart and rebel breast he racks,
 From French Fieschi's down to Spring-heeled Jack's.
 One spot untouched his ruthless vision sees,
 Sacred to innocence and learned ease ;
 Girt with the Gheber's belt, at length, he towers
 O'er wisdom's dearest home, our academic bowers.

From that fair land where wit and virtue shine,
 Unconquered birthplace of a mighty line,
 Worthy descendant of the Bruce and Græme,
 Almack's, the boast of Caledonia, came ;
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 He wooed not fortune's smile, nor feared her storm ;
 In lettered ease, devoid of care and strife,
 Flowed the bright streamlet of his peaceful life,
 Till, hovering o'er him with his dusky wings,
 The fiend, exulting, on his victim springs ;
 Tries him, and tempts him,—forces him, oh ! shame !
 To blast his character, to worship flame !
 What evil arts were used, no mortals know,
 To drag the youth to everlasting woe ;
 We firmly think, 'twas some seducing book,
 Like Beckford's Vathek, or like Lalla Rookh.

* See Vathek.

With thoughts unholy fired, he spends long nights
 In ghastly orgies, and sepulchral rites,
 Till that dread hour, by all remembered long,
 The mournful subject of my dirge-like song,
 When robed in terrors, and in demon guise,
 The fire-fiend stood confessa'd to mortal eyes.
 His dazzling garb was shot with every hue,
 The limbs were fleshless, and the face was blue ;
 From the broad nostril clouds of sulphur came,
 The head was serpent-wreathed, the eye was flame :
 Almacks, in horror rapt, the vision sees,
 And, trembling, sinks upon his tottering knees ;
 The tempter gazes with exulting smile,
 And speaks in tones of death, with impious guile.

" Mortal, whose youthful breast high hopes inspire,
 " Loved of the Gheber, votary of fire !
 " One task awaits thee, ere thine eyes are shown
 " The blazing splendour of the Fire-King's throne—
 " To worship Eblis, in the open air,
 " To light his altar in the College Square.
 " Do this, brave youth,—with loftier feelings rife,
 " Leave this dull earth, spring into second life ;
 " And, while these sons of clay to clay shall fall,
 " Live you supremely blest, in our perennial Hall !"

Fierce at the word, the youth with daring hand
 Snatch'd up and waved on high a flaming brand ;
 He lights the pile,—the whole quadrangle rings,
 The imp exults and flaps his demon wings ;
 Just then, some guardian sprite to Almacks spoke,
 And blessed reason o'er his senses broke.
 The fiend exclaims—" Oh, for a deed like this,
 " Blest is your lot, eternal is your bliss :
 " With me to sun-bright realms of pleasure go !"
 Almacks, impetuous, then rebellows—" No,
 " False fiend ! I see thy snare, thy reign is o'er,
 " And once a tempter, thou betrayest no more ;
 " Present my curses to your ruthless lord,
 " His wretched vassals, and his menial horde ;
 " My soul is saved, though terrible my shame,
 " I've fired illicit squibs, unacademic flame !"

While thus, with rage inflamed, the hero speaks,
 Swift in his track, approach the College beaks ;
 He turns to fly, but wheresoe'er he wends,
 The sprite of evil on his steps attends ;
 In shape transformed, his face and figure show
 The round obesity of young Le Gros.
 To Almacks' gallant heart fresh fears accrue,
 The fiend retards him, and the beaks pursue ;
 To some far room he makes a swift retreat,
 He hears the echoes of official feet ;
 Till, foaming, fuming, he exhausted falls,
 Concealed within a closet's friendly walls.

And is he now secure ? Alas ! oh ! no,—
 The imp resolves to consummate his woe.
 The beaks arrive, and search with jealous look
 Each sheltered corner and each shady nook,
 Behind the curtains, and beneath the bed,
 The cupboard next approach with stealthy tread.
 The hell-born fiend alas ! betrays him there,
 And, sneezing loudly, vanishes in air.
 How deep the misery, and how sad the sight
 When breathless Almacks first beholds the light !
 How pale the countenance, how changed the form,
 Of him, who well could bear a battle's storm !

Like some poor dog, who, violating law,
Has snatched a bone with surreptitious jaw,
Detected in the act, the youth appears
With tail dejected, and with pendent ears.

He mourns his bitter fate,—“ How cursed the hour,
“ When first I felt the fiend’s seductive power !
“ How joy, of old, the rosy hours beguiled,
“ When Pros encouraged, and when beauty smiled !
“ But now ’tis past :—the big, unmanly tear
“ Speaks from the heart. What does poor Almacks here ?
“ For one infernal squib, how hard my lot,
“ In country air to rusticate and rot !”
Unhappy Almacks, thy most grievous wrong
Quite chokes my utterance, quite curtails my song :
Yet weep not, mourn not thy unlucky fate,
Thou shalt not fall, thou shalt not rusticate.
Farewell ! farewell ! as village maidens bring
The freshest roses of the new-born spring
To deck, with votive wreaths, and garlands gay,
The bauteous forehead of the Queen of May ;
So I to thee (my gift thou’lt not disdain),
Present the incense of a poet’s strain.
My prescient vision sees that fortune showers
On thee her wreaths of pearl,—her amaranthine flowers.

THE DILEMMA—AN OLD JOKE.

(Concluded from No. 3.)

It is not our intention to recount, with historical minuteness, the various and interesting occurrences which attended our hero during his stay at the Hall, although each of them might form material for what the reviewers call “ a very readable volume.” Theophilus, much to his own satisfaction, was permitted to pursue the path most consonant with his aspiring genius. His uncle, who had intended to have held serious discourse with him concerning the prospects of his future life, had rather miscalculated his own powers when he undertook to reform him. He found that Theophilus was a youth who gave very little trouble, never lamed his horses, and never damaged his plantations. He considered that his coquetting with the magazines, was no reason why he should be “ blown up,” and he felt that he was secure from any unpleasant accidents, especially as Jonathan most religiously declared that he would keep a steady “ eyes right” upon him.

Luxuriating, therefore, in this unexpected freedom, our hero, armed with a formidable note book, roamed daily through the surrounding country, to observe nature in her green retreats. He had heard that the author of *Waverley*,* had derived much of his celebrated power of description, from a habit of carefully observing, and minutely marking down, the peculiarities of every scene which he beheld : that even the form, hue, and situation of plants did not escape his notice. This great example Theophilus implicitly followed ; his note-book, on this account, was replete with a variety of curious information, indicating a deep research into the too often despised simplicities of nature. Here it might be read that buttercups were like a golden bowl, or a moral reflection on the fact, that the breath of a vigorous infant could molt the tufted head of a dandelion, or a precept derived from the phenomenon, “ that he who caresses a nettle will feel its sting, but he who grasps it with the hand of courage will experience no injury.” If ever a poet could be manufactured, Theophilus Markham would have been a Milton.

But, never forgetting that his genius was versatile, often did our hero, after high converse with nature, approach the dwellings of his fellow men. With a mind ever inquiring, he attended political meetings and literary associations in the little town near which his uncle resided. Twice was he nearly turned out of the great room of the Star hotel, where Sir Forcible Feeble was addressing the independent electors, his inquiring glance and omnipresent note-book giving rise to the suggestion that he was a spy ; and once, having intruded into a commercial room, he was (to him the most bitter of mortifications) defeated by a Manchester traveller in an abstruse argument upon political economy and the affairs of the nation. For not all his combined

* Lockhart’s *Life*.

eloquence and ingenuity could persuade the sturdy peregrinator, that 2 and 2 sometimes make 5. These, however, were slight mishaps, and Theophilus, reminding himself of Shakespeare's horse-holding, Ben Jonson's bricklaying, Samuel Johnson's victualling behind Cave's screen, and Goldsmith's dwelling among the beggars of St. Mary Axe, merely considered, that one day he should be able to say that the obstacles to his literary ambition had only served to increase the intense exertions by which he arrived at his proud pre-eminence.

In one of his wanderings he met and entered into a conversation with an individual, whose whiskerless face, shaved temples, and parsimonious shirt collar proclaimed to be a child of the sock and buskin. This personage was destined to have an important influence upon our hero's career. Sylvester Mountcox was the manager of a strolling company, which had frequently been reduced almost to starvation, upon meagre salaries and enthusiastic plaudits. After devoting a few sentences to the weather and the harvest, the histrionic gentleman became rather professional, and finding Theophilus a willing auditor, gave him a true and faithful account of the decline and fall of the drama. "The British drama, sir, is languishing and drooping, a victim to the habits of the upper classes. Some persons, sir, devoid at once of sense and sanity, have ascribed its degraded condition to a falling off in our dramatic literature and to the inferior talent of our present performers;—that, sir, is maliciously false. It might as well be referred to an intestine war in Crim Tartary, or a revolution in the Antipodes. It is to the lateness of the hours at which our aristocracy dine, and to the excellence of their cooks, that the decline of the histrionic art must be ascribed. Who can suppose, sir, that, when my Lord Fitzdiddle sits down to eight courses at seven o'clock, he is likely to leave them, to see Mr. Macready, or myself, perform? You will hear, sir, some illiberal persons say, that managers are too close-fisted,—false again, sir, let me assure you on my honor as a gentleman. It is the public who are stingy. Why, sir, when I arrived at this town and applied to the mayor for leave to entertain the county with the legitimate drama, he at once agreed, and promised to support me gloriously;—would you believe it, sir, he sent for six box orders on the first night.—Gave him a tie-up, sir, guess how, put the mayor and corporation upon the free list,—they were highly complimented, and, on the third day, my bills announced, that the 'free list was totally suspended, the public press excepted.'—I should think, sir, that you had tried your hand sometime or other,—superb figure for Romeo or Charles Surface,—if I may be allowed to ask, sir, have you ever acted?"

Our reader must judge by the result, whether this question was lucky or unlucky. Our hero, after the proper degree of hesitation, confessed that he had laboured under that disease, the *furor dramaticus*, which, like poetry and the measles, always attacks a man at least once in his life. The conversation proceeded with great interest, and the result was, that our hero was persuaded to ask his uncle to give to the beauty and fashion of the county a grand *fête*, together with private theatricals.

The good-natured Squire, although the privileged Jonathan pronounced the idea to be "humbug," granted the favour, and beheld, with Christian resignation, two of his best rooms cut, carved, hacked, and hewed into a very pretty little theatre. A large body of the younger members of the squirearchy consented to assume the cothurnus. Our hero was appointed manager, and the whole play was "to be produced under the superintendence of Mountcox." The drama selected was "King Lear," and, in accordance with the privilege of all managers of choosing the best part, Theophilus determined on awakening the sympathies, and astonishing the weak nerves, of the inhabitants of —shire, in the character of the unhappy monarch. Everything seemed to promise a favourable result, the rehearsals went off with immense spirit, the dresses made expressly for the occasion were deemed most splendid, and the actresses, selected from Mr. Mountcox's company, were pronounced highly talented and affable. The Squire was resigned, Mountcox glorious, our hero in the seventh heaven, and even Jonathan relaxed from his usual precision, and said he supposed every one must make a fool of himself once in his life.

The important day at length arrived. The preparations were completed, and the guests began to assemble at an early hour: the only circumstance which clouded the serenity of the prospect was a sudden fit of nervousness which attacked a member of the company. The young gentleman, who had undertaken to play Glo'ster, now asserted, that, were the broad Indies offered to him as a recompense, he could not and would not expose his face before so many spectators. In this emergency, Mr. Mountcox offered his services, and promised to read the part, stating at the same

time, "that it was the sort of thing he was quite accustomed to; that he had once played three parts in Richard III.—Tressel, Buckingham, and Richmond; that he had often been obliged to go on the stage and extemporise; that actually, during a magnificent run of the highly popular extravaganza of Tom and Jerry, he had once reeled off the stage as the Hon. Dick Trifle, thrown on a great coat, and rushed on again as a watchman in pursuit of the former aristocratic gentleman; singular instance, sir, of a man running after himself: fact, upon my honour as a gentleman." This being agreed to, it was determined that an apology should be made for the non-appearance of the defaulter, on the ground of indisposition sudden and severe.

Among the distinguished guests who assembled to witness the theatrical representation which we are about to describe, was one, the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" and the sole possessor of that heart, which originally belonged to Theophilus Markham. For two long years had our hero sighed like a furnace, and made sonnets to the eyebrow of the beautiful and witty Lady Caroline Brilliant, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Heauton. She was now present, and, as Theophilus prepared to array himself in the regal garb, he felt an enthusiasm sufficiently towering

"To have out-topped old Pellon and the skyish head
Of blue Olympus."

The moment of anxiety arrived. Severe indisposition was pleaded for the absentee, who, in a conspicuous part of the audience, seemed at the very moment, to endure his ill health with singular fortitude. Mountcox rang the bell, the curtain drew up, the play began. Those who have ever witnessed a private play need hardly to be told, that the commencement of a tragedy is always a signal for a general titter, a practice not departed from in the present instance. It certainly is funny to see sober, intellectual persons, divested of the "*nigri aut subfusi*" garments of every day life, and strutting about, "brave in silk and velvets." And it is curious to observe, how invariably it happens, that individuals, whose private deportment and carriage are the most elegant and easy, immediately when they tread the boards, seem to be dislocated in every limb, and to have dissolved partnership with their arms and hands. No body of amateurs can ever help tumbling against each other when they come on the stage, or against the side scene when they go off. But, to do our hero justice, he was a very tolerable actor; and, when he appeared in his royal robes, and reverend head, the former concealing a very serviceable piece of cord, which tied his two legs together, and prevented his taking strides inconsistent with his assumption of infirmity, he was hailed by loud and long-continued cheering. The play proceeded with great success, and Theophilus was making a very decided hit, when an unfortunate (and by the reader, we are sure, long expected) *Dilemma* cast a gloom upon their happiness. Mountcox had read, with due emphasis and discretion, the part of Glo'ster, and had been honoured with considerable approbation, until the 3rd act commenced, in the course of which, the reader will please to recollect, the unfortunate noble is inhumanly deprived of his eyes. The cruel deed had been committed, a shudder was thrilling in every sympathising heart, when a grating voice, in a part of the room allotted to the servants, observed, "with most tolerable and not to be endured" pertinacity,—“But, how's the gentleman to read his part with his eyes out?” It was Jonathan's remark, and a fiendish one it was. The laughter was electrical; the absurdity of the part of a *blind* man being *read*, struck the veteran Mountcox for the first time: he dashed the book on the ground, and rushed off the stage. Meeting Theophilus behind the scenes, he exclaimed, "My dear sir, the most infernal accident has happened, the most unfortunate oversight; why, I'm blind, sir; how can I read the confounded part? pray, sir, make an apology; ask them to blind themselves to the slight inconsistency, or all will go wrong. This our hero determined to do, and accordingly presented himself to the audience. But when once a real English laugh has taken captive the jaws of an English audience, no eloquence, Demosthenic or Ciceronian, can restore seriousness and good order. The eagle eye of Theophilus soon perceived Lady Caroline, and it rejoiced him to observe that she joined not in the general convulsion; hiding her face, she seemed to sympathize with the arduousness of his position. Reassured by this circumstance, he was about to address the audience, when he observed some one lean over and make a remark to the lady of his love; the handkerchief which veiled her face was withdrawn, and the heart-rending disclosure was made, that she was suffering from laughter intense, ungenerous and plebeian. And who was the wretch addressing her? the very false and fickle trifler who had thrown them into the *Dilemma*!—the deserter, who did not dare to face an audience of his countrymen! Theophilus

made an indignant stride towards the wing, with the intention of leaving the stage in contempt, but (our pen almost refuses its office as we write), forgetting the cord that should have restrained the ambition of his steps, he suffered a most unkingly fall. Misery seemed to accumulate on misery; when down, he somehow or other could not possibly get up,—the cord slipped over his knees,—he was fairly fettered. Finally cannonaded by laughter, and his cheek blistered by opera glasses, he scrambled from the view of the inhuman audience on all-fours,—or as Mr. Puff, in the Critic, wishes his actors to achieve, he made his “exit, kneeling.”

He rushed to his room, and cast aside his robes of state; one exclamation only escaped him,—it was as pathetic as it was brief.—“By her too,—by her.”

Reader, since that eventful night, many years have blazed on the historic page. Theophilus is now a barrister, with a rising practice, and intends, at the next general election, to contest a certain borough which we shall not name, on certain principles which we shall not explain. But this we will say, that, however fond of theatricals he might once have been, he can safely lay his hand on his heart, and state that in politics he never acted more than one part.

A READING MAN.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.

Catullus.

Lesbia, let us live and love,
Giving not a single straw
For those critics who reprove,
Holding up too strict a law.

Yonder setting sun will rise
With the morrow calm and bright;
But, when life's short day-dream dies,
Deep, unbroken is the night.

Come, then, let me kiss thee o'er
A thousand times, a hundred then,
Then another thousand more,
Then a hundred o'er again.

Yet another thousand, dear,
And another hundred too;
Now we'll press our lips more near,
Kissing so that none may view.

Lest some prying youth should know
All the number of our kisses,
And the wretch should envious grow,
Thinking on so many blisses.

C.

Μή με φύγῃς, ὀρῶσα.

Anacreon.

Do not, do not turn away,
Tho' my hairs be few and grey;
Nor, tho' still in life's young morn,
Age's proffered homage scorn.

Look at yonder budding rose,
How its dewy blossom glows,
Wreathed in the garland light,
With the lily's spotless white.

C.

A WEEK AMONG THE MOORS.

On! the delight that these few words convey to the mind of the sportsman. Visions of the 12th, and its concomitant apparatus of Purdeys, Mantons, patent wadding and high ranging setters, are conjured up before his imagination. Then the bustle of laying in a stock of provisions and other necessaries, and dispatching them to the shooting-box, the engaging of keepers, with all the other requisite preparations which pass his spare time so pleasantly. No one that has never experienced somewhat of these feelings can conceive the excitement felt by a person, who really enjoys the

sport, on the eve of starting for the moors. The reader may now easily enter into our's on an occasion such as this. Our party consisted of six, "right good fellows all." The owner of the shooting was a Highland Laird, somewhat of the old school, who invariably wore "the garb of old Gaul" when on the hills, and never put leg over the back of a pony to ride to his ground. The next most remarkable personage of the number, was a namesake of the former, possessing an inexhaustible fund of good humour, and the faculty of setting everybody in a roar when there was actually nothing to laugh at, a most desirable acquisition at a shooting-bothy, where one may be confined to the house for days together by stress of weather. Of the remainder, none seemed to have any very remarkable trait of character. Suffice it to say, that a pleasanter set it has ne'er been our fortune to meet.

On the morning, therefore, of the 11th, we sat down to that most substantial meal, a Scotch breakfast, at the house of the aforesaid laird. Care had been taken to send word the day before to our place of destination, to order dinner at six o'clock of the best cheer that a highland glen could boast. The conversation during the meal, as may be supposed, turned chiefly on subjects connected with the approaching trip. How one's Purdey shot, how well finished the other's Manton, how Dan could range, and Doll find birds, and Jess "seek dead," &c. We were too impatient to be off to dawdle over our food, and ere long each was ready for the day's work. A more beautiful day, or better prospect of fine weather, we could not have wished for; and this, contributing to put us in high spirits, if anything were wanting to do so, made our journey a very pleasant one. We had about 21 miles to travel before reaching our quarters. For the first eight, the road was so good, as to enable us to "tool along" in a well-hung britschka, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and the last four through scenery beautifully wooded with weeping birch and alder. Leaving our carriage at a small inn on the road side, we struck at once, on foot, into the hills, where an immediate and complete change in the prospect awaited us. In place of being confined as before, as far as the eye could reach, range rose beyond range growing gradually fainter and fainter, till the more distant could scarce be distinguished from the blue sky behind them. The road we now trod was scarcely more than a cart track, and that sufficiently rough. It shewed symptoms here and there of some attempt at repair, where it had been cut up by the course of the little rills when swollen by the rain. After following the road for five or six miles, we left it, and under the guidance of our host, kept right across the hills in the direction of our ground. At last, on reaching the brow of a more than usually lofty one, a lovely view burst on our sight. Far below our feet lay the romantic glen, in which the cottage was situated, smiling in all the verdure of summer, and along which a river wound its sinuous course. We stood admiring the scene for some time, and the silence was at length broken by our host, reminding us that we had but just time to reach the cottage, so as to change our dress before dinner. We descended the hill by one of the numerous paths, and, regaining the road we had left, ascended the course of the river for a mile or two further, till, on rounding a projecting point, the glen widened considerably, and, at the end of an expanse of beautifully green turf nearly a mile in length, we saw the long-wished for cottage, with the kitchen chimney smoking in a most promising manner.

"Thank my stars!" was the simultaneous exclamation that burst from the lips of each of us on seeing it, and but a short time elapsed before we stood hot and dusty at the door. The house though small, was a two-storied one, substantially built of stone and lime, and well slated, presenting a most agreeable contrast with the shepherd's huts around. It lay within 100 yards of the edge of the river, a rather dangerous proximity, had not the situation been considerably elevated above its bed. Our first thought was of comfort in the shape of an entire change of dress, our next in that of a hot dinner, for which we had not to wait many minutes. The parlour was small but comfortable, and warmed by a blazing peat fire that cast a delightful glow through the apartment. Our appetites were too keen to permit of much conversation, and, the meal finished, we drew our chairs round the fire, each made his noggid of whiskey toddy, and we talked over our exploits of former seasons.

"We fought our battles o'er again,
And thrice we slew the slain,"

till nearly eleven o'clock, when, by general consent, we broke up to go to our respective rooms, where the soft murmur of the river, and the fitful sighing of the wind, soon locked each one fast in the arms of Morpheus.

"What! not up yet, you lazy dog?" were the first words that saluted our drowsy ears, next morning, from the lord of the mansion, as he stood by our bedside dressed in the kilt and short jacket, that most convenient of all dresses for walking the hills in, "breakfast will be on table in half an hour."—On being thus accosted, we sprung out of bed. The sun was already high in the heavens, and everything looked bright and cheerful. On descending to the parlour, the rest of the party were already assembled, and deep in the discussion of the new-laid eggs, and fresh-caught trout, which formed part of the repast. During the meal, their respective beats were assigned to the different parties, and all necessary information on the subject given. The head keeper had already arranged our shooting gear, packed up luncheon, whiskey, and other conveniences, so that all trouble was taken off our hands. We were chosen to accompany the laird himself, being more unacquainted with the ground than the rest, so, giving our gun to the gillies, we started. Our beat lay directly behind the house, and we reached it by a very steep road, that led to a peat moss, where we were to commence operations. The dogs we were to shoot over were a pair of very handsome, powerful, red and white setters, that had only been broken that season, but, owing to their high breeding, their master seemed to think we should not have to complain of want of staunchness. After resting for a few minutes to recover breath, the dogs were uncoupled, and away they sprung like arrows from the bow, as if they were trying which could get over the ground fastest. While going in this style, one suddenly dropped, as if he had been shot. "Toho! the dog has them," called the keeper. The bitch, tho' ranging nearly 200 yards off, and seeming to pay no attention to her companion, no sooner saw the keeper raise his hand, than she also dropped. "What think you of that, for dogs that have never been shot to?" exclaimed our companion exultingly, "I never saw dogs in better command, Neil," said he to the keeper, "and their breaking does you the greatest credit." We went up to the dog, and there he stood, crouching, as immovably fixed as if he were cut out of stone. Whirr!—whirr!—rose the pack, bang! went our four barrels, and as many birds lay fluttering in their blood. We marked the remainder of them down, and following them, bagged every one. We went on in this manner, the dogs behaving beautifully, till two o'clock, when we halted, to wash our guns and lunch.

"What an immense hag that is!" we remarked after some time to our companion, pointing to one that stood about 150 yards from the place where we were sitting. "So it is," he replied, "and it puts me in mind of an adventure I had here last season. There was an immense deer that used to frequent these hills, known by the name of the 'muckle stag'; and he was said to be so wary, that it was next to impossible to approach him. Hearing from a shepherd that he had been seen in this direction, I went out one day to look for him, along with a former keeper, who was a noted stalker. We found him close to this spot, after a short search, and approached him as cautiously as possible. Whether it was from a change in the direction of the wind, or not, I don't know, but he became rather uneasy, and moved away till he stood just under that hag, looking suspiciously about him. I was on the point of firing, when the keeper stopped me and told me I had got the wrong sight up—I had put up that for 100 yards—and he insisted that the deer was 150 from our post. After much hesitation I took his advice, and fired, Phoo! the ball struck the hag a yard over his back, and away he bounded unharmed. We paced it, and it was exactly 95 yards: you may suppose I bless'd him liberally." We sympathised sincerely with his disappointment, and proposed to proceed. For the remainder of the day we enjoyed equally good sport as at first, and it was not till five o'clock that we turned our footsteps homeward with 52 brace in the bag. All the rest had arrived before us, and on meeting at dinner each one had some splendid point, some wonderfully long shot, some marvellous retrieve of a wounded bird, to recount. The evening passed much as before, and we smoked and soaked till the grey light of morn warned us to retire. The next four days passed in much the same manner as the first, with a slight alteration in the parties who shot together, and the beats allotted to them; and the evenings in a most jovial manner. Indeed, generally speaking, we had for our own part dim reminiscences of being puzzled as to whether our companions were five or ten, and whether the candles on the table were two or four in number. On the last of these happy evenings, the conversation happened to turn on Ptarmigan-shooting, when our host informed us that there were abundance in one part of his moors, and that, if we chose to walk fifteen miles, we might perchance have some sport among them. Ourselves, and a young friend, joyfully caught at the idea of exhibiting our prowess in making a grand slaughter of these

beautiful birds. "Very well," replied the Laird, "you can ride the first ten miles, and you shall have your choice of dogs, and the head keeper who knows the ground well will accompany you." We humbly suggested, that the young dogs whose performance we had witnessed the first day would be preferred, and he readily granted them to us. Desiring the servant to call us early, that we might get to our ground in good time, we retired to rest.

The keeper aroused us at six o'clock, and, though the morning looked rather unpromising, we were not to be daunted by appearances. Giving the keeper and gillies the start of half an hour, while we swallowed a hasty breakfast, we mounted our ponies and took our way up the glen. After a rough ride of nearly three hours' duration, in the course of which we had to ford the river more than once, to avoid break-neck spots, we arrived at a shealing, on the side of a bleak hill, which served to give shelter to the shepherds during the summer months. Shackling our steeds to prevent them from straying far from the spot, we walked about three miles further, the scene growing gradually wilder and more drear, till at length we found ourselves standing amidst huge blocks of granite, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and without a single blade of grass, or tuft of heather, for the eye to rest on. All being clad in suits of grey plaiding, we might have been mistaken by a distant spectator for the guardian sprites of the mountain, stalking among their gloomy domains. We thought to ourselves while scrambling over the stones, that the birds which choose to frequent such places, must be of strange habits, when "Toho! Dan!" fell on our ears; and, to be sure, there was the dog worming his way among the huge fragments of grey granite, with the stealthy pace of a cat stealing on its prey.

"Come along gentlemen, these birds are devils to run, and you must take them on the ground if you can get them," said the keeper, and we followed up the dog, who was evidently nearing his game, from his crouching every now and then. At last he came to a dead halt, trembling like an aspen leaf from very keenness. We looked for long, but could distinguish nothing, till a flutter on the surface of a large flat slab, caught the eye of our companion. Bang! bang! went two barrels at them with the speed of thought, as they sat huddled together, and the other two as they rose, and seven birds lay dead. "Mark, Angus, mark," called the keeper to one of the gillies, "see where they next light." We loaded with all expedition, and followed the direction in which the remainder of the pack had flown. We soon found them, and it was almost a repetition of the same murderous work. We continued to shoot in this manner with various success as to numbers, but both holding very straight, for nearly two hours, till we reached a small lake, that by the blackness of the water, and steepness of the sides, seemed deep as Erebus. The scenery was now of a character more wild than can well be described. It seemed as if nature, in playful mood, had thrown the large masses of stone into the most fantastic groups she could devise; as if the debris of some vast mountain had been scattered over the hills by the shock of an earthquake. While standing gazing on the scene, we suddenly found ourselves enveloped in mist, which was growing gradually thicker and thicker. We scrambled on a little further, but it soon became dangerous to proceed, and we sat down till it should clear off. "How long do these mists last, Neil?" we asked of the keeper, "Sometimes half an hour sir, sometimes a day or two," was the cheering reply. "But can't we grope our way back to the hut, where we left the ponies?" we again asked. "You might as well attempt to fly, sir," was his answer, "there is nothing for it but to wait till it blows over." We sat shivering for nearly an hour, indulging in reflections which certainly did not tend to disperse the gloom. Our eyes were at length greeted by the sight of the sun, struggling to penetrate the almost palpable obscurity in which we were shrouded, and in five minutes more the only trace that remained were the last streaks scudding over the distant hills, under the influence of a brisk breeze which had just sprung up. We found ourselves standing on the summit of the highest range in the ground, while thousands of feet below us lay the glens and forests of Badenoch.

Too cautious to run the risk of being mistified a second time, we retraced our steps as quickly as possible, picking up a few stray birds on the way. On counting our bag at the hut, we found that the bill amounted to fourteen brace, which the keeper assured us was considered a very good day's sport. Re-mounting our ponies, we did not let the grass grow under our feet on the way home, which we only reached by eight o'clock, and that night we slept without rocking. The next day was fixed for our return to the low-country, and after a late breakfast, we footed it over hill and dale to the hospitable mansion of our entertainer, where a hearty welcome and good cheer awaited us.

Gentle reader, we would fain hope that this account of "A Week among the Moors" has afforded you some pleasure, or at least served to while away a few idle moments. That your next sojourn in a shooting-bothy may be as pleasant as ours, is the sincere wish of

LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

A FAREWELL.

Fair sons of science and of wit,
The voice of duty calls
The choicest of our ranks, to quit
These academic halls.

The bard of "Modern Chivalry,"
The "Vindex" of our times;
Will wake his skill'd lyre tunefully
To tales of other climes.

And the gay gallant, classic "C,"
Whom Bacchus roused to song,
By Venus loved, will cease to be
One of our gowned throng.

And, last not *least* of all who bear
The human form divine,
No more will in this puny sphere
"Iota" deign to shine.

Then fare ye well, illustrious band,
Where'er your steps shall stray,
May Virtue lend a guiding hand,
And Fame attend your way.

S. T. P. H.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will observe that, in consequence of having suspended the publication of our paper sooner than might have been expected, we have considerably enlarged the present and last number.

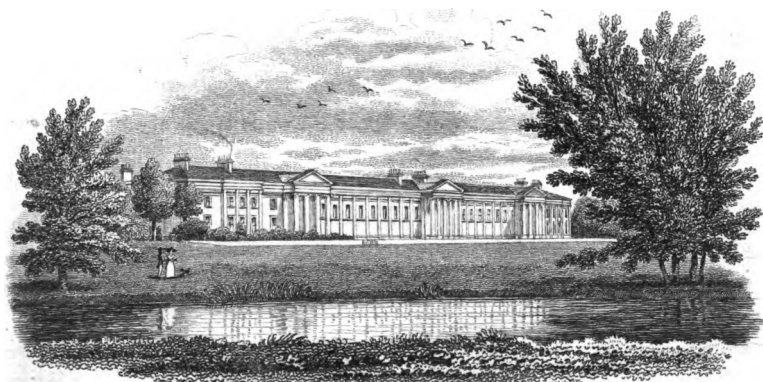
We offer our best thanks to Blümchen for his translation, which is by no means deficient in merit. We keep it, and all the other articles with which our correspondents have favored us, for future occasions.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER,
A MISCELLANY,
BY THE
STUDENTS OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE,
HERTS.

PART II.



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ERRATA.

- Page 2—11th line from bottom, for "rooms" read room's.
 „ 8—29th line, for "consented" read consentedst.
 „ 13—29th line, for "wears" read mars.
 „ 17—3rd line from bottom, for "o" read to.
 „ 26—3rd line, for "kindre" read kindred.
 „ 27—13th line from bottom, for "horison" read horizon.

THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosus; hoc mihi juris

Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.

No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

MONTHS have rolled on, and deep have been the slumbers of the *Haileybury Observer*; so deep indeed that many of its former friends already pictured to themselves, in gloomy anticipation, the mournful sight of the cherished offspring of their intellect honourably deposited in the grave. But no—its existence was not doomed to be so ephemeral, nor its energies so fleeting as they imagined; its powers, though long dormant, have not yet departed, and strength still remains to shake off the temporary lethargy. The *Haileybury Observer* is again amongst us, and death has been disappointed of a victim so precious. May it have arisen from its slumbers refreshed and reanimated; its faculties unimpaired, its vigour renovated; and may the very dreams it has enjoyed become fresh materials for the exercise of its intellectual and inventive powers!

But let no one suppose that the language we have here employed proceeds from certain ideal visions of some extraordinary success that is to attend the republication of our magazine; we expect not to dazzle the world by any sudden or astounding blaze of literary light, we expect not by any towering superiority in our work to arrogate for its numbers a very extended circulation throughout the kingdom; we expect not to increase suicide by the keenness of our satire, or cause any severe trial to the lungs by the sharpness of our wit, nor do we even hope to surpass the standard of literary excellence erected by our brethren of the year just passed, all we anticipate and all we can justly expect is such a degree of success, as it would be probable “a priori” would attend the united efforts of eighty students, whose youth and inexperience with the world precluded the possibility of their possessing any very large stock of original ideas.

We wish then at the outset to define clearly and distinctly what are the objects of our periodical. Very mistaken notions exist on this point. A vast number of students view the *Haileybury Observer* in the light of a magazine, whose sole object is to publish materials for their amusement, and expect to derive a similar species of entertainment from the perusal of its pages, to that afforded by the works of a Dickens or a number of the *New Monthly*. To accomplish such an end as this, the great majority of students must necessarily remain inactive, whilst one or two others, who happen to be blessed by nature with that rare and most equivocal endowment, a vein of comic humour, are toiling for their satisfaction, and pandering to their love of indolence. But such is not our intention in the republication of this magazine. We wish to provide sources of relaxation for the writer rather than the reader, though we would willingly, if possible, effect both the one and the other. Our primary motive is not to circulate an amusing periodical, for a set of idle and desultory readers, though this has certainly a secondary and subordinate claim on our consideration, but rather to afford scope for the exercise of powers which might otherwise never be exerted, and by holding up a place in our pages as an object of honourable competition, to apply some sort of stimulus to the modest efforts of the ripening intellect.

Who knows but our magazine may prove the first instrument in bringing to light the unborn talents of some embryo philosopher, by dispelling the imaginary terrors conjured up by Sanscrit, Persian, and Hindoostanee around the path of literature.

He then, who makes no exertion for the support of our columns, must not complain, if they fail to excite any great or stirring interest in his mind.

We are happy to inform our fellow-students that the number and character of the contributions already received, have inspired the Editors with much confidence. Had it been otherwise, we should not have felt justified in republishing a periodical, which we knew could not be supported with any credit to the College. Our best thanks are due to the gentlemen who have so cordially given us their co-operation; but we must warn them that their task has hardly begun, that every thing still depends upon their assistance, and that without the united exertions of the whole College, the *Haileybury Observer* must again sink into a sleep, perhaps longer and more profound than the last.

Harp of the Coll. that mouldering long hast hung,
On some hoar willow by Lee's sluggish streams,
And long hast slept, untouch'd, untun'd, unstrung,
Uncheer'd by Learning's renovating beams;
O minstrel Harp, resume thy wonted fire,
Bid some skill'd hand reanimate thy lays,
Bid him retune thy wild resounding lyre,
And sweep along thy chords as in thy former days.
O magic Harp! what daring minstrel may
Awake the accents that have slept so long?
What hand may dare o'er those soft chords to play,
Which Vindex strung, and C. attun'd to song?
Yet mighty Harp propitious aid his strain—
And when thy silver tones no more arise,
We'll hang thee up on thy lone bough again,
And pay around thy tomb a poet's obsequies.

D.

A DEBATING SOCIETY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear."

JOHN GILPIN.

Day set upon the college steep,
And Lee's fair river, broad and deep,
And Hoddesdon's mountains lone.
The college gates, that safely keep
Its inmates, though they chafe and weep;
The little rooms where students sleep
In sombre grandeur shone.
Soon darkness spread around, save where
The oil-fed lamps with fitful glare
Sent forth their scanty light.
Chill, bleak, and frosty blew the air,
And on the moor so dark and bare,
And on the gardens' herbage fair,
Falls a drear wintry night.
But not within yon rooms well-whitened walls
An atom of the external darkness falls.
No! round that chamber sit in worthy pride
Men—embryo men, of talents known and tried.
Their minds that seek for all that's truly great
Philosophy and truth illuminate—
They're living lamps with oil of knowledge lit,
Which spread around bright flames of sparkling wit,
No wonder then, though darkness reign around,
A room like that with radiance should abound!!!
Hush! whisperers all; from yonder chair of state,

Thornley arises—Thornley good and great.
 His auburn looks, his knowing look and air,
 His beaming eye, his lisping accents fair,
 His care-worn face on busy thoughts intent,
 At once proclaim the D.S. president.
 With courteous speech, and accent dignified
 He tells the meeting what they must decide ;
 What points debate ; and then, his task complete,
 He smiles complacent, and resumes his seat—
 With look important, follows in his wake,
 The favorite son of Scotia, land of cake ;
 (I need not name ;) with self-approving nod,
 He looks a hero, and he moves a God !
 Fair was his speech, his sentiments were wise,
 Courtiers and courts he did alike despise !
 If in his hands the power of choice had been,
 The Ministers of England's tender Queen
 Would not be those, who, by sad fortune, are.
 Fired at the words, intent on civil war,
 Canrac starts up, and hostile speech begun ;
 (His sires were Whigs, and Whig must be the son.)
 He praised the court, and its ally, the Pope,
 And, at the end, expressed a modest hope,
 That the grave meeting, present there, would not
 According to their principles give vote ! ! ! ! !
 Unconscientious youth ! was't thus thy sires
 Taught thee to feel true patriotic fires ?
 Or is it an inherent trait in Whigs,
 To hold all principle as cheap as figs ?
 The Scot is nigh ; with fierce avenging hand
 Behold him there in looks of triumph stand.
 Now gallant Canrac, needs thee to display
 Thine utmost strength, and fight as fight you may.
 No mean opponent challenges the fight,
 A champion he of Pitt's immortal might.
 Departed spirits of illustrious Whigs,
 Whether ye've transmigrated into pigs,
 Or with your odious principles inspire
 A Melbourne's breast, or warm a Brougham's fire,
 Aid now your champion in the unequal strife,
 And save young Canrac's fiercely threatened life.
 O ! once again to Whiggery's cause restore
 The gambler Fox, and stout Whigs, now no more.
 Fierce rage the heroes, and each sinew strain,
 Armed not with sticks, but missiles of the brain.
 And now had deeds ensued, which not alone
 The reading-room in uproar might have thrown,
 But e'en the whole quadrangle, had not there
 Thornley got up with awe commanding air,
 And stopped the strife—The Whigs their numbers rate,
 And out of thirty members, they were—eight ! ! ! ! ! ! !
 In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few,
 From rank to rank your vollied thunders flew :
 Tory oppression's cause prevails, and ye
 Though faithful, loyal, patriotic, free,
 Must keep your strength for some yet future time,
 Whilst Whiggery falls, unwept, without a crime.

D.

A DAY'S SPORT IN M— FOREST.

" I am afraid we must give it up for to-night," exclaimed a sportsman to his companion, who, leaning his elbow on his gun, was peering through a pocket-telescope at a few red deer, already scarcely discernible from the distance, and the ateness of the hour. " We have no chance," said the person addressed, " they are

so far off, that before we could get near them, we should hardly see the muzzles of our own rifles." "Where do you think they will remain for the night?" continued the last speaker, addressing the forester, who was walking close behind him. "Why, Sir, as they have not been much disturbed, they will probably go little farther this evening, they are now near the Linns, and there they will likely remain; but if Lord L—— wishes to go after them to-morrow, we ought to start before day-break." The Linns was a deep valley, or rather corrie, of about 500 yards in length, and half as much in breadth, surrounded on three sides by a chain of mountains nearly in the form of a horse-shoe. At the open extremity rose a precipitous rock, leaving a narrow path on each side into the corrie. "I think, G——," said Lord L—— to his companion, "we shall have a good chance of killing four or five of them, we could not have found them in a better place, had we chosen it beforehand, and if the wind be in our favour, they can neither smell, nor hear us till we are at the top of the hill; we can then occupy the two passes, and their only other way of escape is over the top of Ben——, which can be easily prevented. You must call us betimes in the morning," continued he, addressing the forester, "the deer will not remain long in such a place after sun-rise."

It perhaps may be necessary to mention, for the reader's information, that red deer during the heat of the day retire from the glens to the tops of the highest mountains, to enjoy the cool breezes, and escape from their tormentors, the flies and insects, descending again into the glens towards evening to feed. The party at length arrived at the lodge, and having made arrangements with the keepers and gillies, separated for the night. "Which of the passes do you prefer, G——?" said Lord L——, addressing his friend on the following morning, as they stood loading their rifles, "I think you had better take the widest, as you are the best shot." This was agreed to, and they set out. They continued their journey through the forest in silence, stealing their way with the utmost caution; the sun had not yet risen, and the landscape was concealed by the dull grey mist, which hung like heavy folds of drapery from the tops of the mountains around them. After two hours hard walking, they reached the passes into the corrie. In the meantime three of the gillies had been sent by a more circuitous route to the top of Ben——, to prevent the escape of the deer in that direction. On crawling to the farther extremity of the pass, they could distinguish nothing, and were obliged to remain quiet till the mist should disperse. Nor had they long to wait—the sun suddenly burst forth, and the mist, like a curtain, was gradually drawn up the sides of the mountains, exposing to their eager eyes the stage on which the tragedy was soon to be enacted. Scarcely was the landscape clear, when seven fine stags were seen within 300 yards of the position occupied by the sportsmen; and now the men who had been sent round the back of the hill having gained their appointed stations, gave a whistle. The deer were instantly on their feet, but uncertain from what quarter the sound proceeded, stood still, snuffing the air, and looking in every direction. Another whistle louder than the former, turned them to the right about, and they set off at full speed towards the pass in which Lord L—— was stationed. Knowing that if he allowed them to come too near him, they would inevitably rush past, he suddenly showed himself, and fired just when they were turning their course towards the other pass, but not having made sufficient allowance for the distance, the ball dropped behind them, slightly wounding one in the haunch. Imagining that the animal could not really last long, he desired the keeper to slip two of the dogs; as, however, the wounded deer did not fall behind the others, the dogs pursued the whole herd, which was now making for the other pass. Captain G—— was well prepared to receive them—at the first shot the leading stag fell dead, and the contents of the second barrel disabled another. "Slip Hector," shouted Captain G——, to the gillie, but the word had scarcely passed his lips, when the stag dropped down lifeless, the ball having slightly grazed the heart in its course.

The rest of the deer finding themselves hemmed in on every side, turned, and rushed again into the corrie, closely followed by the dogs; they now made for the hill on which the men were stationed, who, by showing themselves and shouting, drove the deer back into the corrie. The terrified animals finding all means of egress closed, continued to run for some time round the bottom of the corrie. The stag first struck, unable to keep up with the others any longer, now stood at bay in a small pool of water, but was soon pulled down by the dogs, the water being too shallow to give him any advantage over his pursuers. Meanwhile, the rest of the herd made another desperate rush at the pass in which Captain G—— was stationed, who fired at them again, but not with equal success; the deer though severely wounded, passed

him, followed by its companions. Giving up all idea of following them, Lord L—— and Captain G—— sat down to lunch, while the gillies were occupied in opening and cleaning the carcasses of the deer. This important proceeding being finished, they set out on their return home, fully satisfied with the havoc their day's sport had made, when suddenly Hector putting his nose to the ground, uttered a loud growl. The spot was carefully examined, and several large drops of blood were discovered amongst the loose stones. The dog now became unmanageable, and after a brief consultation, they agreed to slip him. The animal when left to his own guidance, proceeded for a short time at a slow pace, snuffing the air on all sides, then suddenly raising his head, with a loud yell, set off at the top of his speed, in a direction different to that which the herd had taken. Lord L—— and his friend followed as fast as they were able, but were soon left behind in the pursuit. An hour had now nearly elapsed since they had lost sight of the dog, and they were about to give up the chase, when suddenly turning a corner of the hill (along the bottom of which they had been walking for some time) the savage barking of their favourite struck their ear. "That's Hector," said Captain G——, "he cannot be far from us now;" and indeed, they soon caught sight of the object of their pursuit. The stag, it seems, as a last resource, had gained a ledge or shelf at the bottom of a lofty precipice, and there remained secure from the attacks of its persecutor. The dog had evidently made the most desperate attempts to dislodge his victim, and blood streamed from dreadful gashes in his neck and chest, but finding all his efforts unavailing, he now lay panting at the foot of the rock, eyeing his prey, and giving vent to his disappointment in the barking which had attracted their attention. The rest of my story is soon told, the stag was speedily destroyed, and the sportsmen returned home, jesting at what Lord L—— called his prophecy of the number they should kill.

D—D.

Novus homo ex æde Haliburiensæ amico suo, et
 Illi novo homini apud Rhedecinam. S.

Μαῶν ἡ τεκούσα σ' ὀίδεν ὡς θυγατρὸς εἶ;

(Æsch. Eum. line 1051.)

Perlege quam variam tribuant collegia vitam,
 Scœmmata quæ socio sint toleranda tuo:
 Jam novus hîc homo sum, (gentis pars una togatæ :)
 Quem procul a domibus nescit abesse parens:
 Rheda simul claras fessum me transtulit ædes,
 Quâ super ingenti pondere porta nitet:
 Æquales inter virides viridissimus asto,
 Dum terit incertos densa caterva pedes:
 Dulce sodalitiû ! sartor, librarius, urgent:
 Poscit opem sutor : tonsor et arma movet;
 "Sunt bonæ—sunt nobis meliora—sed optima nobis,"
 Hæc recinunt rapidis ingeminata sonis—
 Aufugio tandem—sed me graviora manebant,
 Cogor et Eos pervolitare libros:
 Opposita horrendæ nigrant elementa loquelæ,
 Litteræque in varium, torta, retorta, modum.
 Forsitan aggredior ? species inamabilis arceat,
 Damnat inauditum quisque Togatus opus.
 Ipse loqui, videor jam dedidicisse, Latine,
 Nec facili plectro carmina nostra fluunt.
 Non tamen hæc miseræ sunt sola procœmia vitæ
 Advenit assiduus nox comitatus malis.
 Area quamprimùm tenebris immersa silesceat,
 Versat inexhaustos callida turba dolos.
 Nocte patent vigiles, me prætereunte, fenestras
 Inque caput fœdis decidit imber aquis;
 Si juvat ad tacitos thalami fugiisse recessus,
 Qua prima optatum littera pandit iter,
 Anne mihi capiendæ quies, dum scripta pererro ?
 (Semper enim Ergophilus sum, sophiæque procius)
 Aridus attonitas subito fragor impulit aures,

Sparsa cadunt nostri fragmina multa vitri ;
 Quumque ego exsiliens, quas sint spectacula, lustro,
 Tradidit infensam fracta fenestra manum.
 Non, mihi centenis resonent si vocibus ora,
 Furtaque et insidias commemorare queam :
 Cum petaso nunc rapta toga est—subversa supellex :
 Nunc solitum accessum janua clausa negat.
 Nunc (simul ac redeo) passim confusa tumultu
 Urceus, urceolus, scrinia, cista, jacent.
 Ergo vale ; superant certè mala nostra, fatendum est,
 Granta quid, et fraudis quid Rhedycina paret.
 Tuque adeo, o comitum quicumque novissimus intras,
 Respice, quo pacto sit tibi danda salus :
 Obde fores, moneo, semper clavi—obde fenestras—
 Conditaque in oculis sint tua cara tuis.

S.

 THE DEATH OF BISHOP HATTO.

The following lines narrate the death of Bishop Hatto, who was eaten by mice. The tale says that "Bishop Hatto being importuned by the poor to give them bread in a famine, convoked them on a stated day, shut them up in a large building, and set fire to it. When they were burning he said, "*entendez vous crier les rats.*" After this, the country was overrun with mice, and the bishop having fled to the *Mausetharm*, on an island in the Rhine, near Bingen, was pursued by them (says the legend), and devoured.—It was thought the old ballad style was fitted for such a story, and therefore no defence is made for expressions which otherwise might seem affected.

O haste thee to the tower, my lord,
 Thine only sure defence ;
 The fiend is nigh, the host is bye,
 O quickly flee from hence :
 Thus told the messenger of woe,
 The pest approaching near,
 Each word he spake, the stoutest heart
 Had chilled with sudden fear :
 And see the sad procession march
 With solemn steps and slow ;
 No minstrels gay beguile the way,
 Full mournfully they go.
 They had not gone a mile, a mile,
 A mile, but barely two ;
 When clouded grew his countenance,
 And sorrowful to view.
 O curs'd the hand that lit the fire,
 Ill-fated was the day,
 Fain, fain would I for mercy ask,
 But cannot, dare not, pray ;
 And since that hour, a thousand pangs
 Each lingering moment brings ;
 Still roar around the crackling flames,
 The victim's death-cries rings.
 Yet on—I see the tower arise
 Securely o'er the Rhine,
 'Tis there we'll shun the evil power,
 We'll quaff the ruby wine :
 They stem the tide—they lightly float
 Along the silver waves,
 They mount the rocky staircase, which
 The flowing river laves.
 "O leave me now, my men," he said,
 "One hour to gaze awhile
 "Upon the vines that cluster round,
 "And the tedious time beguile."

He had not gazed an hour, an hour,
 An hour, but barely two,
 When the heavens assumed a darker veil,
 The earth a gloomier hue;
 And see, and see from Bingen's hill
 The countless millions throng,
 The hindmost press the foremost on,
 And hurry them along;
 One minute more—the Rhine is gained—
 'Twill sure their course delay,
 On, on, they speed—the Rhine nor heed,
 No stop to them, nor stay.
 The bishop stood—no power to speak,
 To call for aid had he;
 On, on, they speed—the Rhine nor heed,
 They swim right merrily.
 One minute more—the tower they've elomb—
 The walls will stay their course;
 But vain the many stones 't oppose
 Their overwhelming force.
 At every cranny, nook, and chink,
 The myriad tribes in pour,
 Ten thousand here—ten thousand there—
 More after them, and more.
 The last has entered now—not one
 Remains there to be seen;
 But what they did I cannot tell,
 The dark walls were between:
 Nor groan, nor cry, nor wail arose,
 Nor death shriek rang in air;
 Yet when the morrow's daylight dawned,
 The bones lay whitening there;
 No flesh was on the head, nor hair—
 Not one that came to see,
 But shunned the hollow sockets stare
 That mocked so fearfully:
 I know not how the truth may be,
 The tale alone I know,
 And the rustic still, from Bingen's hill,
 Full well the spot can show.

S.

ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES—I. 446—491.

O thou, whose spotless soul has nobly fled
 To the dark regions of the gloomy dead,
 And there in sunless mansions aye must dwell,
 Daughter of aged Pelias, farewell!
 But thou, grim monarch of the realms below,
 Whose dusky tresses shade thy awful brow,
 Know that no fairer victim to thy might
 E'er sought the kingdom of eternal night.
 And let the hoary ferry-man who guides
 The Stygian helm, and o'er the oar presides,
 Learn that his bark the best of wives has borne,
 Across the sluggish waves of Acheron—
 No poets, virtuous woman, shall for thee
 Cease to awake their mournful melody,
 Or, in thy well-earned praises ever mute,
 Forget to sing thee on the seven-string'd lute.
 And when revolving ages shall recall
 Carnoea's holy rites and festival,
 And Cynthia's fullest orb, with silv'ry light
 Shed her soft lustre o'er the dews of night,

Then in the haughty Sparta's halls of state,
 And Athens, parent of the wise and great,
 The voice of bards in doleful strains shall rise,
 And sound Alcestis' praises to the skies.
 Would that to me the mighty Jove had giv'n
 Wings, such as grace the deities of heav'n,
 Then, quick as thought, from earth's bright isle I'd soar,
 And seek thy spirit on Cocytus' shore;
 Tear thee from scenes of endless woe and pain,
 And lead thee joyful to the earth again.
 Already did thy partner, doomed to die,
 Writhe in the iron-grasp of destiny;
 A moment, and the god had seiz'd the prize,
 At one fell blow had claimed the sacrifice,
 When thou, brave woman, durst, and thou alone,
 To yield the ransom of his life—*thy own*.
 Oh then, if ought avail my earnest prayers,
 May highest rapture, purest bliss be her's;
 May e'en the earth with lightest pressure hold
 A wife so good, so generous, so bold;
 And when storms rage and wintry tempests blow,
 Protect the beauteous form that sleeps below.
 For when his parents feared their son to save,
 Unwilling thus too soon to meet the grave,
 Whose lives now trembled in the latest stage,
 Whose limbs had felt the palsied touch of age,
 Then thou, Alcestis, in thy beauty's prime,
 Whose comely form was yet unharm'd by time,
 Consented friendship's strongest ties to break,
 And die illustrious for thy husband's sake.
 Oh! may it be my joy-inspiring fate,
 Though rare to man is such a blissful state,
 To find a wife like thee, to soothe my woe,
 To bid the tear of sorrow cease to flow;
 Ne'er from my soul would calm contentment roam,
 Or seek in other breasts a kinder home.

(Monier Williams)

~~MONIERUS~~

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much pleased with "F. G.s" contribution, but do not feel justified in accepting it, until we have seen his continuation.

The following are accepted:—Translation of Horace, Lib. II. OD. 16.; and Κρικητοφίλος.

Reserved for consideration, "Προφήτης;" Verses on Amwell.

We thank "S." for his contribution, but are sorry that the brilliancy of the original article is not sufficiently sustained, to warrant the insertion of the continuation.

We hope that "O. P. Q.," the owner of the Persian name, and "Jolly Cock," will exert those powers which they evidently possess, to better advantage.

"Well Wisher"—too much flattery and too little rhyme.

N.B.—All rejected articles may be had by application at the Porter's Lodge.

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PART II.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.

No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

"Vos exemplaria Græcæ
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

Hor. A. P. 268.

STRANGE as it may appear that an age remarkable for the highest mental cultivation should in some points fall short of a comparatively barbarous antiquity, yet such is indisputably the case; and any one who attempts to analyze the modern notions of tragedy will find them very inferior in depth to those of the ancient Greeks. The only true model of ancient tragedy, the only true representative of the ancient Greek tragedian is Æschylus. It is our present object, then, to show that the plays of this great dramatic author, more especially his celebrated trilogy of the "*Oresteia*," possess in the construction and management of their plots, certain qualities, which not only distinguish them from those of his contemporaries and those of modern times, but raise them, strictly speaking, much nearer to the standard of perfection. But before entering on this subject it will not be uninteresting or irrelevant to trace briefly the rise and progress of Grecian tragedy, pointing out incidentally the analogy which exists in the history of our own drama. The tragedy of the Greeks, as every body knows, or ought to know (for the subject has been thoroughly sifted by modern scholars), grew out of the Dithyrambic song, a rude chaunt, in honour of Bacchus, sung by a ring of persons dancing round the altar of the jovial god, who were on this account called the Cyclic chorus. To this simple song succeeded a step in which the germ of tragedy began to develop itself more fully and perceptibly. This was an alternation between two distinct exhibitions; first was sung the Dithyrambic Ode, and then a species of actor was introduced to narrate a story, the song and the narration being entirely unconnected with each other. It was not till the time of Thespis that dialogue and a plot may be said to have really begun.

Ignotum tragice genus invenisse Camoenæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora.

Horace has been justly accused of an erroneous conception of his subject in this description of Thespis. He has obviously confused the τραγῳδία and τρυγῳδία, which are totally distinct, and applied that to tragedy which was only applicable to comedy. He was perfectly correct, notwithstanding, in ascribing the invention of tragedy to Thespis, who was the first to introduce dialogues between the actor and chorus, and to connect together any species of dramatic plot. Phrynichus, his pupil and successor, was the author of another change, not so important indeed, but instrumental in giving a loftier tone to the hitherto feeble flights of the tragic muse. This was the introduction of a female character into the dialogue. Contemporary with him was the great Æschylus, whose mighty genius out of few and scanty materials, raised the foundation of tragedy to an elevation so towering and majestic, that he seems to have left his successors little scope for enlarging or improving the sublime structure he had reared. In the time of Æschylus the songs of the chorus were closely connected with the leading subject of the play; in his "*Supplikes*" indeed it is

the heroine of the piece. This was swerving widely from the original intention of the Dithyrambic Ode, and we cannot wonder that an outcry was raised against the propriety of thus encroaching on the property of the favourite deity of the Greeks. The consequence of this outcry was a sort of compromise between Theology and the Drama: it was agreed that tragedies should be exhibited by threes at a time, that with every trilogy a fourth play should be exhibited, and that the chorus of this last piece should be composed of Satyrs, the attendants of Bacchus, thus securing to the God an interest in the Drama, which would compensate for the loss of the worship he originally enjoyed. Time has kindly left us one specimen of the Satyric Drama in the Cyclops of Euripides. No sooner do we leave Æschylus than the connexion between the chorus and the plot of the play gradually diminishes, and the further we advance, the more independent and isolated do its songs become. It seems in general to have held a sort of middle position between the actors and spectators: as an actor it mediated throughout the play, as a spectator it made a sort of subjective comment on the various proceedings. It was the idealised spectator of tragedy, a sort of embodiment of human nature and human feelings, giving the general impressions of the average of men. The chorus of Æschylus, besides these features, has a marked character of its own. It is something more definite than a representation of human nature in general; it is, as it were, Æschylus soliloquising on his own work, himself commenting upon the actions of the play, telling us what his designs are, giving us a clue to the dialogue, and preparing our minds to respond readily to his views. Such then was the origin of Grecian Tragedy: and he who is conversant with the literature of our country may perceive many points of analogy in the rise of the English Drama. For it also may be traced to a lowly parentage; to a prototype as rude as Thespis, in the anonymous author of the Chester Mysteries; it also, like the Grecian, was at first enlisted in the service of religion; even its "dramatis personæ" were taken from the Bible, and, more wonderful still, the old English drama went hand in hand with the pulpit in diffusing religion and a knowledge of the Scriptures throughout the land. It soon, however, shook off this religious character, the *mysteries* made way for the *moralities*, the *moralities* for *interludes*, and these were succeeded by a species of composition differing very little from the productions of the modern English stage.

We might here turn to the Hindu theatre, and trace a similar analogy in the history of its origin and progress; but we must come to the subject more immediately under consideration—what that element is in the tragedies of Æschylus which constitutes their superiority, in a moral point of view, over those of succeeding ages. Surely, then, this element is to be found in the exact conformity of his trilogies with the definition of Aristotle, that the aim of tragedy is through the means of terror and pity to accomplish the purification of these and such like passions, δι' ἐλέου και φόβου περαινεῖν τὴν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν.* A tragedy based on any other principles than these, is calculated to produce bad effects on the human mind. For the law laid down by Butler †, is an undeniable principle of human nature, that when any mental affection is excited, our first impulse is to *act* upon it, but if this affection be excited too often without the possibility of action following, the mind at last sinks into a kind of deadness and apathy, and though it continues to long for excitement, loses the habit of acting upon its impulses. Hence arises the danger of all works of fiction; our feelings are worked up to a pitch of great intensity about nothing, and there left to themselves; and if we seek to act upon them, "*what's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba.*" Now, a modern tragedy is calculated to leave just such an injurious effect upon the mind. For what in these days do we mean by tragedy? Simply a plot ending in a calamitous event happening to persons who more or less deserve it; the idea of retribution not necessarily entering into the definition. The "*Œdipus Rex*" of Sophocles is generally held up as the "*ne plus ultra*" of a tragic plot, and is so according to our present notions, but on that very account is calculated to leave a bad effect upon the mind. Œdipus is an imperfect character, a passionate, hasty man, and his treatment of Creon and Tiresias

* Poet. c. vi.

† See Butler's Analogy. "Moral Discipline." Part I., chap. v.

show that too great prosperity had ruined his naturally good disposition. Perhaps then he was not altogether unworthy of some sufferings, but the heavy chastisement inflicted on him, is just that which he does not deserve. It is a mechanical destiny that works upon him, and calamities are heaped upon his devoted head without just cause. We see him therefore in a state which we cannot reconcile with a right ordering of things, because in the *heathen* poetry we must look to something like a *visible* restoration of right and its privileges even in this world. From the conclusion of this play, therefore, no moral lesson can be drawn; nor is it a result in which the mind can acquiesce: on the contrary, we are left in the greatest perplexity as to the fitness of things; the feelings are excited, and no steps taken to tranquillize them, no attempt made to accomplish their purgation. But now let us turn to the "*Oresteia*," and mark the difference. The essence of the trilogies of Æschylus is this—that one series of events is worked out into three tragedies, each of these tragedies having a beginning and an end, and forming a perfect whole in itself. Of this nature is the *Oresteia*. What then are its leading features?

The working of destiny upon the family of the Pelopidae may be considered in two points of view, publicly and privately. First—publicly: they were the most glorious princes of Greece, they were at the head of the combined armies, their expedition to Troy and the capture of that city had added no little to their fame; in short they had arrived at the summit of that worldly prosperity which was the especial object of the divine *νέμεσις*. At the commencement of the "*Agamemnon*," then, we find this family marked out for humiliation, in return for the extraordinary prosperity they had enjoyed. Other circumstances also contributed to raise the anger of the gods against them. They had destroyed a city which itself had been the object of divine jealousy, so that the *νέμεσις* which occasioned its destruction redounded with double force upon the conquerors. In the act of doing this they had shown great recklessness of sacred things; violence, rapine, and impiety marked the progress of their arms. With their own people they were far from being on good terms. The whole expedition was undertaken to avenge the private quarrel of one brother, and swell the martial glory of the other; and to accomplish these ends every city in Greece had been robbed of the flower of its army. Secondly—privately: the whole family of the Pelopidae were under a curse from the earliest times of their establishment in Greece, the curse originating in the slaughter of Myrtilus by Pelops. This same curse showed itself in another generation in the quarrel between Atreus and Thyestes, and the revolting vengeance taken by one brother on the other. In the fourth generation Ægistheus, the youngest son of the aggrieved Thyestes, becomes the personified Erinny of the family, and the avenger over the house of Atreus. It is in this character only that he appears in the "*Agamemnon*," his adultery being artfully kept in the background. Æschylus meant that the workings of the evil passions of Ægistheus should be the effects of an earlier cause, the curse working itself out in generation after generation. The two branches of the family become in turns the agent and the patient, the avenger and avenged alternately. Clytæmnestra also is brought upon the stage as the personified Ate of the family: the dark shades in her character are skillfully veiled over, and she only appears as the avenger of her murdered daughter, Iphigenia. Still the calamities that are so suddenly heaped upon Agamemnon are not referable to any crime of his own, and at the end of the play, we are left in a state of much perplexity. It was necessary, then, to make some link of connexion between this play and the next, that the mind might understand that things were not yet brought to their just and final termination. Accordingly towards the end of the *Agamemnon* we find frequent intimations that justice will come through Orestes. (*Agam.* l. 1280). This link is taken up and the chain carried on in the "*Choëphoræ*." There Orestes returning, under the distinct command of Apollo, prepares to revenge his father's death. Sufficient indications, however, are given throughout the piece, that the murder of his mother will be attended by evil consequences to himself, and his mind is much disturbed at the thoughts of matricide. After the murder came his forebodings, which serve as the link to connect the *Choëphoræ* with the third member of trilogy. In the "*Eumenides*" Orestes flies to Athens from the persecution of the Furies, and there puts himself at the disposal of the Areopagus. At this court Apollo presents himself, acquits

Orestes of any blame in the murder of his mother, and refers the murder itself primarily to Zeus, as the real pronouncer of those oracles which were given to the world at Delphi. Thus by an exposition of the divine authority upon which the murder had taken place, they settle the question, unravel the whole confusion of right and wrong, and relieve the mind from the perplexity occasioned by the various conflicting elements of the plot. The essence, then, of this trilogy, and therefore of the true ancient tragedy, was the *Κάθαρσις τῶν παθημάτων*.

Our passions are excited in pity for Agamemnon and horror against Clytemnestra, and are left at the end of the first play in a state of great perplexity. In the next play, that Orestes may not have the whole share of our sympathy, the actual murder turns the scale a little, and the horror of matricide induces us to commiserate the fate of Clytemnestra. Here is the climax of the perplexity; the fermentation is carried to its highest pitch, and we are further than ever from a *Κάθαρσις*. But what is the end of a process of fermentation? The impurities of the liquid are thrown off, and it returns to a state of tranquillity; but a tranquillity of a different kind from the first, for the liquid is not only stilled again but clarified. Precisely in this way did the plot of the "*Oresteia*" work upon the minds of the spectators. The passions of terror and pity were raised to great intensity in the Agamemnon and Choephoræ, and the clarification of these passions was effected by the Eumenides, which unravelled the perplexity, that man could not unravel by his own unassisted intellect, and settled the true distinctions of right and wrong. And thus *ἔλεος καὶ φόβος*, after being placed in a state of fermentation, are not left as in the "*Ædipus*" to die away without purification, but are made to come out in a clearer state, the mind being enlightened on those high subjects, which it might otherwise have never known. The spectators regain their tranquillity, but, as in the process of fermentation, it is a tranquillity very different from the former one; the first is a tranquillity of sluggish ignorance, the second, that of a higher knowledge, and a disciplined and enlightened mind. It was thus that the ancient tragedy was made not the mere means of supplying excitement to morbid and perverted feelings, but a powerful agent in the formation of a high, moral, and religious character. The dramatic poet of antiquity was the preacher of morality and religion, and from his works the heathen had to glean the scattered portions of that truth, which in after ages was delivered through the medium of revelation.

COTHURNUS.

HORACE. *Ode. 16. Lib. ii.*

For ease the storm-tost sailor cries,
While roaring winds and lowering skies
Perplex his varying way,
While Cynthia hides her silver horn,
While mists obscure, by whirlwinds born,
Orion's golden ray :

For ease the warlike Russ : for ease,
While bounds his shallop o'er the seas,
The pirate chieftain calls,
Which neither treasures can provide,
Nor purple garments, nor the pride
Of England's lordly halls :

For not the Consul's short-lived reign,
The "fascies" proud—the menial train,
Can drive stern care away :
Nor can the sceptred monarch find
Those spirits pure, that easy mind
That cares but for to-day :

Ah ! well is he whose happy life
Knows neither sorrow, fear, nor strife,
Whose sleep no cares destroy ;
Whose board no glittering splendours grace,
But the sweet smile, the happy face,
His sole—his purest joy :

Ah! why does fickle-hearted man
 Attempt so much in life's short span?
 Why fly his country's shore?
 What wretch expelled his native land,
 Has found that peace on foreign strand,
 Which here he found no more?
 Lo! winged with more than lightning's speed
 Care climbs the bark—Care mounts the steed,
 A sure tenacious foe:
 Faster than o'er his native hill
 Bounds the fleet stag, and faster still
 Than southern whirlwinds blow.
 He whom no anxious thought annoys,
 Grateful the present hour enjoys
 With calm unruffled mind:
 Blunts sorrow's dart with ready jest,
 For naught is here so surely blest
 As ne'er repulse to find.
 To some long life's protracted state,
 To some alas! the hand of Fate
 Decrees an early grave!
 Perchance to me th' Eternal Powers
 May grant some sweeter, happier hours,
 Than those to you they gave:
 The bounteous hand of God to you
 Has made the doubtful balance true,
 And midst of worldly strife,
 With equal share of harmless joys,
 Which grief ne'er wears, nor care alloys,
 Ordains thy quiet life:
 To me the same kind hand bestows
 Those joys, which boyhood only knows,
 Life's stream to glide along—
 To mock at care's resistless power,
 And oft to soothe the lonely hour
 With such inglorious song.

W

ON MICHAELMAS DAY

AND THE ACQUISITION OF AN EXTRA HALF-HOUR OF SLEEP IN THE MORNING.

Thrice welcome, happy morn! our weary heads
 May now a little longer on our beds
 Repose—Alas! the habit deep impress'd
 At the old hour of eight disturbs our rest.
 The student grasps his ticker in a fright,
 Presses the spring, then turns it to the light;
 What direful sight meets his bewildered gaze?
 A moment scarce to meditate he stays;
 Straight from his couch he springs, with sudden bound
 Breathless and pale, alights upon the ground;
 Draws up the blinds; looks forth upon the quad,
 His eyes half opened and his feet unshod—
 No one is stirring; so he rubs his eyes,
 Looks like a fool, but thinks he's looking wise;
 Then as the recollection flashes by,
 His ample bosom yields a sleepy sigh
 To think that he so nice a snooze has lost.
 Whilst by contending terrors he's been toss'd!
 So into bed he turns without much sorrow,
 Vowing he'll not be such a fool to-morrow.

JAMES CANN.

"PUGNA AMWELLENSIS."¹

E libris amissis Titi Livii Patavini.—Accedunt breves annotationes Gronovii.

A.C.C. xxx., LII.—Duo erant "Celeres,"² nocturni clamoris ludorumque Bacchanalium ante omnes auctores, qui tertiâ fere vigiliâ domum redeuntes, noctem, quod fieri solet, cantibus permulcebant; quæ jam domum appropinquantibus ignavi quidam è superiore sedium parte caput humerosque aquâ,³ nec tam purâ, resperserunt. Hæ accensi fenestras lampadesque lapidum⁴ jactu minas percutiunt; multus subinde ex utrisque clamor,⁵ quæque in urbe oppugnandâ plerumque accidunt.

Sub hoc tempus duo "Rostra,"⁶ quæ in portâ "Ionis"⁷ ejusdam latitabant iis lampades frangentibus, atque alio tumultuantibus supervenere: hic clavum, ille lanternam⁸ gestabat: ambo pænulis obvoluti. Quorum adventu alter juvenum tergum modo non dedit, alter se inhibuit. "Age, Amice," inquit, "pugnis pugnam, non pedibus, perficiamus." Exinde, signis collatis, oritur pugna non minus dubia, quam ferox, numero scilicet par, nec tantum viribus impar: Mox tamen juvenibus actum foret, nî alii tumultu excitati, sociorumque infortunias ægrèferentes, atque in pugnam minus inviti, opem attulissent, atque eo rem redegiissent, ut tandem Rostra naribus sanguinolentis, oculis nigrantibus, dentibusque⁹ excussis, se fugæ palam dederint.

Jamque in domicilia victores redibant, quum Portitor,¹⁰ quem unus atque alter Rostorum huc et illic cursitans excitâret, cumque illo Patientia eodem tumultu expergefata, rei intervenirent. Lampadibus fractis, et nocte tenebrôsâ Juvenes, qui sint, qualesque, ignari, atque omne ignotum pro horribili fingentes, pugnam denuo instaurant: Alter Portitori stomachum, quâ jacent ilia, pede accipit, alter dat Patientiæ sanguineum nasum,¹¹ atque e campo pellit: Bino triumpho exultantes dormitum eunt Victores:

Ubi illuxit, speculatores locum explorant. Undique jacent pugne signa: hic nasorum sanguis, fractæque lanternæ: illic toga academica,¹² (quam ubique gestare gaudent Novi homines). Juvenes e lecto tintinnabula invitos, nec tamen capellum sciendere¹³ ausos, excitant: Deinde in concilium accessunt. Jamque parum abfuit quin Præfecti jussu, in rus se contulerint, aut saltem, solemniter moniti, Miltoni poemata transcripserint, cùm Decanus¹⁴—

1 *Amwellensis*] Vado Cervino urbe ob incolam sævitiam famam, aliter ignota.—*Gronovius*.

2 *Celeres*] Qui sint, dubitat Gronovius: Quodam esse campi incolam monet Freinsheimius, ita dictos, vel quod argentum celerime effundunt: vel quod in quadrigæ agendis summam operam ponunt. Eodem esse ac Equites Romanos negat Crevierus.

3 *Aqua*] In hunc morem laudat Juvenalem Gronovius.—*Sat* III. v. 275.

4 *Lapidum*] Hoc etiam Romano mori comparat Noëter:

"Jamque faces et saxa volant."—*Virg.*

5 *Clamor*] Qui sint nocturni tumultus.—*Vide Juv. Sat.*

6 *Rostræ*] Sc. "rostrati homines" sicut "vexillarii."—*Angl.* "beaks."

7 *Ionis*] Qui sit, dubio est:—aliquem aut genere

sunt virtute insignem, liquet, forsan è stirpe Ionica.

8 *Lanterna*] Verbum Livianum: alio inveniri posse negat Scaliger.

9 *Dentibus*] Iterum Juvenalem laudat Gronovius:—

"pugnis concisus odorat
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti."

10 *Portitor*] Mirum est, quantum hic Noëter erraverit:—Portitorem eundem quod Lictorem Romanum manifestum est.

11 *Sanguis nasorum*] sanguinem nasorum nosci posse miratur Gronovius.

12 *Academica*] Ex hæc unum aut ambos Platonis fuisse discipulos liquet: Quare hi barbari, togam gestare amaverint, Ego mehercule miror; vexata tota est constructio.—*Gro.*

13 *Sciudere capellum*] Quid velit, nescio.—*Gro.*

14 *Decanus*] Cives quidam ex urbe Amwellensi nobilissimus profecto et præpotens.—*Gro.*

A SOLDIER'S DEATH.*

NATURE seldom shows more caprice than in the distribution of her favours to mankind. At one time we see a man crippled and deformed, with no energy of intellect to compensate for physical defects; at another, bodily imbecility is counterbalanced by strength of understanding. Here a barren mind is concealed by every beauty of external form, there bodily and mental endowments are mixed up in fair and equal proportions. Occasionally, but rarely, Nature delights to single out some one fortunate individual, and like a fond parent spoiling a pet child, make him the object of all her most estimable favours, and all her most lavish generosity. W— was one of Nature's favourite children. Seldom was greater perfection of mind and

* This anecdote is founded on fact.

body united in one man. He was bold and courageous as a lion, active and light-hearted as a deer, good tempered, witty, lively, honourable and generous. His frame was athletic and handsome, his intellect so powerful, that no subject was beyond the range of its apprehension. The very passions and inherent depravities of man's nature seemed to have left him unmolested, unwilling to tarnish by their presence a character so spotless, or detract from a perfection that was scarcely mortal. And yet perfect as he was, and immeasurably superior to those about him, so thoroughly unconscious did he seem of his own high attainments and personal attractions, so ready to discover and appreciate the slightest merit in his friends, that even Envy's mouth was closed, and every man that knew him, loved him sincerely and heartily as a brother. How inscrutable then, how utterly incomprehensible, are the designs of the great Disposer of events. This very model of a man was cut off when his glorious career had but just begun, and was doomed to an all but ignoble death by the hands of merciless barbarians. It is thus that the loveliest flowers are often nipped in the bud, or gathered before their time, whilst those of less beauty remain unharmed, and are left to expand their blossoms in security. He who complains of the unequal distribution of Nature's gifts, who with a secret pang of jealousy compares his own ordinary endowments with the more than ordinary ones of his neighbour, should pause and consider whether in the end, he would be much the gainer by exchanging his own condition with that of any one other individual in the universe. Well, the man we have been describing, was called at an early age to quit his native country for the burning shores of India. The duties of a Cadet give little scope for the exercise of talent such as he possessed, but formed to shine in any sphere he so distinguished himself, that in very few years he was appointed to a responsible military command in one of the Northern Provinces. No wonder he soon became the idol of his corps. Cæsar or Buonaparte were not more passionately beloved by their armies, than was this young hero by the small band of men under his command. With them he would perform the most surprising feats of valour, and his indomitable courage led him to face the greatest dangers with the utmost calmness and intrepidity. No sooner did he come in sight of a party of his enemies, than leaving his army he would spur his horse into the thickest of their ranks, utterly reckless of all personal danger, and kill an incredible number of men by the mere force of his single arm. This gallant captain, then, was an object of the greatest terror to his foes. Unhappily the universal success of his military operations engendered in the breast of W—— a contempt for his opponents, which proved the ultimate cause of his destruction. After a short and brilliant career he was ordered with a small body of troops on a dangerous escort service. Their first day's march lay through a flat and sandy plain, without a tree to screen them from the scorching rays of an eastern sun. They proceeded this day unmolested by their enemies, who did not so much as show themselves. The confidence of W—— was thus excited and unwilling to harass a larger number of men than was necessary, he allowed nearly half his troops to return, and pursued his march with the remainder. But now the approach to a more hilly country, abounding with places, well adapted for concealment, made it evident that an attack was much more probable than it had been the day before. Indeed they were now entering a narrow pass or defile, formed by an opening in a long line of hills, and it became very certain, that, in case the heights around were already occupied by their adversaries, the little army must fall into their power and not one soul escape alive. Scarcely had the probability of such a catastrophe flashed across the mind of their heroic leader, scarcely had he arranged his handful of men in the most advantageous position for resisting an attack, when suddenly a shout of triumph rent the air, and the heights around became peopled by three thousand of their deadliest foes. At such a moment the most lion-hearted might have lost his self-possession. But no—W——was not even disconcerted: with the most perfect composure and with that coolness and intrepidity which was peculiarly his own, he marshalled his little band and prepared them for victory or death. Having divided them into three detachments, he put himself at their head, and led the way against the enemy. The soldiers caught the fire of their leader, and rushed to the attack with the fury of men who knew their only safety was in victory.

Never since the days of Leonidas and Thermopylæ were numbers more unequally matched, never did soldiers show more determined intrepidity, more desperate resolution. Well would it be for British India, if all her troops and all her commanders were such as these! Long and bravely they maintained the unequal contest; already

five hundred of their opponents lay stretched upon the ground, and had their ammunition lasted one hour longer, the numbers of their adversaries must inevitably have yielded before the courage and patriotic ardour of this little force. But their ammunition gone, they were left defenceless, and then were massacred to a man, and not one single soul that entered that ravine came out again alive.

Who shall describe the grief occasioned by the loss of the brave, the handsome, the accomplished leader of that ill-fated but intrepid band? It was not the soul of one man, but the soul of the entire army that seemed to have departed.

Too soon, brave youth! on honour's bed laid low,
Thy gallant heart hath felt the fatal blow.
Oh! that some other victim Death had found,
More ripe in years, for glory less renown'd!
'Tis o'er—and dying thou has left a name,
Dear to thy comrades, well beloved by fame.
And when the actions of that fearful day,
Thy gallant bearing 'midst the dire affray,
Thy generous ardour, prodigal of life,
Thy prompt encounter 'midst the hottest strife,
Shall brightly flash again on memory's eye,
To thee each veteran breast shall yield a sigh.
But ah! thy kindred! what avails them now
The dear-bought wreath that mocked thy lifeless brow?
Glory may gild, but cannot dry the tear
Denied the solace to bedew thy bier.
On foreign soil, alas! in unknown spot,—
But not unwept—thou liest, nor forgot!
Thy cherished form the living heart shall shrine,
And sacred sorrow's fondest thought be thine!

NEMO.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Κρηιητοφιλος is unavoidably postponed.

"E." is reserved for consideration.

We thank the author of the *Legend of St. Christopher* for his contribution, but fear its nature is such that we should be scarcely justified in inserting it. The originality and wit which he displays lead us to hope for other communications.

On second thoughts we decline the verses of "Προφήτης."

We are sorry that (W) has hit upon an ode already translated in a former number.

"Οινοφιλος" means well, but is rather prosy.

The "Lynes" of J. A. M. might be better.

"R—s." ought to be ashamed of himself.

N. B. Contributors are requested to select some Motto, in addition to their signatures. By this means rejected articles will be secured to their proper owners.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.

No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

And though that he was worthie, he was wise,
And of his port, as meke as is a mayde;
He never yet no villainie, ne sayde
In all his lif, unto no manere wight,
He was a veray parfit, gentil knight.

(Chaucer's Prologue to Cant. Tales.)

THE most superficial reader of history cannot but be struck with the fact, that until the promulgation of Christianity, no trace of the principle of "honour" is found in the texture of society, and scarce even in the speculative writings of antiquity. Yet more remarkable does this appear, when the strictest investigation fails to discover any very close connection between the so-called honour of the present day, and the doctrines, and precepts of our religion. Without, therefore, any further excuse for grappling with what has so long been a "vexata questio" of moral inquiry, we shall endeavour, but in no spirit of presumptuous dictation, to support the truth of our own conviction, "That true honour is the offspring of Christianity, and farther, that it preserves its purity, and confers its benefits only so long as it is guided by the strictest rules which the teaching of its parent has prescribed."

Now, the reason honour did not exist before the period mentioned would appear to be this—that ignorant of his real nature, man had, until then, valued himself by the standard of earthly things, and his importance with reference to them alone, and so it came to pass that patriotism, valour, and such like virtues, having for their end the advancement of temporal interests, were allowed to usurp the highest place in his moral code.

When, however, revelation discovered to mankind interests of a far higher grade, and the immortality of the soul, hitherto a subject of mere abstract speculation, became known as an established truth; when, in short, Christianity had published her glorious tidings, *then*, indeed, man began to consider himself as a being of a superior order; to make it the object of his existence, to regain that purity from which he learned to believe that he had originally fallen; and lastly, to regard his body as the temple of a spirit which never suffers pollution.

Hence sprung a feeling of the dignity of manhood, induced by the knowledge of an exalted destiny, and the consciousness that by sin, and guilt alone could that destiny be marred—a feeling which, while it elevated the aspirations of man, was yet utterly distinct from presumption and spiritual pride.

This is true honour, and its guide is the rule of perfect morality. It might hence be proved, that a real Christian must be truly honourable; it is not, however, our object at present to enlarge on this part of the subject, but rather to consider the practical effects of genuine honour, and the variations and corruptions which it has undergone, as a general rule of conduct down to the present day.

Now the operation of honour may be considered in a twofold light, either as regards the individual or society.

As to the first, it leads man to avoid every shadow of guilt which may produce self-abasement; as to the latter, it teaches him to assimilate his actions as far as possible to perfect purity, and so to devote all the energies of body and mind to the love and service of his fellow-creature; and especially of the weak and unprotected. Here let us advert for a moment to one of the commonest errors respecting honour—that it is

the nature of that sense to experience pain from any accusation whether true or false, and that it is a duty enjoined by that sense to call for instant reparation. Now the only method in which a charge can affect real honour is by producing, when true, a feeling of self-abasement—but this is the penalty of sin against which no one has a right to rebel.

That *false* accusations do cause pain cannot be denied, but not by affecting honour, nor has that feeling anything to do with the right of demanding reparation.

In order to explain this, it may be here worth while to make a short digression.

A false charge either hurts us by exciting indignation, which, however, as it is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, it is our duty to repress, or by injuring our reputation. Fully now to enter into the question as to how far a love for reputation is a praiseworthy motive is utterly impossible, suffice it to assume that so far as it does not interfere with more important motives, the desire for the esteem of our fellow men is admissible as a principle of action; and that whatsoever thwarts this desire, may cause a feeling of pain not at all inconsistent with the most perfect purity of motives; but though it may be *allowable* to make all efforts not in themselves objectionable to regain or preserve reputation, yet to assert that it is incumbent on *honour* to do so, would be to permit the desire for the esteem of others, to usurp the place of self esteem as the original principle of that feeling, and to make the standard of honour the opinion of the world—a corruption which must lead, and as we shall see always has led, to consequences utterly destructive of all its purity, and nearly all its advantages. To return, however, to our subject—the principles and effects of true honour were such as we have been describing, for it was no speculation of philosophy, but the offspring of indelible belief. Our attention must now be directed to the various changes of form which honour underwent, although it will be in our power to do this but very briefly. When Christianity came in contact with the vast masses of rude yet *simple* barbarians, who had settled amidst the ruins of the Empire of the West, the obstacles which the prevalent degeneracy and crime of the falling mistress of the world had offered to the general reception of honour were removed. Christianity and honour advanced hand in hand, amidst general enthusiasm, and hence arose the institution of chivalry with its attendant advantages.

But already the corruption was at work, and the system bore in itself the seeds of its own decay.

So great was the esteem in which honour was held, that society began to attempt the exclusion from its ranks of all who were known to have been guilty of dishonourable practices. Here was the opening through which the love of reputation might attain undeserved importance. Again, as *personal* courage from the state of society which existed in the darker ages, was more frequently required for carrying out the practical and obvious results of honourable feeling, than *moral* courage, so did it usurp the place peculiar to the latter, and a very undue estimation of its merits began soon to spread abroad.

Now, so long as Christianity remained in vigour, it kept in check the progress of these errors, but when superstition veiled this only source from which true honour can flow, then as far as regards society at large, it became an empty name; and its motive and standard being vitiated, or destroyed, the benefits which it originally conferred, became almost checked by the corruption which it engendered.

Hence it comes to pass, that in modern times "*Honour*" is but another name for slavish obedience to popular opinions, and that whosoever in conscientious purity dares to resist their mandates is termed "*a dishonourable man.*"

"Ἵπερβολὴ ἀδικίας τοῦτό γε."

It remains for us but to hope for better things. Christianity has once more dawned at least upon this favoured land, and though it has now to contend against deeply-rooted prejudice and long cherished vices, yet the ultimate victory is certain, and a reformed code of honour will ere long add one more attestation to the inestimable advantages of Christianity.

Φαίδων.

CASSANDRA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

The story of Cassandra is so well known, that it is only necessary to observe here, that the moment described in the poem, is that of the murder of Achilles in the temple, on his marriage with Polyxena, which proved the prelude to the fall of Troy.

Troja's halls and domes renown'd,
 Echoed to the wassail gay ;
 Hymns of joy were heard around,
 'Midst the gilded harp-strings' play.
 All, entrane'd in soft enjoyment,
 Respite sought from toil and bruise,
 Whilst the warlike son of Peleus,
 Priam's lovely daughter woos.

See ! adorn'd with laurel boughs,
 Marches yonder, band on band,
 Through the temples of the gods,
 At the Thymbrian's shrine to stand.
 Round the city's wide extent,
 Bacchanalian pleasure reigns ;
 One poor aching heart alone
 Pines in secret, and complains.

Joyless in the midst of joy,
 All alone, Cassandra stood ;
 All alone, she wandered forth,
 To Apollo's laurel wood.
 To the thicket's deepest shades,
 Wildly fled the propheticess,
 And, in wrathful agony,
 Trampled on her sacred dress.

" Joy," she cried, " is spread around ;
 Joy doth every heart beguile ;
 Joy lights up my parents' eyes,
 Joy beams in my sister's smile.
 I alone, alone must sorrow ;
 Fades from me this pleasing dream ;
 In its place, I see with horror,
 Wing'd destruction's lightnings gleam.

" Now I see a glowing torch,
 Ah ! but not in Hymen's hand ;
 To the sky I see it mount,
 But 'tis not an altar brand :
 Festal rites around are ringing,
 Yet, within my inmost heart,
 Still I hear the gods' forewarning,
 Still with fear my breast doth smart.

" Yet they laugh at all my fears ;
 Scorn and I may never part ;
 Unlamented, I must bear
 Through the world, a breaking heart :
 By the fortunate forsaken,
 To the merry ones a load ;—
 Darksome fate hast thou assign'd me,
 Pythian Phœbus, cruel god !"
 (*To be continued.*)

D.

EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S JOURNAL BOOK.

The sun shone brightly upon us as we left the little Swiss village of Hospital, to cross the mountain which separated us from Italy, and all its thousand visionary delights. We had already penetrated into the most beautiful parts of Switzerland and feasted our eyes on some of the grandest scenery in the world, and were now on the point of entering a country, which, in addition to its other attractions, possessed the charm of complete novelty. No one can tell what real novelty is, until he experience the excitement produced on the mind by the simple process of crossing the channel and landing in a foreign territory. A new world seems to open suddenly before his wondering eyes. A voyage to the moon could hardly be a more entire change—

language, costume, houses, manners, customs, climate, everything becomes altered. The very air he breathes seems to have peculiar and distinct properties of its own. Even the animals have their national peculiarities; the little dog in the street seems to bark in a new language, and the pig, if we may believe Sir Francis Head, conducts himself in a very different manner from English pigs. If he seek repose after his voyage, his bed is fraught with so many novelties and strange things that sleep becomes a difficult matter. Either his counterpane is made in a curious manner, or his sheets do not feel like English sheets, or his pillows are piled up in an odd fashion, or something or other occurs to keep his attention continually on the stretch. Now this is all very exciting and pleasant, and the same sensations are felt, though not so forcibly, in passing from one foreign country to another. In crossing the St. Gothard, however, we were doing something more than this. A few short hours would place us amongst a people of whose country, we had heard, read, thought and dreamt since we were children, whose language was sweeter than the mellifluous poetry of the Mæonian bard, whose climate was as serene as that of Paradise, whose lakes, gardens, and vineyards were those of fairyland, or Elysium. The prospect of such a change might well have filled gloomier hearts than ours with delightful anticipations; the very carriage which was to convey us into such delicious scenes, seemed hardly to feel the weight of two beings so light in heart, so elastic in spirits as we were. To speak the truth, however, the carriage was not a sentimental one, and considering it had been the same journey a few hundred times before, was probably incapable of sympathising in the feelings of pleasure which the prospect of a drive over the mountains had generated in our breasts. In fact, the master of the hotel, thinking, I suppose, we should be very unlikely to dispute the point in a language we did not understand, had selected for our use on this occasion, the very worst vehicle I ever remember to have seen. The hotel itself was an old building that had stood there for some centuries, and the carriage was probably coeval with it; so antique and venerable was its appearance that we felt a kind of half-reluctance in harassing the last hours of its hard-spent existence. How sad, that such an old servant was not permitted to pass the remainder of its days in peace! As for the horses, they were, of course, entirely out of proportion with the carriage and with each other; they were strong, shaggy animals, harnessed, as usual, in as clumsy a manner as could well be contrived, and moreover, had such a vicious appearance withal, that I could not help thinking they had entered into a conspiracy to pitch us over the precipice, and that the driver, who looked like an Italian bandit, and had a particularly thievish expression of countenance, was an accessory before the fact. The event could not have tallied more nicely with my conjectures. We had proceeded half-a-mile or so up the side of the mountain, and had reached a part of the road which was carried along the side of a tremendous declivity, when one of these treacherous quadrupeds began to rear and plunge, and kick, and perform a series of antics which brought the wheels of our vehicle in close approximation with the brink of the precipice. A few granite posts placed at intervals, of a dozen feet, were now the only visible obstacles between ourselves and the bottom; already our heads began to whirl, and our faculties to desert us as we thought of the ignominy of being dashed to pieces by some projecting rock beneath, when providentially, our wheels caught in one of these same little posts, our harness snapped, and our two spirited steeds finding themselves at liberty, galloped home again, leaving us very much inclined to laugh at the absurdity of our situation, awful and critical as it had been a moment before. With faces rather paler than usual, we jumped out of the broken down conveyance that had placed us in such jeopardy, and so sincerely thankful were we for our miraculous escape, that without venting imprecations on the hotel-keeper, his horses or carriages, we seated ourselves on a neighbouring rock and patiently awaited the arrival of fresh animals. The rest of our day's journey was performed without accident. The scenery of the St. Gothard is wild and desolate in the extreme; before us, behind us, on every side rose the snowy peaks of the great Alpine chain; a prospect of greater sterility and grandeur could not possibly be imagined: but no sooner had we reached the summit and commenced our descent on the other side of the mountain, than the sublimity of the Alps was succeeded by the soft loveliness and rich fertility of an Italian landscape. The road is constructed with great skill, and with such ingenuity that, in descending, horses may continue trotting from the very top of the mountain to the bottom with perfect ease to themselves and security to the carriage they are drawing. To accomplish this, the road is made to wind in a most extraordinary manner, and in looking down from above, its numerous convolutions, contortions, twistings and turnings

give it the appearance of a mighty labyrinth. Evening had closed in before we drew up at the door of a small inn, in the village of Airolo, at the foot of the pass. And here as we have recorded the high expectations that swelled our breasts in the morning, so we must record the disappointment, occasioned by our first impressions of the land of vineyards and blue sky. Instead of the Paradise we had pictured to ourselves, instead of the Elysium our imaginations had painted in vivid colours, instead of the handsome, romantic, love-making Italians of the modern drama, instead of women with pretty faces and dark eyes, we found ourselves amongst a decidedly dirty people, in a dirtier village, and an hotel that was dirtiest of all. As we retired to our beds with a poor chance of escaping the attacks of the little creatures that "murder sleep," we could not help involuntarily exclaiming, Can this be Italy? How useful is an actual observation of facts and a practical acquaintance with the world, in checking the wild flights of imagination, dissipating the scenes of its enchantment, and tying us down to the disagreeable yoke of our more sober reason.

NEMO.

(To be Continued).

LUCAN.—Book VIII. l. 835.

Rome, to the tyrant though thy temples rise
 Scarce dead, yet ranked a tenant of the skies,
 Thou hast not sought the ashes of the Great,
 Which sleep, uncared for, in a foreign state;
 What if past ages have the conqueror feared,
 His nod respected, and his threats revered,
 Yet take the conquered—if the ocean wave
 Has not yet torn him from that hated grave—
 Who fears the spot t' approach? the ground to tread?
 To move the sacred ashes of the dead?
 Mine may it be, though guilt the deed should urge,
 His bones to rescue from th' encroaching surge.
 Thrice happy then the dreaded tomb t' explore,
 To search the secrets of the hidden shore—
 To bear that burden to ungrateful Rome,
 And call his spirit to his once loved home.

E.

(PLUCK EXAMINATION PAPERS OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.)

MORAL ESSAY.

THE impropriety of the doctrine of "meum" and "tuum," as regards the abstraction of caps and gowns—

1. Translate and explain—

Hoc malè percussum—vos jam captate—sed unus—
 Perdidit heu! missam lubrica dextra pilam;
 Huc tamen, huc citiùs—quo tandem, pessime, jectas?
 Longius e rectâ das volitare viâ—
 Ite, (vocant alii) nunc, nunc, properate, capellæ!
 Vix, equidem credo, tardior esse potes.

(Silius Britannicus de ludo Cricetico, Lib. III.

2. At some public schools a translation is termed "a cab;" at Oxford, a tutor is called "a coach." Trace the analogy between the two; also explain the phrases "to have a tuck in," and "to have a blow out." Do they both mean the same or different?

3. A primrose on a river's brim,
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more—

A butcher on his horse so trim,
 A mounted butcher was to him,
 And he was nothing more.

Do you perceive any peculiar beauty in these lines? if so, state what.

4. Account for the universal adoption of one Christian name by the waiters of this college. Do you suppose the words "gyp," "scout," and "tom" to be synonymous? Show that the first admits of the most Philological derivation.

γυψ. σκωτς.

5. Give a brief sketch of the rise and fall of the Haileybury Debating Society. How many years did it last, and what circumstances led to its downfall?

6. Translate the following into Latin verse in the style of Horace's satires:—

Tom Smith, on giant aims intent
To Haileybury Coll. is sent,
A prodigy, if fame speaks true—
Well learnt in Greek, to Sanskrit new.
For some short time he studies deep,
Nor takes his quantum suff. of sleep:
At length one night (that night his last),
Seized with desire of turning fast,
He swears he will no longer read—
Vows he'll perform some mighty deed—
With three choice souls kicks up a shine,
Fractures two lamps, and windows nine,
Gets caught by beaks, and to his sorrow
Is call'd to Council on the morrow.
In "ipso facto" taken—there
He's told to inhale the country air,
And cursing his untimely fate
He marches off to rusticate:
But thinks it hard thus caught to be,
Whilst others row, and go scot free.

Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 65.

7. Show the wisdom of forbidding wine at Haileybury. Do you agree with *οἰνοφίλος* that its prohibition is the cause of much drunkenness? If so, support your opinion by arguments drawn from the Philosophy of the human mind.

8. Show that the loss of the last cricket match may be attributed to the bad weather. Who conquered in the foot-race at the last Olympic games? and give the date.

9. Explain the word "mug."—Is it not Saxon in its origin? Explain the difference between "sporting an oak" and "sporting a panel."

10. Give the dates according to Fynes Clinton of the following occurrences—"the Rape of the Whisker," "the Field of the Court of Fives," "Pugna Amwellensis." By what Latin author is the last described? Give a sketch of the leading circumstances—who was Patientia? Do you think with Crevier that a man was intended and not a woman?

11. "Ecce! gubernator sese Palinurus agebat." This has been construed "Lo! governor Palinurus was coming up." Is this correct? or can you propose a better version?

12. *Μῶν ἢ τεκούσα σ' οἶδεν ὧς θυραῖος εἶ.* Translate this passage,—from which of the Greek tragedians is it taken? What are Blomfield's reasons for considering it spurious? discuss this.

13. Translate—

*τίς πότ' ἐκλέψεν ὄνον; τὰδε μοι θεσπίζετε, Μῶσαι,
—δείνος ἀνὴρ, πιλὼν δὲ φέρει λεύκον τε, κακὸν τε.*

(Orac. ex. Herod. Lib. X.)

And

*ὁ δὲ νεανίσκος πολὺν τὸν κασσίτερον εἶχε διὰ τὸ τὴν
μήτερα τὴν μάργυλὴν ἀποδεδῶκέναι.*

(Plutar. Lacedæm. Apothegm.)

14. Draw a plan of the College, marking accurately the situations of letters A, B, C, and D, and point out, according to the best of your judgment, the most convenient spot for pelting beaks without detection.

E.

AN ADVENTURE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

GENTLE reader, extraordinary things will occasionally happen to us creatures of circumstance, but woe to him who narrates them; better for that man is it to be doomed to the drudgery of a high stool and a greasy ledger, than to enlighten the ignoble vulgar

with one idea, beyond the daily ken of their vegetable nature. What happened to that bold despiser of common prejudice, Sir John Mandeville? What reward did the gratitude of his countrymen return for the important knowledge communicated in his travels?—"The labour of an age in piled stones?" No, the title of "a liar of the first magnitude." Equally deserving, and equally wronged is Abyssinian Bruce; and he who interferes to burst asunder the shackles of general ignorance is ever disregarded, or disbelieved, and his sole remaining consolation is, "that all the world except himself are mad." Yet, gentle reader, I have ventured, trusting in the superiority of your intellect, and the impartiality of your judgment, to dare the sneers of incredulity and to offer you the following account of an adventure which happened to myself. Having read in our most excellent library (which, by the bye, wants a Shakspeare with Johnson's notes and criticisms,) that our little globe of earth was surrounded by some 40 miles of atmosphere, I was seized with a desire to visit the regions of upper air; so having fallen into a brown study (after dinner and a bottle of good old port) I procured a small balloon, and filled it with all the *light* words and empty speeches I had heard for some days previously; adding vanity upon the authority of friend Solomon. I then dipped my body into a tub of Mackintosh varnish to prevent the escape of the gaseous compound, and having inhaled a sufficient quantity, secured all by a penny queen's head across my lips. Now, as you might easily imagine, Gentlemen Editors, being much more buoyant than air, and the vanity especially tending to self-exaltation, I shot up into the skies with the rapidity of thought; nor was it long before I came to the upper surface of the atmosphere, and found that I could ascend no farther, but was obliged to float like a cork on water. Bewildered and amazed at the success of my experiment, I shut my eyes to reflect a little on my perilous situation. I had not long remained in this state when lo! something cold and flabby struck me on the face. I started, and with a frantic effort grasped at the creature as it whisked by me at a steam-engine pace. I succeeded in getting hold of it, and in an instant found myself borne many miles beyond the limits of air; I cannot say that the effects were particularly unpleasant, my lungs merely suffered a slight collapse, and so I did not want to breathe. At length we stopped, and opening my eyes I found that my conductor was one of the signs of the Zodiac, Pisces, and a rum fish he looked: "Well," said he, winking a cod's eye at me, and patting my head with his fin in a patronizing way, "You are an interesting young man, aint you now?" Without paying any regard to this important query, I gasped out, almost unconsciously, "Very like a whale!" The fish looked fierce, and expressed an idea that I was getting personal; however, before I could reply, a cold-looking, blue, old maid came up, and the fish, soothed by her presence, (indeed a flirtation had lasted between them for 4000 years,) introduced her to me as Virgo; Cancer also waddled in, and was presented in due form. I was getting on extremely well with Virgo, and she asked me to dinner; this, however, I declined, as, you know, I had just dined before my departure from earth; she then commenced an inquiry into the manners of the moderns, and especially concerning culinary matters, and as we were talking of dinner, she asked me by way of example of what mine had consisted. Dreaming no evil, I replied "cod's head and shoulders with crab sauce:" on this Cancer turned very red, and Pisces, who was already growing jealous, shouted "Did you, by Jove! you villain; ho! ho! then you'll be after eating me next I suppose," so giving me a malicious flap with his tail he scuttled off; the blow falling on my mouth took off the seal, and out rushed, like the winds from the Cave of Æolus, all the oaths, vain speeches, and ideas, with which I had filled myself before starting. Virgo shrieked, cried "shocking," and went into hysterics—while I tumbled down almost senseless for a thousand miles or so. When I recovered my wits I found myself seated on the steps of a neat Gothic villa in the moon; and perceived a very ugly looking young man who was making his way towards me. He introduced himself as my guardian angel, observing he had been on a tolerably extensive wild goose chase in pursuit of me—and that I was the first of his charges, of whom he had ever lost sight. After seeing so many strange things, I was not surprised at his appearance, but merely hinted that he was one of the ugliest looking animals I had ever seen; he laughed, and told me that he was always near me though invisible, but as we were far beyond the atmosphere, my eyes could see things, which on earth, would be invisible. "As to my ugliness," he added, that is your fault, for guardian angels always take the same form as their charges;" so that he was what men would call my double: hence, he inferred that, (as Sam Slick says) "I had put my foot in it." I thought so too, and held my peace. He proceeded,

"if you wish to remain in the moon, I must cleanse you from your earthly pollutions," and so saying, without waiting for my consent, he wrung me between his hands like a wet towel, and much to my astonishment expressed a large quantity of oil and soot, which had accumulated, I suppose, from a way I had, of making a chimney of my mouth.

Now, gentle reader, I would willingly give you an account of the lunar planet if I could, but hardly had I set foot within its precincts, when a great moon-faced fellow kicked me out again, and down I went, like Yamen, "who fell, and who fell, to the regions of hell," so quick, that my angel could not overtake me, but I heard him shouting, 'Tis past h'eight, Sir, you'll be late for chapel.

LUNATIC.

ANAC. ODE II.

Conscious of his winged speed,
Proudly paws the noble steed ;
Birds surmount the liquid air ;
Flight preserves the timid hare ;
Fish can ocean's depths explore ;
Terror 's in the lion's roar :
Chiefly blest in Nature's plan,
Highest wisdom graces man.
What could Nature yet bestow
On her weakest child below ?
What are woman's only arms ?
E'en her bright and lovely charms.
Strongest weapons she can wield,
Stronger than the lance or shield ;
Beauty's might is mightier far
Than the gleaming steel of war.

Ω.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Κρηνητοφιλος is again unavoidably postponed.

Ἑλληνικός—We are pleased with the translation from Hecuba, but are sorry we have pledged ourselves to insert another version of the same chorus. We hope to hear from him again.

"A Reading Freshman" shows talent, but has not composed his verses with sufficient care.

We hope "A Friend" will act upon his motto. His present contribution is hardly good enough.

We are afraid that "Amator" is too much in love to judge of the merits of his own composition.

T. C. B. ought certainly to be one of the eleven, if he is not already.

"Jolly Cock's" is a good story, but not well told.

We keep "Ambo" for consideration.

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PART II.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniã dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.

No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

WANDERINGS IN THE LONG VACATION.

BEFORE describing my travels, allow me to give a brief description of myself. Know me then to be Frederick Gwynn. In my own family I am thought rather below par; in the world I am looked upon as a something not exactly to be sneezed at—a man, who, if he lives, may reckon on a decrease of liver and a corresponding increase of rupees and guineas. “Don’t look at him; he’s only an ensign; but dance with that young writer: India is a good prospect, my dear,” were the words that greeted my ears a short time ago from the lips of a calculating matron. How I chuckled, blessed my stars, and wished my Director present to give him a proof of my gratitude by a strenuous bear’s hug. I pulled up my collar, touched my hair, and hurrying to the pretty daughter was accepted, while my friend in the epaulettes bit his lip, and looked no little mortified. At College some like me and some dislike me; such the fate of all, but

“With a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate,”

I will enter at once on an account of the various incidents which chequered and enlivened my summer rambles.

Arrived in London, I went to visit the household *penates*, where I staid three days, and then started for Dover. I had taken with me a carpet bag of my brother’s, which I had promised to send back the next day. This, however, I forgot to do, but remaining five days in contemplation of Shakspeare’s Cliff, crossed to Calais. The result of my negligence was the following letter, which I will insert for the reader’s amusement:—

“TO FREDERICK GWYNN, ESQ.

“ARE you a thief by principle, by profession, by habit, or forgetfulness? With weeping eyes and imploring voice you requested the loan of my carpet bag, and at last, worn out by your importunities, I conquered my delicate scruples, saw shirts and boots stuffed in without even a moan, and with that confidence peculiar to noble natures, beheld you and my carpet bag vanish round the corner of Oxford street without one suspicious lurking thought. Alas! such is ever the fate of virtuous self-denial; it but prepares the arrow which is to pierce the heart from whence it sprung; it pickles the rod for its own back. Two days passed, but still my treasure came not; three days, and but a faint ray of hope cheered the horizon; four days passed slowly on, till at last, with heart sickened by hope deferred, I wended my way hither; my sorrow increased by the honest, sincere grief which seemed to swell the spacious bosom of my good old travelling trunk. For eighteen months had that trunk and that bag travelled together side by side; they had derived in their journeys mutual advantages from their friendship so pure, and unalloyed by selfishness and interest. Crossing the Apennines, they had mutually shaded each other from the burning rays of the South; on the stormy waves of the Mediterranean, that trunk had sheltered the gentler bosom of his friend from the briny spray, and in the cold nights of winter, they had found warmth and companionship in each other’s society. The same dust had covered them when freed from the labours of their office; side by side they shared

in each other's toils and participated in each other's sorrows; together they enjoyed the sweets of relaxation and of ease, and never was the bosom of one full almost to suffocation, but the other felt a kindred, a brotherly sympathy in his own. When weary and oppressed, the bag would repose its head against the sturdy back of its companion: and in return, when his hardy nature, struggling against fatigue and harrassed by the shocks which those most feel who pass over life's rough course and the world's stony roads, could not repress a moan, the bag would suffer his weight to rest upon its breast, and for miles be content to form a pillow for his aching temples. In short, their friendship was deep, and naught ever disturbed its harmonious flow; the same key would reveal to light the most hidden secrets of their bosoms; touching picture of unity and singleness of soul! Where in the world could two hearts be found, their sentiments, their tastes so similar, that the same idea would strike a corresponding chord in each, the same expression unlock in each the cells of reciprocal feeling?

"Such their friendship, and yet with a reckless contempt for such a touching display of affection, you separated this modern Castor and Pollux. With a mournful heart, I opened my trunk before coming here; a light breath passed as I did so across my face; 'twas the sigh sacred to friendship, and the creaking of the hinges told of the sorrow which thus vented itself in groans for the departed. I proceeded to my task; force was necessary to accomplish it; the friend who shared his labors was gone, and I was constrained to demand of my poor trunk more than reason or feeling warranted. When finished, I rested my weary hand on his shoulder; it felt moist, and on inspection, I perceived that the perspiration was oozing through his rough and honest skin. These were tears springing from a pure fountain, and the Peri might have offered them at the gates of Eden. Let those two sympathetic bosoms then again come together, and no longer oppose 'une amitié si douce.'

"Ever your loving, etc."

"Humbly," said I to myself as I folded up this singular epistle; "and does he think I have forgotten my English, because I happen to be in France? Why not say 'sweet friendship' as well as 'douce amitié'; it's just as short and just as expressive; his trunk may blubber for some time ere it sees that sentimental bag again," and so saying I sat down to a good French dinner. The theatre helped to finish the evening, and I fell asleep on an excellent mattress dreaming of Paris, and all its delightful gaieties.

F. G.

(To be continued).

CASSANDRA.

(Continued from page 19.)

Wherefore hast thou plac'd me here,
 Fill'd with thy fore-seeing mind,
 Doom'd, a threat'ner of the deaf,
 Doom'd, a warner of the blind?
 Wherefore gav'st thou me to see
 Ills, for which I hold no cure?
 What is fated comes to pass;
 Woes, long dreaded, yet are sure.
 Useless 'tis to raise the veil,
 Hanging o'er the sons of earth;
 What is life but ignorance?
 What is death but wisdom's birth?
 Take away this sadd'ning foresight;
 Spare my eyes the blood-stain'd view;
 Fearful lot, to see things fated,
 Long foreseen, at length come true!
 O restore again my blindness,
 Give me back my guileless breast;
 Since thy voice has dwelt within me,
 I have known nor joy, nor rest.
 Thou did'st give to me the Future,
 But the Present's fled for aye;
 Fled, the passing moment's pleasure;—
 Then oh! take thy gift away.

Since to thee I was devoted,
 By the altar's gloomy side,
 Ne'er have I adorn'd my tresses,
 With the bridal garland's pride.
 Pain and grief alone I've felt,
 Darksome gloom and bitter smart;
 All my country's woes have sunk,
 Deep engrav'd, within my heart.
 All around me live and love,
 By no gloomy veil enshrouded;
 Ev'ry breast in sunshine basks,—
 Mine alone is overclouded.
 Spring in vain for me appears,
 With its hues of brightest glow:
 Autumn's warmth no solace brings;
 Summer's heat, or winter's snow.
 (To be continued.)

D.

AN ANECDOTE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY. *Na 6.*

AMONG the various crimes that disgraced the reign of Catherine the Second of Russia, the following is one of the least appalling.

On the borders of the lake Ladoga is situated the fortress of Schlüsselburg, long celebrated as a place of confinement for state prisoners, and many are the mysterious stories which are whispered concerning it. One thing is certain, that no man who entered it a captive ever came out again alive—the gloomy appearance of the castle itself corroborates these dark stories. Built at the extreme end of a long promontory, nothing is visible on three sides but the monotonous expanse of waters. Behind it a dreary wilderness of sand extends inland as far as the eye can reach; and the only variations in the landscape are a few stunted pine trees scattered here and there, amid huge masses of granite, which have been washed down from the Finland mountains by some deluge long since forgotten. About the year 1764, in an upper part of this fortress, to which the only means of access was by a flight of narrow stone steps, was imprisoned the unfortunate Tzar Ivan Alexiévitch, who had been dethroned by the empress Elizabeth some twenty years before; only a few months old at the time of his deposition, he had yet contrived to discover his real rank and rights, and this consciousness would occasionally excite to phrenzy the weakness of intellect which such utter seclusion for life had produced.

But another individual also was at that time within the walls, who was destined once more to bring the name of the unfortunate prince into notice. Mirovitz was a lieutenant in the Smolenskoi regiment, then forming part of the garrison, and a man of respectable birth, and once of considerable property, which, however, had on some trifling pretext been confiscated, to gratify the rapacity of some favourite of the Empress, and he himself was consigned to the obscurity of Schlüsselburg as a species of political exile. This measure was in the highest degree imprudent. Mirovitz instantly conceived the idea of liberating Ivan, and reseating him on the throne. The necessary preparations did not occupy much time; the subalterns of the garrison, and a few of the soldiers were his only confederates. On the evening appointed, the principal conspirator was resting on the northern ramparts of the fortress; a chill autumn mist was gradually gathering around, and the sun had long since disappeared below the horizon; but still Mirovitz moved not; absorbed in contemplation, his eyes seemed fixed on the waves which broke heavily against the massive stone wall beneath; yet an acute observer might easily have detected the traces of violent emotion in his countenance. The darkness grew deeper, and deeper, yet he heeded it not, but with his cloak gathered closely about him, remained for hours absorbed in thought, and motionless. And now the heavy tramp of the relief was heard approaching. The sentinel was changed, and scarce had the footsteps of his companions died away, when the man approaching, whispered in his ear, that all was ready. Scarcely returning an answer, Mirovitz strode hastily to the interior of the fortress, where he found the greater part of the garrison drawn up according to agreement. Stepping forward, Mirovitz briefly announced that he had received orders from the Empress to liberate Ivan, and produced forged credentials. The deluded soldiers no sooner heard these tidings, than

following their officers, they rushed towards the Prince's apartments. At the foot of the steps leading to these, stood the governor of the fortress, who alarmed by the noise of their approach, had come out to ascertain its cause. Perceiving their intentions were hostile, he prudently retired to a guard-room adjoining the Prince's apartments, in which were stationed a select few of the most faithful of the garrison, to whom the immediate charge of the person of Ivan was committed. Loop-holes in the walls commanded the whole range of the steps, and a destructive fire was instantly opened upon the assailants.

A fearful contest ensued; the defenders, from their commanding position, had considerable advantage over Mirovitz and his party; still numbers prevailed, and in half an hour the muskets were wrenched from the loopholes and the outer door forced open. Here, however, the struggle was brought to a close, for the commandant himself, throwing open the inner door, admitted the infuriated soldiers, and pointing to the door of Ivan's apartment, cried "Behold your Emperor," eagerly did they rush in, but bitter was their disappointment. There lay their Emperor indeed, but in the throes of death. Alas! this was the cruel policy of Catherine—this was but the strict fulfilment of her murderous orders!

F. E. L.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

THE morn is come, a busy throng has crowded to the strand,
The winds are hushed, the gentle wave lies pillowed on the land,
A thousand voices raised on high salute the opening day,
And not one cloud is there t' obscure the sun's first beaming ray;
O, 'tis a glorious sight to see how lance and helmet gleam,
How gently to the first light breeze the waving banners stream;
Yet every glance is sorrowful, each eye is dimmed with tears,
Each heart, that beats so fast within, but ill conceals its fears.
One ship is there, she nobly floats upon the heaving tide,
'Tis the Argo—and she waits her crew; they must no longer bide:
Away, away, the time flies past—there's one that carries yet,
That one, the chief; the noblest far of all that kingly set.
Away, away; one form is seen advancing on the strand,
'Tis Jason, and he proudly looks upon his chosen band;
Around him, as he speaks, the crowd a deathlike silence keep;
Above, the heavens—behind, the land—before, the heaving deep:
"Farewell, farewell! 'tis ours afar sea's trackless paths t' explore,
"To plough those unknown waves, which keel has never ploughed before;
"To tempt the northern blasts, the cold of Scythia's snows defy,
"To see new stars, to tread new ground, to view another sky:—
"Perchance, in after times, our deeds, our names shall be forgot;
"Yet hold—perchance e'en ours shall be a fairer, brighter lot,
"And poets' lays shall sing our praise; and every son of Greece
"With joy shall hail, the oft-told tale, of Jason's golden fleece."
He spoke—three times was heard around the trumpet's pealing note,
From cliff to cave, from hill to vale, the circling echoes float:
They arm, they mount, they gaily climb the fated vessel's side;
They ply the sturdy oar, and now with sails unfurled they ride;
One shriek is heard, one piercing sound upon each list'ner fell,
A mother's voice, a father's tone, has spoke the word—"farewell;"
And ye, who as the bark grows less, still gaze upon the shore,
Shall see them back as conquerors, or see them back no more.

(T.)

MR. EDITOR,

I chanced to enter a Freshman's room the other day, when a paper met my eye, containing evident preparations for some contribution to your work. As the poetry in question contains a great deal of fire, I enclose you the first stanza as a sample:—

"Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
Sweep o'er the zenith in a slipshod hat,
Prone to drink infant's blood; with horrid strides,
A roast potatoe on the whirlwind rides!"

The ideas certainly have the merit of novelty, if nothing else.

S.

ON THE RETURN OF THE BONES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE FROM
THE ISLE OF ST. HELENÁ. 1840.

——— Nunc excipe saltem
Ossa tui Magni, si nondum subruta fluctu
Invisâ tellure aedent!
Satis O! nimiumque beatus
Si mihi contingat Manes transferre revulsos
Ansoniam, et tale ductis violare sepulchrum!

Linc. VIII. 838.

PEACE to thy ashes! thee again we hail,
Thou great, thou glorious conqueror! to thee
Loud shouts of welcome once again prevail,
And in glad homage Gallia bends her knee!
Again Triumphant!—who could then foresee,
When on the plain thy routed eagles fell,
Again to thee that shouts of victory;
Again to thee that choral hymns should swell;
And France again receive the chief she loved so well!

II.

Peace to thy ashes!—Death itself scarce seems
For thee a certain resting-place to find:
Forth from the tomb thy conqu'ring Spirit gleams,
In death triumphant! nor art thou confined
By the sad bonds that fetter all mankind!
Could all thy matchless conquests be in vain?
Could memory to thy glorious Name be blind?
Forth from thy distant exile o'er the main
Napoleon once returns to France—to France, again!

III.

Peace to thy ashes!—Gallia's vine-clad hills
Echo the sounds of triumph and of praise;
One name alone Fame's brazen trumpet fills,
One name alone adored in future days,
In History's page, and Poet's golden lays:
One name, that still o'er valiant hearts will sway,
Still shine triumphant with undying blaze,
Till Gallia's empire dream-like pass away,
And time, the world's destroyer, time itself decay.

IV.

Peace to thy ashes!—'neath the cloistered stone,
Charles, the first founder of Gaul's empire lies,
And still by memory's pious hand is shown,
Where sleeps the great, the valiant, and the wise.
Where thy tall column tow'ring to the skies
With silent voice commemorates thy praise,
There in sad grandeur be thy obsequies,
That Gallia's children may with awe-struck gaze
Think of their greatest Hero in their proudest days.

Ω

*EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S JOURNAL BOOK,—No. II.

Between the hours of five and six in the morning of a brilliant day in July, a motley crowd of travellers were hastening from the numerous hotels that line the banks of the Rhine at Cologne, towards the wooden pier which served as a passage from *terra firma* to the deck of a steam vessel about to start for Coblenz. The sun had scarcely risen, yet all was life and motion in the neighbourhood of the mighty river. Porters hurried to and fro, some toiling under enormous burthens, others plying about eagerly for hire,—here three or four stout fellows were fixing a handsome English carriage on the deck of the vessel, there as many others were busily

* This is not to be considered a continuation of No. I of these Extracts.

employed in securing two unfortunate horses in wooden cages preparatory to their embarkation ; here a large truck was in the act of disgorging its contents, and every one was actively engaged in selecting his own property from the general heap ; there a large party were awaiting with anxious looks the arrival of their luggage, which seemed very likely never to arrive at all ; whilst the perpetual ringing of a little bell, and occasionally an impatient movement of the paddle-wheels, combined with the angry puffing and snorting of the steam as it strove to break from its confinement, threw everybody who happened to be on shore into an excess of flurry and agitation, which was naturally a source of much laughter and amusement to everybody who happened to be safe on deck. But confusion seemed chiefly to prevail around the window of the little office where, one by one, tickets of admission to the various cabins were dispensed by a clerk, whose cool and calm demeanour contrasted most ridiculously with the hurry and agitation of his applicants. The more the little bell rung, the more the steam hissed, the more the crowd pushed and squeezed, so much the more provokingly calm and disinclined to hurry himself did the imperturbable clerk appear. One little old gentleman amused me particularly. He had overslept himself, and had arrived at the place of embarkation with only a minute or two to spare : heated and excited he rushed to secure his ticket, but twenty stout Germans already blocked up the window : in despair he retired a few steps, and then with a strenuous charge forced his way into the very centre of the mass. What became of him afterwards I know not ; he must have been either crushed by the crowd, or left behind by the steamer, for I never saw him again. Soon after six o'clock, we were under weigh ; the morning was beautiful ; and I looked forward with infinite delight to the pleasure of seeing scenery under such favourable circumstances. Knowing, however, that the banks of the river were flat and uninteresting as far as Bonne, I endeavoured to seek amusement for the first few hours within the vessel itself. And here there was no lack of materials. If a comic writer were desirous of studying character and finding fresh subjects for his pen, he could not do better than take a trip up the Rhine. No Margate or Greenwich steamer on Easter Monday, could possibly furnish rarer and more unique specimens of the genuine cockney than are to be found here. Strange, that men, whose ideas are incapable of ranging beyond the limits of a counting-house, and who take far more real interest in a good dinner than they ever will take in a landscape or a fine picture, should find anything congenial to their tastes, anything adapted to the complexion of their minds in the Rhine, its castles, its cathedrals, its romantic legends and delicious scenery. It is probably the desire of returning to his friends in the light of "a monkey who has seen the world," that is the chief actuating principle in the breast of a cockney, when he is fool enough to leave the only element that is natural to him, and exchange the high stool, the ledger, and the warehouse, for the pavilion of a Rhenish steamer.

I walked up and down the deck and amused myself at the expense of this particular class of my countrymen, who composed at least one half of the aggregate number of passengers. In the cabin I found a very interesting and garrulous specimen of the genus. This was a stout, coarse lady, whose appearance brought to my recollection Mrs. Trollope's Mrs. O'Donagough. She was attired in a very imposing manner, and in the most glaring and preposterous fashion of the day. No expense had been spared to create a sensation and attract the wondering gaze of those about her. She had a huge coloured map of the Rhine spread out on a table, and by help of this was trying to discover the beauties of the only part of the river which possessed none. At her side stood two ugly, vulgar-looking children, who were busily employed in devouring some eatables, with the voracity of young wolves. "'Arry, my dear," (addressing the male child) "go up stairs and tell your Pa to come down, and let us know where we are." [Exit Harry, very sulkily.] "Well, I wish we were back in London. To think, h'Emily, that its a whole fortnight since we saw St. Paul's." "No, Ma, its only a week and four days." "Well, child, its all the same—what can have become of 'Arry : that boy is the worry of my existence : I'm always a fearing we'll tumble h'overboard. That reminds me h'Emily, of when you was lost for a whole day, and all the young men was sent in all directions to look for you, and at last you was found under a 'eap of goods in the ware'us. Oh ! 'ere comes 'Arry." "Pa says he can't come down, he's a-talking politics with a French h'officer." "Well, to be sure, I am glad he's got hold of a Frenchman, and a h'officer too ! As for the Germans I 'ate them, they're a nasty h'unliterate people, that do nothing but smoke, smoke, smoke till every room in the kingdom smells worse than your h'uncle

Snuffkin's tobacco ware'us. They say that most of 'em go on smoking in their sleep, but I never could believe that part of the story. Then there's the Dutch, they're so fat and h'awkward, and so dirty that they're obliged by h'act of Parliament to give themselves and their 'ouses a h'extra wash every day more than other folks. And as for their country, its like a large raft in the middle of the h'ocean. They say its uncommon dangerous to dig wells for fear of springing a leak. They've plenty of canals, to be sure, and a prodigious lot of windmills. Why 'Arry, my dear, how many windmills did we see at Saardam?" "Fifteen 'undred of 'em, Ma, all in a lump, like a h'army of giants, and all a wisking and wizzing round so furiously, it made us sea-sick to watch 'em, you know." "Well, I never! what a memory the child 'as! If it was'nt for the *picture* 'Olland would be the stupidest place under the sun, and after all they would'nt be worth looking at, if Sir Joshua had'nt made such a piece of work about 'em."

As I listened to the edifying loquacity of this woman, I could not help grieving to think that most foreigners draw their notions of the English nation from such specimens as these. But, at this moment my attention was directed into another channel, by the entrance of a true sample of the German nation, who came and seated himself at my elbow. He was a large, stout man, dressed in a rusty brown coat, that had been browned still more by the sun of some six or seven summers, and looked as if it had been made without the slightest attempt at a good fit. His mouth of course contained a pipe, as naturally as it did teeth, and the reservoir whence the huge china bowl was supplied, was a great leathern bag, slung round his neck, which was an *accident* of himself as *inseparable* as the pipe. His general appearance indicated a greater propensity to take fluid internally than externally. His features were coarse, his under lip enlarged immensely, and hollowed out in the centre by the constant friction of his pipe, his front teeth had taken their leave of his mouth, or were on the point of doing so, and his complexion wanted the glow of health and composure of muscle, characteristic of an English gentleman. He had not been seated long, before, to my surprise, he turned round and began a conversation with me in bad English. "And how do you like my country?" he said, after we had been talking together some time. I told him I liked everything but the cookery. "Ah, dat is because you have de English *gout*, but even if you love not de German dishes, you can always very easily *become* a chicken†." Not being acute enough to perceive at once what particular facilities Germany offered for such an interesting and agreeable metamorphose, I smiled, and shook my head incredulously. "What!" he exclaimed, mistaking my meaning, "can it be possible dat you love not de *fools*?" My gravity was hardly proof against these absurdities, and an irresistible desire to laugh was getting the better of my good breeding, when fortunately at this juncture, the vessel stopped moving and excusing myself, I went on deck. We had reached Bonne, and were just receiving a very strange addition to our cargo. Until this moment, I had looked upon Europeans as beings without any very remarkably distinct features, but here were some animals that had just made their appearance, calling themselves men, of a totally distinct species from any other human being I had ever seen. There were six of them, and they differed from each other individually, about as much as the whole collectively differed from the rest of mankind. This one seemed to have directed all his energies of mind and body towards the cultivation of a bush of hair on his chin; that one plainly took a pride in the back part of his head, and had succeeded in making his locks reach half way down his back; the eccentricity of a third had displayed itself, harmlessly enough, in a bright blue coat; of a fourth, in a perfectly white one. Whatever disparity existed between them, each one was singular in his way. Some things, however, they appeared to have in common; each man wore a small cloth cap with a shade to it, each man had a large scar on his nose or some conspicuous part of his face, each man had a pipe of unlimited dimensions, and each man was remarkable for an impudent, independent swagger that was tantamount to a direct avowal, that he considered the universe as made especially and solely for himself and for nobody else.

When I first cast my eyes on these extraordinary animals, I set them down for a number of curious monkeys or ourang-outangs that had escaped from a neighbouring menagerie. But the menagerie turned out to be the great University at Bonne, and the monkeys, a portion of the students. With the Drachenfels, commences the exquisite scenery of the Rhine. But I will not fall into a common error of describing scenes

† I found out afterwards, that the German word "*bekommen*," means to *procure*.

that are utterly beyond the power of description. The approach to Coblenz struck me as too enchanting to be real; I chose a retired corner and gazed upon the scene till every faculty became absorbed in intense admiration of its loveliness. Would I could have prolonged such genuine delight by retarding the progress of the vessel, but the paddles seemed to revolve faster than ever, and in a few short minutes, we found ourselves in the dirty streets of Coblenz.

NEMO.

(To be continued.)

Δια νυκτος εγκαθευδων.

Once slumb'ring on my couch by night,
With the deep ocean-purple bright,
Gladden'd with wine, I seem'd to fly
Midway betwixt the earth and sky;
And by my side a beauteous throng
Of gentle maidens tripp'd along;
Whilst boys, than Bacchus' self more fair,
Taunting my age and snowy hair,
Full many a cutting merry joke,
About those graceful damsels broke.
Stung with their jests, one kiss I sought,
When sleep and dream fled swift as thought;
And I, alas! poor wretch, was fain
To wish I ne'er had wak'd again.

P. B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ω's translation shall appear in our next number.

"Poodle" is a sagacious dog—but hardly witty enough this time.

S.S.S. is much too sentimental.

The subject chosen by S. F. J. is long since worn threadbare.

T. K. J's Parody is very good; we wish he had selected a more appropriate subject.

The "Reading Man's" dream is decidedly bad.

"Aquarius" does not understand the art of versifying.

We should be much obliged for a key to the handwriting of Aquaticus.

We thank Scriptor for his neat copy of an old story.

"Little Vic's" verses are good.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART II.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum venià dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.

No. 5.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1840. [PRICE 6D.

* * * * * "Each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book—
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.—Milton.

"On croirait que cet ouvrage est le fruit de l'imagination d'un sauvage ivré." Such was the judgment of Voltaire upon the tragedy of *Hamlet*, perhaps the sublimest creation of an unaided mortal. Although this is an extreme case, this spirit pervaded in a greater or lesser degree, the whole criticism of that day; and, while the commentators of Shakspeare professed an almost idolatrous admiration for his genius, they were so infected by it, that they looked upon his works principally as objects on which to exercise their ingenuity, and love of speculation: indeed, so entirely were they overcome by the lifeless and material spirit of the age, that it would have been strange if their principles of criticism had had any very firm basis. The first and most obvious deficiency which strikes us, is the want of reverence which characterizes the whole of their writings on the subject. Shakspeare is now generally considered as one only to be approached with reverence and affection. "The Englishman, who without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakspeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one at least of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ*." But hoping that no one who has the slightest pretensions to be a judge of true poetry, would differ on this part of the subject, we shall endeavour to point out some of the other erroneous principles on which criticism on Shakspeare was founded, and to show that it was from the prevalence of these false notions that there arose the supposed deficiency of Shakspeare in various essential points.

It is a very common opinion that Shakspeare's genius was uncultivated, and devoid of judgment; and this was so strenuously inculcated by his commentators of the last century, from the non-realization of the ideal of dramatic excellence which they had formed in their own minds, that until within almost the last few years, it would have been considered the height of presumption and absurdity to differ from them, and even now this notion is by no means eradicated, though it is to be hoped that Stevens, Malone, and Johnson are gradually giving place to critics like Coleridge, Schlegel, and Tieck. The great object of that school, and of Johnson in particular, was to discover the *Moral* contained in each play, and to form their estimate of the whole, accordingly as this moral was good or bad. But was this Shakspeare's intention? Surely it requires but very little reflection to convince us that this is but a secondary object, and that the great aim should be to discover the *Idea* in the poet's mind when the play was first projected. When this principle is recognised, it must follow as a necessary consequence, that Shakspeare would not show his judgment, but quite the contrary, by conforming to any dogmatical rules, (as, for example, to those of Aristotle), nor, indeed, *could* he do it with consistency, but that he ought to endeavour in every way which seemed best to him to carry out and develope in all its parts, the *Idea* which he had formed in his

* Coleridge's Literary Remains.

mind. With more or less difficulty this may be traced in all his plays; but let us take one in which Shakspeare has been frequently accused of wanton violation of historical truth, either from ignorance or from want of judgment—we refer to *King John*. In this play fourteen years are passed over without notice; the deaths of Arthur and John are made to follow one another in quick succession, and events of the greatest importance which took place in the interval are totally unmentioned; among others, *Magna Charta*. But, upon an examination of the play, we discover Shakspeare's Idea—the *Fate of Arthur*—the first step towards developing which he takes in the beginning of the first scene;—

“ Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,” &c.

And throughout the play, the poet's object is to trace all the events affecting or affected by the fate of Arthur, disregarding everything not bearing on it, and to attain dramatic unity of action, without attending to the strict chronological succession of events. But without going into a minute analysis of this or any other play, it will be sufficiently clear that Shakspeare, when he wrote, had some fixed purpose in his own mind; and accordingly, that the critic's office is to trace the progress of that purpose, and to show how each scene, and even each sentence, is bringing us nearer to the required end. Nevertheless, notwithstanding all this, there is another most important point deserving of the deepest consideration, but one which it would be impossible fully to enter into here. This is, the moral effect produced by Shakspeare's plays on the mind. It has been stated, with great apparent plausibility, that a bad effect must be produced when, in a tragedy, calamity falls upon persons undeserving it. If this be true, Shakspeare's tragedies are far from moral. Without going into this question, it may still be proper to make a few remarks upon it. And here it may be observed (though without considering the authority of great importance), that “Aristotle describes the popular admiration of the tragedy which ends happily for the good characters, and fatally for the bad, as a result of the ‘weakness of the spectators;’” though he tells us before that the aim of tragedy is—*δι' ἑλέου καὶ φόβου παραινέειν τὴν τοιοῦτων παθημάτων κἀθάρσιν*—thus showing that he thought that the desired end might be accomplished in another way from that generally received. Let us take a few instances from Shakspeare, and endeavour to show that in these cases a possibly bad effect may be produced from a character not immoral coming to an unfortunate end. And it may be noticed, that if a catastrophe be utterly opposed to nature and probability, the effect produced by it will be comparatively small. In *Hamlet* Shakspeare has delineated a mind endowed with excessive intellectual power, without corresponding power of action.

Such is the Idea to be developed,—the weakness of Hamlet's will,—as a necessary consequence of this weakness, “he yields to a sense of predestination:”—“If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.” Such being the constitution of Hamlet's mind, with what propriety could Shakspeare have averted the final catastrophe? Surely a far more important lesson is taught by this play as it is, than would have been the case if Hamlet had lived; in the latter case truth would have been violated to no purpose. The same may be said of *King Lear*. But it would be needless to bring proofs of the high moral tone of Shakspeare's mind in detached passages, and while admiring these it is hard to believe that the *general* effect can be anything but a good one.

Those will best appreciate Shakspeare who know him best. “Make out your amplest catalogue of all the human faculties, * * *,—and then of the objects on which these are to be employed, * * *,—and then compare with Shakspeare under each of these heads, all or any of the writers in prose or verse that have ever lived! Who that is competent to judge, doubts the result?—And ask your own hearts,—ask your own common sense—to conceive the possibility of this man being—I say not the drunken savage of that wretched scoliast, whom Frenchmen, to their shame, have honoured before their elder and better worthies,—but the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism! What! Are we to have miracles in sport?—Or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truth to man?”

R. H. D.

* Coleridge.

THE VOYAGE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

And is it thus? And can audacious T.
 Have dared to tell what should be told by me,
 Through dull fourteen's tedious way prolong,
 Paint "the hushed winds," describe "the busy throng,"
 In hacknied verses sing "the heaving deep,"
 And lull the reader, tired out, to sleep:
 O since uncalled for, unrequested, lays
 Have e'en obtained an undue meed of praise,
 Then waive, O Muse, the tale that slowly lags
 In pompous phrases and high sounding tags;
 No "pillowed waves," no "beaming rays" be thine,
 T.'s the Departure—but the Voyage mine.

Now think you see them, as the poets say,
 The first who launched their bark and bore away,
 Think that you see them when the first fresh breeze
 Has curled in waves the surface of the seas,
 And what each hero's bosom then befell,
 Sing heavenly goddess, pen inspired, tell!
 Alas! sad qualms and feelings strange arise,
 The billows dimly float before their eyes:
 Each, with a want he had not felt before,
 Would give the sea for one good foot of shore:
 Castor looks blue, and Tiphys cannot steer,
 E'en Theseus now knows what it is to fear,
 Illiterate heroes—men who ne'er could write,
 Cast up accounts, and bring their deeds to light;
 And Jason's self—that "noblest" of the crew,
 That chief of kings, is seized with sickness too.

Yet haste we on—this strain must ill belong
 To the proud numbers of heroic song,
 A nobler subject for my muse demands
 When on the shore the way-worn army lands;
 Straight to the tyrant's palace they repair,
 Intent on vengeance, and demand him there;
 Prompt to their call Æetes issues out;
 He looks a monarch, but he moves a lout,
 And though he'd fain have seen them far away,
 He sits him down, and bids them say their say:
 Silence obtained, thus Jason speech began,—
 "Think not to 'scape us, God-abandoned man,
 "Thy day is come, e'en retribution's day
 "Hovers around thee, thirsting for its prey:
 "Honour to us, to thee disgrace is left,
 "Be thine the meed of cowardice and theft;
 "For well we know, that th' enemy to Greece
 "Would steal the donkey, as he stole the fleece."
 Starting, the king to this made answer stout,—
 "Does your maternal parent know your out?
 "Your wrath pray cool—and learn it mild to draw,
 "Here I am master, and my will is law;
 "And though your journey has been long, I fear
 "That, Mr. Ferguson, you don't lodge here."

Thus spake the king, as he defiance bade,
 And looked by turns the hero and the cad:
 Now bandied words each fiery soul inspire,
 And biting sarcasms rouse the latent ire;
 As yet no weapons could adorn the foes:
 Their arms, those arms which Nature sole bestows—
 With blow on blow, and fist on fist, the strife
 Proceeds—untouched—unsullied by the "knife"
 And darkening eyes and swelling cheeks betray
 How fierce the contest of that fated day.

"Away, away," nor be it mine to trace,
 The dire contusions in each livid face—
 To tell how Jason and his hardy crew
 Fought for "an hour, an hour, but barely two,"
 Let this suffice, that ere the day was o'er,
 The prize was Jason's, and he'd left the shore.
 My story's ended, and my tale is told
 In dulcet numbers, beautifully bold,
 One boon I ask, and may this be my praise,
 That if I please, I please by manly ways;
 And that these verses, though they're strange, may be
 A worthy ending to illustrious T.

(O.)

CASSANDRA

(Concluded from page 27.)

"Happy, yet unhappy, sister;
 In her heart's infatuate pride;—
 She, poor fond thing, hopes to be
 Grecia's bravest warrior's bride.
 Swelling full, her timid breast
 Scarce to hold its joy doth seem;—
 God of Heaven, from above
 Envy not her blissful dream.

"And alas! alas! for him,
 Whom her young heart blithely chose:
 See how his impassion'd look
 With the fire of true love glows!
 Sure, for such a pair so youthful,
 Nought but joy the fates decree;
 Yet alas! a stygian shadow
 Darkly spreads 'twixt them and me.

"Proserpine, grim Queen of Hell,
 Haunts me with her dreary ghosts;
 Still for aye her shades so fell,
 Stand around in threatening hosts.
 'Midst the playful games of childhood.
 Never are they absent, never;
 And in youth—more sober duties,
 Still they mar my pleasure, ever.

"Now I view the murderous sword,
 And the murderer's barbarous glee;
 Neither to the right or left,
 Can I from this vision flee.
 Well I know and fear my fate;
 Yet unmoved, prepar'd, I stand,
 To fulfill my destiny,
 And to die in stranger's land."

Hark! what clanging sound from yonder
 Echoes in the holy fane;
 Struck by Paris' deadly arrow,
 Peleus' mighty son lies slain.
 Eris shakes her snaky tresses;
 All th' immortals fly to heaven;
 And the thunderer's clouds hang gloomy,
 O'er the town—to ruin given.

D.

WANDERINGS IN THE LONG VACATION.

(Continued from page 25.)

Next morning I dressed betimes, and called for a cup of coffee. Nectar of the Gods! sit down to a draught of real Mocha, in slippers and a dressing gown, inhaling every now and then the fumes of a good Havannah, and you may laugh at care and the *thousand ills that flesh is heir to*. After breakfast, I threw myself back in the *fauteuil* which seemed with extended arms to court my acquaintance, and felt in its full force the pleasures of independence. The world lay before me; I had but to choose. Paris, gay, happy Paris, was within reach, and my resolution was formed. "Que desire Monsieur?" said the obsequious waiter, in answer to a strenuous tug at the bell-rope, the first result of my decision. "A place in the Coupé à Paris," I replied. And recommending my brother's divorced bag to the especial care of the porter, I descended into the yard and found preparations making to put in motion the huge vehicle that was destined to carry nineteen human beings to the joyous capital. The horses being harnessed by the help of three men and two women, the postillion cracked his whip as the signal for the passengers to take their places. Hearing a laugh at the further end of the diligence, I was curious to ascertain its cause, and putting my head out of the window, was much amused by the ineffectual attempts of a very stout woman from the Netherlands, who was endeavouring in vain to make her way good through the narrow door; "*Attendez Madame*," said the conducteur, running to her assistance, and before I could guess his intentions, he had buried his head in the voluminous folds of her dress and with one vigorous push, shot the poor woman on the knees of the passengers with an impetus that shook the vehicle to its centre. I looked rather astonished, but the crowd seemed to think the proceeding very natural, so I said nothing; as for the conducteur he merely smiled, as with a face like a boiled lobster, he exclaimed, "*Pauf il fait chaud*," and jumping on his seat gave the word to move on. I could not help muttering to myself like Sterne when he saw the lady pull the check string, "such things in this country mean nothing."

And now we are off; the Leviathan machine rolls along; yet not so slowly as in England we are led to imagine. The postillion halloos and whistles, and after an hour's shaking, we arrive at the post-house, where six fine Norman horses are ready to carry us onwards. Again we move, but in vain did I look around for any scenery, any glimpses of a landscape, which could entitle the surrounding country to be called a part of "*La Belle France*." Tired with the monotony of corn-fields and apple-trees, I went to sleep. On awaking, I looked for the first time with some attention at my two fellow travellers; the one next me had the ruddy glow and open benevolent countenance of a real John Bull. "You have slept long, Sir," he said; I assented, and expressed the pleasure I felt in the company of a fellow-countryman. "Ah, we all leave England," was his remark, "and we are all fools to leave it; we come abroad to stare, or rather to be stared at, and return with empty pockets and a feeling of disappointment; fools, fools! what can we find to compensate for all the comforts we leave behind?" "You love England then, dearly," I said. "Love it, Sir! who does not love it? where are such men, such women, such a government, such religious institutions, such horses, as in old Britain?" I could not help smiling at this curious climax. "Yes," I said, "our horses certainly are superior to all others." "Superior! they are more than superior, Sir; oh! if you had but seen *my* favourite! none in the county could beat it; such a head, such speed, such action, a coat like silk; in short, Sir, it was the beau-ideal of a horse; yet not for its beauty did I love him, but his qualities; we were as old tried friends together; you laugh, Sir, but its the truth; if anything could make me believe in the animal magnetism they talk of so much at present, it would be the attachment that animal had for me: whip or spur he never wanted; never but once did I use either. 'Twas three years ago, I was out hunting with a pack of foxhounds; Redgate seemed to enjoy the sport as much as myself: presently we came to a thick fence, with a ditch on this side of it. Wishing to take it in good style, I gave my horse a lash with the whip. It stopped him; yes, sir, positively stopped him; I saw his flesh wince under the stroke, and felt in my saddle the thrill of honest indignation that was agitating his whole frame. Poor beast, it was ill deserved! After a moment's hesitation he sprang forward, and made the leap with a bound that almost unseated me. I would have given twenty pounds never to have inflicted that blow; disgusted, I left the hunt and took him home. He entered his stable with a drooping head; how different from his usual lofty bearing!

The services of many a day and night had been requited with a blow; and the faithful servant felt it! However," continued my neighbour with a sigh, "'twas the first and the last; that whip was burned, and no other ever came into my house. But I am boring you, sir, with this long account?" "Not at all," I answered, "I feel, I assure you, great interest in the fate of such an animal, and should wish to hear what became of him." "He died, sir; yes, after a life which I hope was a happy one; a few hours decided it; I was with him; standing seemed to hurt him, and he lay down; I sat by him, and by chance turned my face away; he moved his head and licked my hand; the death struggle was nigh; I saw those legs which had borne me so often, convulsed in agony; to the last his eye was fixed on mine, and even when that became fixed in the rigidity of death, I fancied I could trace in its dim and altered surface a look of gratitude and remembrance. Poor fellow, I think he loved me!" "Well," said I, "and what did you do with the body?" "Did I!" said my neighbour with an angry start, "did I! Why, d'ye think the knacker had it? No, he was buried under a yew in the lawn, and all that remains to his master of poor Redgate is this chain." I had seen him fumbling with something round his neck; he showed it me; 'twas a chain of horse-hair. Who could blame such affection? It was natural and innocent, and I felt for the grief which the remembrance of this departed favourite seemed to arouse.

The Diligence rolled on, and the sun was rising as we rattled through Versailles. Hardly a soul was stirring in that town, the Mausoleum of all that was great and glorious in France. The memory of the dead seemed to hover over it, and drive away the demon of noise and talk, whose reign in France is so universal. A short time more brought us to Paris, and as I entered, I felt—but too many have felt the same already, and described their feelings for the benefit of the unsophisticated. I took up my quarters at the Hotel Maurice, following the fashion of my countrymen, who, abroad, always take care to herd together, as the best means of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of a foreign country.

F. G.

(To be continued.)

Συναγωγή τῶν Κρικητῆρων.

Ἦες μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ' ὠκεανοῖο ῥόδων
 Ὀρνυθ', ἢ δ' ἀνάντοισι φῶος φέροι ἡδὲ βροτοῖσι
 Ἦθη δ' ἡγείρονθ' οἱ ἔνδεκα κρικητῆρες
 Πάντες ἡμ' ἐν κλισίῃσ' Ἀραβυθνάτοιο ἔνακτος,
 Πρώτιστοι πάντες δεινὸν κρικητομαχητά.
 Τέγγειλνς παρέν ὃς πᾶσι μετέπρεπεν ἄλλοις
 Ἐν πολέμῳ κρικητομάχῳ, λίθος ἰδὲ δαφφρων,
 Ἦδὲ μέγας Σήτων, ὅστις τότε Ῥωκεβίαιον.
 Δῶμα λιπὸν, καλὰς τ' αἶδας νῦν Ἰνδικὸν δικῇ
 Βόσπορον ἐν δ' ἄλλοισι πατὴρ Καρθύσιος ἦκει
 Δῶμα λιπὸν πατρικὸν, πτολεμίζειν ἰδὲ μάχεσθαι.
 Βραμλεὺς δ' εἰσῆλθεν περικαλλῆς, δάματα ναιῶν
 Ὀυρανῶν, ὃς μορφῇν θεὸν εἶκελος, ὅτε μαχεσθαι
 Δεινότητος, σφαῖραν τε λαβεῖν χεῖρεσσι πεποιθὺς.
 Εἰσῆλθεν δὲ Πίγως, μικρὸς δ' εἰσῆλθε Τυεῖδης,
 Εἰσῆλθεν δὲ Δοτήρ, ἄβρον δέμας, ἀλλὰ κράτιστος,
 Ὅν τ' ἀκμήν καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Δοτήρα.
 Τouxερῆδης δ' ἦλθεν τηλέκλυτος, ἦλθε δὲ Φηρεὺς
 Ὅσαταος ἐγγραφθεὶς εἰς ἔνδεκα κρικητῆρας.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ρ' ἡγέρθεν ὁμηγερέες δ' ἐγένοντο
 Τοὺς δὲ βίη φάνησ' Ἀραβυθνάτοιο ἔνακτος.
 ὦ φίλοι, ἄνδρες ἔσθε, καὶ ἐμνήσασθε ἕκαστος
 Οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσι μόθον κατὰ κρικητῆρα.
 Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς θαρσύνετε φίλοι, καὶ νικήσαντες
 Μεμνήσθαι πόσιος καὶ ἐθνητός ἐν κλισίῃσιν.
 Ὅς ἔφαθ' οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον, ἦδ' ἐκίοντο
 Καὶ πάντες μεμαῶτες ἔβαν κρικητομάχεσθαι.

Κρικητόφιλος.

HORACE, *Ode II. 3.*

When Fortune frowns, an equal mind
 Your best, your surest friend you'll find :
 But in the prosp'rous hour
 Exult not with unseemingly pride,
 Nor trust too much to Fortune's tide
 Nor mock the tyrant's power :

II.

Whether through endless years of pain,
 You've mourned stern Fortune's iron reign,
 Or all the livelong day,
 With wine that marked with ancient date
 Has 'scaped the greedy hand of Fate,
 You've whiled stern care away :

III.

Where the tall pine, and poplar grey
 A hospitable shade display ;
 Where canopied on high,
 Tinged by the sun's receding beam,
 Down the smooth rock the wandering stream
 Runs gently murmuring by :

IV.

Bring garlands of the blushing rose,
 Fit emblem of one short repose :
 The sparkling goblet fill,
 While fate allows us, and the thread
 Of human bliss is not yet sped,
 At the dear Sisters' will.

V.

Your parks, for which you millions gave,
 Your villa, washed by Isis' wave,
 Must go when you decay ;
 All that your thrifty hand can spare,
 In secret hoard, some greedy heir
 Too soon will bear away.

VI.

Whether with Rothschild's wealth you shine,
 Or sprung from Stuart's royal line
 You draw this fleeting breath,
 Or whether through the world you roam
 Without a purse, a friend, a home,—
 Bow still you must to death :

VII.

All—all must go—or soon—or late :
 Of all mankind the dubious fate
 Lies in the destined urn :
 The boat must bear us o'er the stream,
 Where never solar splendour's gleam,
 Whence we must ne'er return.

Ω.

TO THE HEARTLESS EDITORS OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli.—

Virg. *Æn.* 1. L. 475.

O ! WHAT a pang distracts my heart in twain !
 To please the Editors I've tried in vain ;
 In court-like phrase I first invoked my muse,
 But they hard-hearted, did my verse refuse :
 They said I *flattered*, that my *rhyme was bad*—
 If e'er again I flatter call me mad—
 With struggles fierce I swallowed down my pain,
 And vowed I ne'er would write for them again.
 Fool, that I was, to overrate my power !
 Again I wrote ; 'twas in an evil hour ;
 For though with trembling hand and wearied pate,
 I tried to do some service to the State :
 And to this end, my highest powers bent,
 They said, " 'Tis rather *prosy*, but *well meant*."
 Yet once again my luckless fate I tried,
 And once again was doomed to be denied ;—
 They said, that under cupid's dart I pin'd,
 And all my senses were by *love confin'd*.
 And when in much despair I lately writ,
 Called me a *clever dog* but not a *wit*.
 And now, dread Sirs, I've made you my complaint,
 Which sure would melt a heart of adamant ;
 And still I'll write, and write, and write at random
 And on my motto act, " Nil desperandum."

Μεμψίμοιρος.

A NURSERY RHYME TRANSLATED.

Collem ascendebant cum Gilla forte Johannes
 Comportaturus, quæ coqueretur, aquam :
 Labitur infelix puer, illiditque coronam,
 Protenus et lapso Gilla supercecidit.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z. is a poor imitation.

Not yet decided upon—'Ελληνικὸς—Μουσαφίλος—O ! Gemini.

" Veni Vidi" is too personal.

" Omnes Inspiro" very mediocre.

Nosco ought to have known better than to send us such trash.

We thank λ, μ, ν, ρ, μν, for the good laugh his deeply affecting story afforded us.

The conundrum of Θάνατος has nothing but its extreme brevity to recommend it.

We purpose publishing our last number this term on Wednesday next ; and, if we are
 favoured with many contributions, intend making it a double one. We beg, there-
 fore, that communications may be sent in earlier than usual.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER. [S.]

PART II.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniâ dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1840. [PRICE 1s.

THE CARVED CHAMBER.

DURING the autumn of the year 183— I happened to be staying in the ancient town of Lubeck, and had obtained permission to view a curious old room, belonging to a wealthy merchant of the town. Following our guide through a number of narrow and ill-paved streets, we at length stood before the gate of a house, whose style of architecture proclaimed its age, while the fresh painting, and modern decorations, shewed that its present occupant was "well to do in the world;" from the gate we passed into a species of outer court, and thence through a range of shops and well-stored warehouses, to what appeared to be the dwelling-house, where we enquired for the owner. Here a substantial burgher introduced himself to us; and conducting us through the house, ushered us through a heavy oak door into the room in question. The impression produced by the first sight of the apartment, was certainly very striking: it seemed as if we had suddenly been transported back to the ages of chivalry; the sombre stillness of the whole scene—the decreased light afforded by the narrow windows—the lowness of the ceiling—all combined to heighten the illusion. We remained for a long time in silent contemplation of all around us. The windows, as I have said, were small and sunk in walls of extraordinary thickness; the room itself was entirely pannelled from the ceiling to the beautifully in-laid floor with fantastically carved walnut-wood. The ceiling itself was of the same material, and from it hung down fans, similar to those of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. The heads of the various ornaments were composed of rarer woods, and even of agates, cornelian, and amber; while on all sides exquisite carvings, illustrative of scriptural subjects, were inserted in the panneling, and every piece of furniture was in excellent keeping—the whole appeared as perfect as if of yesterday. Our host meanwhile stood in the centre of the room evidently much gratified at our admiration; and when we had thoroughly examined every corner, rang an old and curious silver hand-bell, at the sound of which a servant brought in a tray of rich liqueurs, and refreshments, of which we were hospitably invited to partake.

Seated in high-backed chairs we readily accepted the offer, and began loudly to express our praises, and to admire the good taste which had so long preserved such a curiosity; nor did we stop here but commenced a very particular inquiry into all circumstances connected with it. The subject was evidently a hobby with our friend, as he seemed much complimented by the interest we felt in it; and so with some apparent modesty he requested permission to narrate the following tale:—

One fine day, of the year 142—a sturdy and yet handsome youth, of about five-and-twenty, was lounging on the stone bridge which crosses the river Trave, just at the gates of the town. Though his light hair and bright blue eyes proclaimed his northern blood, yet his graceful bearing, and sunburnt complexion shewed that he had not always been a denizen of the lands of fog and frost; and a plaintive Italian air which he hummed to himself as he leant over the parapet—betrayed the source of his accomplishments and grace. But across the city drawbridge a second person now approached, whom the first glance might have shown to be

G

a genuine Lubecker—he was apparently some score of years older than the first mentioned personage; whom he quickly seemed to recognise,—“Ha! Jans Müller my boy, art meditating suicide for love of the fair Louise? Nay, do not blush so, the whole town know the story, I could tell thee the very words in which old Carl Schöler hinted that Italian love-ballads and an elegant carriage were but poor claims in a suit for a pretty daughter and some seventy thousand marks to boot; isn't not so? Nay cheer up, there's many a prettier face in the good town of Lubeck.” “I prithee, Schwartz,” replied his companion “jest not with me more, I have long loved Louise and you know it well, and by the Virgin I will show that churl her father that I will win her despite all the opposition in his power.” “But what of the gelt?” “Curse the gelt,” angrily replied Jans, “I have that is worth thrice his pitiful hoard of savings,” “Say'st thou so my good friend, do not be so chary of it then for your own sake, show this fairy fortune of yours to her father, and I will venture that you are married within a fortnight of the same.” “Enough of bantering. I have not been away so long to no purpose, — and I'll warrant you that my sculptures in wood would in England or France amass twenty thousand marks as soon as the petty savings of a Lubeck trader, especially with such introductions at court as—“Gently, gently, my man, you are fast getting rich indeed, to despise twenty thousand marks or the business of a Lubeck trader. Let me tell you, that save Hamburg, there is no town which can rival Lubeck in the Hansentia league; but talking of your boasted carving, old Carl himself may prove a customer to you, if not a father-in-law, for you know he has to receive the deputies from Hamburg, who come to our grand triennial Hansentia assembly; and he has been searching the whole town through for some one who will fit him a room worthy their reception; and, as he is as proud as Lucifer of his city, he will, no doubt, grudge nothing, but pay you liberally: to say nothing of the favourable impression which your being willing to turn an honest penny, will make upon him.” “Marry, thank you for that sneer good Schwartz, it has given me at least one more ray of hope; good e'en to you, may I wake a happier man to-morrow;” “Amen,” was the response, “and a wiser one.”

A few minutes brought Jans Müller to the door of the house in which you now are.

It was not long before he stood in the presence of Carl Schöler. “Hallo! what have we here? Master Jans Müller again! by my troth, you are a persevering suitor.” “I come not as a suitor,” was the cold reply, “you want a room for the reception of the Hamburg deputies, and as you will pay me my price, I will fit you one worthy of the highest lord in Christendom.” “Brave words, my young braggart; but pray what may your modesty demand?” “Five hundred marks, not a pfenning less.” “Modesty again, I see; stay, stay, methinks I have heard somewhat of your skill—let me see your handiwork, and if I approve, I will not refuse even that sum for the honour of Lubeck and her hospitality.”

The bargain was soon struck. Jans had brought with him from Italy several of his copies of the works of old masters, and many others of his own conception. I need not tell you more of their merits than that they are those now on the walls around you. Jans laboured with redoubled energy when he reflected on the important aim he had in view. The work was completed even in better style than had been stipulated. Carl was delighted, and paid down the money forthwith. “Right glad am I,” he said, “to encourage any one in an honest calling, and more especially the son of an old friend. Jans! Jans! thou'rt a hot-brained youth; yet, if thou can'st forget that I refused thee my daughter, I shall be glad to do thee a good turn.” “I thank you, Master Schöler; perhaps thou may'st be able to speak well for me to the burghers of Hamburg, who are to be with thee this day se'nnight. They say the great Town-hall at Hamburg is to be repaired, and could I but get the appointment for that office my fortune would be made.”—“Good! Jans, good! thou'rt a prudent fellow, after all; I'll see what can be done for thee.”

That day se'nnight quickly came, and with it a troop of visitors worthy of the most corpulent times of the London Corporation.

“Magnificent, indeed, brother,” cried one of the Hamburgers, while seated at dinner, “is this room,—would that we could find such another workman to repair our town-hall.—Alas! the art is quite lost in these degenerate days: there

is no living man could chisel such figures as those I see about me :—"Nay, I warrant our good town of Lubeck could produce one such man," cried the delighted Carl; "I will wager you it does not," answered the Burgomaster; "Nay, I Carl Schöler, will stake you here a thousand good marks against ten, that it does." The bet was quickly taken; one, two, three; at length ten thousand marks had Carl wagered on the event: flushed with wine, and anxious for the honour of "his good town of Lubeck," he recked not that he had risked one-half his fortune. "Nay, but," his adversaries interposed, "he must be willing as well as able." "No fear of that," said Carl, "I am willing to let that be a condition of the stake." "Well, then, produce him immediately." "Good, here, Wilhelm, fetch master Jans Müller"—and master Jans Müller came accordingly. "Here Jans, will you declare that you wrought the fittings of this room?" "Yea, marry will I." "And will you engage to do the same for these worthy gentlemen, the Burgomasters of Hamburg?" "On conditions" "On conditions!" interrupted the now frightened Carl; "pray what modest demands will you now make?" "Only that I do not particularly wish to leave my native place without a companion, and that your daughter accompany me to Hamburg as my wife." "Scoundrel," shouted Carl, "I would rather see her in her grave." "Then I shall decline your offer." "Our marks! our marks! friend Carl," cried all the worthy Hamburgers together. Carl was sorely puzzled, looked about him in great perplexity. "By the bye, friend Müller," said one of the Deputies, "art thou not the young artist the Doge of Venice pronounced an honour to the countries of the North?" "I had that honour," said Jans. "Nay, if that be true," said the unhappy Carl, inwardly rejoicing to find so good a loop-hole for escaping with credit, "for the honour of Lubeck, I must consent." "Will you pledge your honour to it?" "I do." "Well then, allow these worthy citizens of Lubeck to be witnesses?" turning to the pretended Hamburgers, who throwing off their disguises appeared in their own proper character as the most influential citizens of Lubeck.—"Nay, be not wroth friend Carl," quoth they, "we will willingly pay you our bets for the sake of our friend Jans—and be you sure that never had father a better son-in-law." Need I add more. Jans and Louisa were married, lived happily and died lamented, bequeathing this room and all it contains as an heirloom to us their descendants.

*Stulta est Clementia. quam tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere chartæ.*

Juv.

"What Poet would not grieve to see
"His brother write as well as he?"
—A fact admitted long ago,
It wants no proof to show it so;
But still examples we shall find
Impress it stronger on the mind.

Now fancy all, at my command,
Th' *Observer* fresh in every hand,
And gather in, as best you may,
What the world thinks and what they say:
(For mark me, there's no difference small
Between the thoughts and words of all:)
Well then: while fast the general shower
Of censure falls, we'll use the power
That Poets self-inspired assume
—Transport ourselves to yonder room.

See they begin:—"Pooh, pooh! what stuff!
"For sixpence this is scarce enough!
"This is too bad! D'ye think that we
"Will thus again imposed on be?
"Pray who for Billy Shakapere cares;
"Or Hamlet now?—If Austin dares
"Again such nonsense e'er to print,
"He'll find he's put the wrong foot in't:

"Can we with this contented be,
 "—Again 'Cassandra' murdered see?
 "That thing on Cricket might be good:
 "How is it to be understood?
 "They seem determined us to cheek,
 "And so have written it in Greek,
 "And then that Horace!—what a fool!
 "We had too much of him at school:
 "And last to wind up all, this time
 "They treat us with a Nursery Rhyme."
 Such words as these at random fly:
 From every mouth the victims die:
 For thoughtlessness directs the dart
 Which envy sharpens in the heart.

But hark! in yonder knot I hear
 More caustic critics—more severe,
 With down-cast eye, and face dejected
 They gaze upon the list *Rejected*,
 Consigning with a deep-drawn breath
 The Editors to early death,
 While some, less courtly, loudly swear,
 And send th' *Observer*—God knows where:
 This poet had, with eye to fame,
 Monopoliz'd a Persian name:
 Another wanton Fate had led
 To give his lay to XYZ:
 A third with more than usual fervour
 Had sent a "Poodle" to th' *Observer*.
 With undissembled zeal they blame
 The more successful sons of Fame,
 And fire revengeful o'er the page
 Their battery of critic rage,
 Till by some trivial misprint blest
 To peace they soothe their throbbing breast.

Some few there may be in these days
 Who yield a small award of praise:
 Few—very few—who haply try
 To see with less malignant eye:
 Nor does their praise for aught else flow,
 Their own discernment but to show:
 —E'en I myself am hardly sure
 That I'm from this contagion pure;
 Some spirit bids me o'er and o'er
 To wish I'd thought some thought before,
 And scarcely glancing o'er the line
 To wish sincerely it were mine:
 Would then th' idea which I despise
 Find greater favour in my eyes,
 If Fates auspicious had decreed
 That from my pen it should proceed?

So runs the world: all—the same
 Deem it the wisest course to blame:
 For when your praises you've let fall,
 They're not so easy to recall;
 But censure wheresoe'er applied
 Can always still be modified,
 And, if you judge from partial sight,
 Censure is surer to be right:—
 What is there mortal things among
 Where all is right, and naught is wrong?
 And what which Envy cannot stain,
 And Calumny has touched in vain?

November, 1840.

Ὠκάλουθος.

TABLE-TALK.

We are not going to exercise the office of censor over the late productions in our College Magazine, or even by indirect hints, to throw dark aspersions on any article whatsoever, be it prose or verse; we disclaim such proceedings altogether, and therefore have headed our lucubrations with the unaspiring and unsophisticated words—"Table-talk." If any of our readers (and we do hope to have readers, presupposing that we pass in safety through the Tartarian judgment of the Rhadmanthus-like Editors)—If any think our subject to be no subject at all, and the beginning trifling and badly executed, all we would ask of them in this case is, to omit the reading of it; as doubtless, the present number, containing double the usual *quantum* of eight pages, they will light on plenty of other articles to amuse and instruct, so that we at least, in the bustle of well-executed thoughts, and the stunning effect produced by the continual flow of ideas, may hope to squeeze through unobserved. Now, by way of "Table-talk," we would just in mere general terms, inquire a little into the nature and standard of, and the difficulty in, writing a subject in prose and verse—not in any barbarous and unheard of language, such as Latin or Greek, but in what Mrs. Malaprop would probably term "the vermicular." English composition, we all know and allow, is the hardest line of writing in which, to attain excellence: indeed it seems a kind of rule that things nearest home, as it were, should be the longest neglected, and that the writing, and consequently the speaking with neatness, correctness, and elegance, in our own tongue, should be left for many to feel as a deficiency, when arrived at years of discretion. Without diving deeply into any disquisition to prove the advantages of a good classical education, we shall beg to lay it down as an incontrovertible rule, that there is no exercise more conducive to the acquiring a thorough knowledge of our own language, than a constant translating of the ancient classics. And now having just stated this proposition, we shall not advert to the matter again, lest our readers should take flight and "bolt" at the bare mention of the term classics. But, to return to our pristine "Table-talk" there have been published several pieces of poetry certainly above mediocrity, and exhibiting considerable skill in the arrangement of the rhythm, and the choice of metre, for at present we leave out all mention of the *Ideas* they contain; and be it known, that the composing English verse is greatly similar to that of Latin; in proof, if we would only appeal to those who have tried both styles, whether in English they have not felt as irresistible a desire to insert a word because it made a good rhyme, and to haul in by the shoulders an "een," or a "whilom" to fill up, as they have had a tendency in Latin to abound in "jams, "nunces," "sempers," and other various and equally interesting helps-on.

We know several who have only attempted to commit their thoughts to paper in the harmonious language of poetry, and to them we look for confirmation of the truth of what we say, and of ourselves we are not backward to confess, that we have a feeling, which gently whispers in our ear, that mistakes in English are more easily avoided in poetry than in prose, the flow coming almost spontaneously from the metre and the rhyme, and that just as a bad pen was the excuse of a Galwegian Laird for spelling badly, so our words, when transferred from foul to fair copy, and from our own bad writing to the clear and beautiful type of Austin and Son, booksellers to the East India College, Hertford, will cast off their scales, like Virgil's serpent, and burst forth into a new and vigorous prime! But now, lest we should continue our talk so long as to turn the tables against us, we draw our little article to a close, and with the hope that the year 1841 will see the *Observer* awakening from its brief and dormouse-like sleep through the winter, aided by fresh geniuses and confirmed by the ripened abilities of those who have shown our little world "*quid mege rite, quid indoles*"—(hallo! no Latin within the precincts of the college), we bid our readers farewell under the title of—

N.

MAGNA EST FUNERUM RELIGIO.

Lives there the man, who says it is not well
To sound for parting souls the solemn knell?
To drop a tear of sorrow on the grave,
Where rest in death's cold lap the good and brave?
To hymn our requiescat o'er the bier
Of those who loved us and to us were dear?

'Tis the last boon that fond affection gives
 To him who, once beloved, no longer lives ;
 When no kind smile no fervent sweet carass,
 Can mark our friendship, or our love express.
 It is not custom only that requires
 This last sad office, and regret inspires,
 It is not superstition's harsh controul
 That bids us mourn for the departed soul.
 No ! 'tis affection's fondest, holiest tie,
 That ever lives tho' all things else shall die.
 When bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
 Full of a mourner's anguish Jesus wept :
 Oh, then, when some beloved companion dies,
 Who can forbid the heaving sigh to rise ?
 Oh, who can check the mourner's flowing tear,
 That steeps in silent woe the loved one's bier ?
 Go seek of ancient times th' historic page,
 And learn the customs of the earliest age ;
 Learn how in honour of th' embalmed dead,
 The incense smoked, the helpless victim bled.
 See where midst solemn notes that sound—the while
 Yon mournful band prepare the funeral pile ;
 Faggot on faggot heap, and pour between,
 The pitchy stream to aid the blazing scene.
 When all is ready, on the pile they place
 The dead they mourn, and turn to heaven his face ;
 Soon as the faggots catch the sacred fire,
 Th' ascending flames encircle all the pyre ;
 The grateful incense all around is shed—
 And clouds of smoke enshroud the honor'd dead.
 —But list where yonder sounds a parting knell,
 Tolls for a parting soul the village bell ;
 Go where the weeping ash and cypress green,
 Chequer the church-yard's melancholy scene.
 See ! up the gravelled path, the graves among,
 The sad procession slowly winds along ;
 Hear the good priest in solemn accents say,
 “ The Lord doth give, the Lord doth take away.”
 Learn from that stifled sob and murmur low,
 How deep the grief a mourner's heart can know !
 Oh, never has th' all-seeing sun I ween,
 Beheld so solemn and so sad a scene.
 Here all is nature, true unmingled woe,
 Such as no monarch's costly tomb can show ;
 Here the deep anguish of the mourner's heart,
 Shames the best scutcheons of the sculptor's art.

A JOKE.

It suddenly occurred to me one very bright Saturday, not long past, that my stock of white kid gloves was entirely exhausted ; my hair, too, was getting troublesome, and I would as soon trust my head to the Emperor of Morocco, as to a village barber ; moreover, I hadn't seen my dear aunt Thompson for a very long time,—I can't say how long—and as she had a strong claim on my fealty, being my godmother, and I had an equally powerful reason for rendering her my suit and service, (she is reputed to be immensely rich), my conscience smote me for full two minutes ; and then all these considerations coming like a tide upon me, I ran to my room—(O ! that I could make it plural)—stuffed a tooth-brush and night-cap into the pocket of my mackintosh, handed over to the porter a little slip of paper, on which was written, “*excuse Mr. Wiggins, to see his aunt,*” and then jumped on the box of the London coach, which luckily passed just as I was emerging from the College gates.

The journey over, fitted with my gloves and my hair Truettified, I proceeded to my aunt Thompson's, in Harley-street. I am ordinarily innocent of either doing or say-

fug funny things—fun is not an ingredient of my composition—phrenologically speaking, I have not the bump of fun; and, conscious of my deficiency in this respect, I pretend to no character but that of a sober, steady, solid, matter of fact sort of fellow. Something however, no matter what, put it into my head, just as I had rounded Cavendish-square and was bearing off for Harley-street, that the cordial greeting which I knew I should receive at my aunt's was hardly a sufficient recompense for the disinterested act of duty I was performing; it was but just, therefore, that I should concoct some amusing little scheme for frightening the excellent charitable soul out of her wits. My plan was formed with the idea, and I determined to personate *pro tem*: a certain Mr. Boxer, who on various occasions had insulted and annoyed my aunt by sending her wild and unintelligible letters of a very decidedly amatory tendency, and of whom *she* had the greatest horror. Nobody could fathom the man's motives; for my aunt, although it was credibly reported that she was lovely at eighteen (indeed she would occasionally let you into the secret herself), had already numbered eight and forty summers. It was only, therefore, to the strong suspicion on the mind of her son Tom, that Mr. Boxer was a lunatic, that the said Mr. Boxer owed the luxury of possessing unfractured bones and a whole skin. Full of my scheme, I knocked at the door just about my aunt's dinner hour, and as I knocked pictured her to myself gently laying down the fish-slice and exclaiming in measured accents, "Now, who—*can—that*—be?" The door was opened by a strange man-servant, to whom I could have easily passed myself off for the great Mogul, had I been inclined to personate that potentate. "Is Mrs. Thompson at home?" "She is Sir, but the family are at dinner." "Oh! I won't detain her five minutes—say that I wish to speak to her on business of importance." "Yes, Sir, what name, Sir, if you please?" "Boxer—Mr. Boxer," and passing the servant I walked leasurably up the stairs into the drawing room. The man was palpably taken aback at my impudence, but recovering himself, he opened the door of the dining room where my aunt and cousins were seated at dinner, and announced, in an unsuspecting tone of voice, "Mr. Boxer, Ma'am, wishes to speak to you for a few minutes; he is in the drawing room, Ma'am" A terrible pause ensued. "B—B—Bo—Boxer," at length stammered my aunt, turning as pale as ashes, "I—I—never speak to any body, tell him—no, stay—ask him what he wants, or—or—say I am particularly engaged." The servant trotted up to me accordingly, and, finding me seated in an arm chair, with my feet on the mantel-piece, cutting the leaves of a new number of the Quarterly, was so completely dumb-founded (to use a homely expression), that he could make nothing of the message with which he was charged, but, opening his eyes instead of his mouth, treated me with a broad stare. Meanwhile, the scene in the drawing room was humorous beyond description. All colour had fled from the visages of my aunt and cousins, and each, awaiting the result of the man-servant's embassy, looked at the other in silence, which had been unbroken ever since my aunt had delivered herself of her complicated command. At length my cousin Tom, whose quiescence, I will do him the justice to say, arose from the counter-working of various contending feelings, of which cowardice formed no part, drew in a long breath, with the words "infernal scoundrel!" and, upsetting a plate full of salmon and lobster sauce into the lap of his youngest sister, jumped from his chair to execute some sudden and fierce resolve. He rushed to the cane-rack, and, seizing a goodly rattan, by way of persuader, walked up the stairs, four steps at a time, and was in the drawing room in a minute.

The lamp had been carried down to the dinner-table, and there was no light, save that afforded by the flickering of a good fire. Tom strode up to me, and seizing me by the collar, sputtered out in accents choking with rage, "Mr.—a-a-a Boxer, I presume." I eyed the rattan for an instant, questioned the expediency of carrying on the joke, and burst into a loud laugh with, "Why, how now, Tom,—what's the matter with you, don't you know me?" The poor fellow's feelings had been so wound up, and he had so thoroughly prepared himself at all points for vigorous and decisive measures, that my voice and manner failed in producing immediate recognition. He looked fiercer than ever, and appeared to consider my laughing in his face as a piece of intolerable impudence. I really began to dread unpleasant consequences, when I bethought me to commence the offensive myself, and brought him to his sober reason by a hearty slap on the back.

The rest is soon told; Tom and the *ci-devant* Mr. Boxer walked arm in arm into the dining-room, and presented themselves in *propriis personis*, to the immeasurable relief of my aunt and cousins, all of whom, as their countenances denoted, were suffer-

ing from an accumulated intensity of feeling, occasioned, not only by the fancied presence of a low maniac in their drawing-room, but by the fear of a hostile collision between the maniac aforesaid, and the chief hope and prop of the family.

"John," said my respected aunt, after indulging in sundry long sighs, and a little wine and water,—“a clean knife and fork, and a wine-glass for Mr. Wiggins.”

W. R. C.

TRANSLATION FROM HECUBA—*Line 893.*

Ilium, erst renowned in story
 Phrygia's boast and Asia's fear,
 Fallen art thou,—drooped thy glory,
 Ravished by the hostile spear;
 Thy fair temples, lately towering,
 Are with no gay turrets crowned,
 Dust and ashes round thee lowering,
 Ruins smoke upon the ground.
 Me! alas! from thee fates sever,
 Thou shalt ne'er rejoice my sight
 Ilium! thou art gone for ever—
 Death came in the dead of night;
 Many a one—the feast was ended—
 Slept, to longed-for rest resigned,
 Warriors—nought of fear impended,
 Lay in slumbers deep confined:
 Joyful from the lyre's entrances,
 They beheld the host no more,
 They could see nor spear, nor lances,
 Gleaming on their native shore.
 Then I stood in bands confining,
 Each tress of my flowing hair
 With the mirrors round me shining—
 To the couch I did repair;
 Hark! what fearful voices swelling
 Onward on the night-wind roll
 Hark! what tones, destruction telling
 Chill with fear our inmost soul
 “Hasten—Troy in flames is burning—
 “Sons of Hellas, haste away;
 “Home awaits ye, late returning
 “Now is retribution's day.
 I, with flowing garments, springing
 And with terror well-nigh spent—
 Cries of fear around me ringing—
 To Diana's altar went;
 Yet I saw my husband dying
 Murdered by the Argive band—
 Captive taken, midst the flying,
 Then I left my native land.
 From the deck I looked unheeded
 On the scenes I loved so well
 As the distant shore receded,
 Then I trembled, fainted, fell;
 And I poured down imprecations,
 And I cursed th' adulterer's lot,
 Joined—a source of woe to nations,
 Joined—but with no marriage knot—
 May the sea refuse to carry
 That accursed, polluted, load!
 Far from Sparta may she tarry,
 Strangers land be her abode!

N.

EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S JOURNAL BOOK.—No. III.

Nor a day passes without affording practical exemplifications of some old English adage, some quaint, pithy saying that has descended from the lips of our great grandmothers; and these antiquated aphorisms very frequently express more and teach more in three words, than many a modern work does in three volumes. Some old proverb of this kind tells you that "Misfortunes never come alone," a maxim of no great importance or general utility, and as an universal proposition incorrect, but one that received a very happy confirmation in the two individuals who after a variety of hair-breadth escapes, arrived one evening (as every one doubtless remembers) at a certain very dirty hotel, in a certain very dirty village in the north of Italy. I had shut myself up in my apartment, and shrinking from the bed in the corner with us much horror as I would have done from a den of ferocious beasts ready to pounce upon their prey, had extended my weary frame on a curious piece of furniture, that might with a little flattery have been called a couch; sleep was beginning to steal over my senses in its most winning and delightful manner, when the door suddenly burst open, and in walked my travelling companion, looking wild and terrified, his face pale as ashes, his eyes starting from his head, and his general appearance indicating that something very extraordinary had taken place. "In heaven's name," I exclaimed, "what has happened?" "A trifle, a mere trifle, my dear fellow," he replied. "I have just tumbled out of the window on my head, and have no notion where I am, and who I am, and who you are, and where we are going, and who all these people are?" pointing to a host of natives who had been witnesses of the accident and had followed him up stairs in much alarm. I saw at once that, whatever the cause, my friend was in a raving delirium, and without waiting to unravel the mystery, called the landlord to my aid, and lifted him on the bed. My next impulse was to call out, "the doctor! the doctor!" but the landlord shook his head, he understood no English—"Le medecin, le medecin!" I cried again, inwardly blessing a little dialogue book I always carried about with me; but the landlord shrugged his shoulders, he understood no French, and as my ignorance of Italian was about as extensive as his was of English, we could not have stood more in need of an interpreter had one of us been a Chinese and the other a North American Indian. By help of signals I managed at last to make the man understand my meaning, a carriage was sent for the doctor, and after a long interval which was nearly fatal to the sufferer, that functionary made his appearance. Instantaneous remedies were applied, and my friend slowly recovered his senses. It appears, he had seated himself on the window-sill to contemplate the stars, and there by a very natural and easy transition had fallen into an agreeable dose, which had proved still more naturally the prelude to a less agreeable fall into the street. Luckily the height of the window from the ground was only twelve feet, and my friend's skull and limbs miraculously escaped without fracture. For two days did I wait his recovery in that village, hour after hour did I sit in the sick chamber trying to amuse myself with nothing, until I had counted every brick in the row of cottages opposite, made a very exact and interesting calculation of the number of chimney pots, taken a pretty accurate census of the population, and finished up by a detailed account in my Journal-book of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Omitting all these particulars out of compassion to the reader, I shall take the liberty of transporting him by a sudden leap to the capital of Lombardy.

Milan, as a town, is undoubtedly a very striking and attractive place, the Paris of Northern Italy, the focus of gaiety and fashion, the rendezvous of Austrian Aristocracy. Many of the streets might bear comparison with the finest in London, for their width, their handsome appearance, the magnificence of their shops, and the elegance of the equipages that are daily seen gliding delightfully over the smooth pavement.

But it also possesses one or two curiosities, that of themselves are sufficient to attract a large number of travellers. Its cathedral is a marvel of the first order, and should be ranked among the eight great wonders of the world. Imagine a huge edifice, about the magnitude of St. Paul's, built entirely of the purest white marble; imagine the greater part of this marble carved and chiselled out so exquisitely, that no little ivory model could bear a more narrow inspection; imagine the summit crowded with an infinite number of pinnacles, and on each pinnacle a statue; finally imagine that the whole building, enormous as it is, looks as if it were made to be kept under a glass case, and placed on the mantel-piece of a

drawing-room—imagine all these things, and you will still have formed but a very poor notion of Milan Cathedral.

La Scala is another great object of attraction; compared with this, our Opera House sinks into insignificance, and, excepting the Neapolitan, every other theatre in Europe.

But I must beg the reader to take another leap and accompany me two hundred miles beyond the capital of Northern Italy. Let him fancy himself seated along with myself and my companion in the conveyance that starts every day for Venice. To renew the recollection of that journey is positively painful to me, even now. Crowded with six others into the interior of a dirty diligence, broiled by a fiery Italian sun, choked by the smoke of six cigars that were continually renewed, like the Phoenix, from their own ashes, cramped in all our limbs, annoyed by never-ending delays, pestered by postillions, bullied by police-officers, fleeced and cheated by every one, our countrymen in the Black Hole of Calcutta could not have suffered more torture, than we did for the space of two long days and one interminable night. The scenery to be sure was charming; there were the soft hills and delicious vineyards we had read so much about; there were the grapes hanging in graceful festoons from tree to tree, the peaches, the figs, and the melons; there was the majestic grandeur of the lake of Garda; the towns we passed through, too, were all interesting; there was Bergamo and Brescia with its Roman antiquities, Verona with its ancient amphitheatre, Vicenza and Padua, each and all calling up a hundred different recollections; but all were nearly lost upon us, so thoroughly did our mental faculties participate in our bodily vexation. We might have made the journey in the boiler of a locomotive, with almost as little pain and inconvenience. I made a vow never to enter an Austrian diligence again. Our troubles did not end till we reached Mestre, on the shores of the Adriatic. There we exchanged the heat and the misery of a crowded vehicle for the ease and luxury of a Venetian gondola, and were just in the condition to appreciate fully the delights of this novel, and peculiar mode of conveyance. The gondola of Venice is a long boat built like a canoe, and much elevated at both ends; the bow is decorated with a curious steel ornament, resembling the blade of a hatchet; near the stern an upright piece of wood is fixed more than a foot in length, the upper part hollowed out to serve as a kind of socket for the oar, which is made to impel the boat with great velocity by a dexterous turn of the wrist and a very elegant movement of the body. In the centre is placed a little cabin, fitted up with windows and cushions, and this is invariably covered with black cloth adorned with round black knobs, very much after the fashion of a mourning hearse. The whole affair has a gloomy appearance, and looks intended to take part in a funeral procession.

"It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

Venice is full of these boats, and they are made to pass and repass each other and turn the corners with wonderful skill. They constitute the sole conveyances of the place; and his private gondola, is to the Venetian gentleman, what his carriage is to the Englishman. In one of these, then, we embarked for Venice. The voyage occupies about two hours; the day was dawning as we left the shore, and the sun rose upon us with more than ordinary magnificence. What could equal the splendour of the sight that now burst upon us for the first time? Was it reality? or was it some extraordinary mirage? a vast city rising out of the bosom of the sea; "as from the stroke of the enchanter's wand." Her hundred domes and spires raising their proud heads in silent majesty to heaven, gilded by the rising sun, and reflected in the calm glassy surface of the waters, she seemed some mighty phantom of the ocean; or rather the spectre of her former self; the abode of beauty still, though her glory was faded, her liberty departed, her palaces crumbling to the dust, though her canals echoed no longer to the gay voice of the gondolier and the soft notes of the guitar, though the noise of mirth and revelry had subsided within her walls.

Our time at Venice passed in unmitigated enjoyment; the hours glided on too easily and rapidly. There was all the excitement of being in a new place, all the pleasure of witnessing new scenes, without any of the fatigue of toiling about on foot over a rough pavement, and exhausting the energies under a baking sun, to see churches and cathedrals, and the interminable list of local curiosities, set forth in vivid colours in the pages of your guide-book. Our first act every morning was to order our gondola: ensconced in this, we would wile away the day in traversing the canals, in passing from

church to church, and from palace to palace. Every thing was visited in its turn ;—St. Mark's, whose fantastic architecture has been committed to canvas so often, that every child is familiar with it ; the Doge's palace, with its terrible *pozzi* ; the well-known Bridge of Sighs, which served as a passage for the wretched criminals from the council chamber, where their doom was sealed, to the dreaded dungeons whence they never returned alive ; the Giant's stairs, the scene of the decapitation of the celebrated Marino Faliero ; the Rialto, that most beautiful of bridges ; the Manfrini palace, and all the other palaces, churches, and picture galleries, too innumerable to be mentioned in detail.

The finest part of Venice is unquestionably the Piazza and the whole neighbourhood of St. Mark's ; but, like Melrose, to appreciate its beauties, it must be seen " by the pale moonlight." At such time so supremely lovely is the scene, that I challenge any city in the world to produce anything equal to it. The Venetians seem to have a strong attachment for this part of their city themselves. Towards evening every gondola is seen hastening towards the Piazza ; the whole town delights in congregating in this particular spot ; and the hum of human voices, unaccompanied by the sound of carriage wheels, or the tramp of horses' hoofs, produces a very peculiar and characteristic effect. Many a delightful evening did we pass, seated on one of the thousand chairs that are distributed about the Piazza. Here may be found abundance of food for the mind, for the eyes, and for the body ; for the first, in the train of thought suggested by every object that surrounds you ; for the second, in the beauty of the scene itself, and the variety of costumes that pass and repass in continual review before you ; for the third, in certain delicious ices that are to be had for a mere trifle, in any of the glittering *cafés* around.

How many different associations and images did the sight of this lovely city conjure up in our breasts. Who that has read and enjoyed the works of our greatest Poet, would not long to feel sensations like those which he felt ; who that is familiar with Shakspeare, with Otway, or with Radcliffe, would not long to realise scenes that have so long held an ideal existence in his imagination ; who that has read the history of the great Venetian Republic, and dwelt on the narrative of her riches and her victories, would not long to drop a tear of sympathy over the grave of her wealth, her glory, and her prosperity ?

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyne—
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The " Planter of the Lion," which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;
Though making many slaves, herself still free.

NEMO.

CATULLUS. Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidos. — l. 52.

The pensive Nymph from Dia's sounding shore,
Sees the dark ship that faithless Theseus bore,
While thoughts tumultuous in her bosom heave,
What she just said, she fain would not believe :
Forsooth—deserted—in her sleep betrayed—
On that drear island stands the beauteous maid—
Alone !—her faithless lover ploughs the seas,
His sails—his promise—gives he to the breeze :—
With tearful eyes she still surveys the deep,
While wrathful tumults through her bosom sweep,
Like some Bacchante—in her rage alone—
Whom powers divine had frozen into stone :
Her auburn hair by no light band confin'd
Fans her pale cheek, and flutters with the wind ;
No purple robe her snow-white breast around—
No circling zone—but falling to the ground
Neglected, and dishonoured by her side
Yield to the gambols of the flowing tide :
For what can she at that dread moment care
For purple garments, or for flowing hair ?
Theseus ! for thee—in thee—alone she lives :
To thee her thoughts—her cares—her soul—she gives :
Ah ! luckless Nymph ! within whose snowy breast
Venus has sown those cares that know no rest,

Ω.

HAILEYBURY HOMERICS.

A MISTY morning, free from wind or rain,
 Hath dawn'd upon the College walls again ;—
 Each eye with joy the well-known symptom watches,
 Which marks a day well fit for football matches :
 All straight equip themselves in trowsers white,
 And hurry onward to the mimic fight.
 High o'er the rest the Patriarch's form appears,
 In years he seem'd, but not oppress'd by years ;
 The ancient youth enjoys a green old age,
 Such as to Charon gave the Mantuan sage.
 Around him cling a little flock-like band,
 Who watch his footsteps, and walk hand in-hand ;
 The youthful troop he guards with tender cares,
 Directs their way, and all their small affairs ;—
 They, the meanwhile, with love his cares repay,
 And hail him Father, and respect him aye.
 Thus some fond hen, encircled by her brood,
 Picks out for them the choicest bits of food ;
 The little chicks to pasture soft she brings,
 And loves to warm them 'neath her downy wings :
 They, in return, her footsteps never leave,
 Clack when she clacks, and grieve when she doth grieve.

The Scottish brethren next, to fight are bound,
 Adam and Allen, names of martial sound ;—
 Together to the *skrimmages* they hurry,
 And kick the ball and get kick'd in the flurry,
 Lead in the van or falling in the rear,
 In the same puddle both their faces smear.
 Thus the twin-brothers, who o'er ships preside,
 Who tame the sea, and rapid coursers guide,
 Together rush'd into the deadly fray,
 Together bore the conqueror's palma away,
 Together now they deck heaven's azure vaults,
 And dance together an eternal waltz.

The active Senior next his bulk displayed ;
 And lends to either side his pond'rous aid ;
 Now here, now there, he hastes without a pause,
 Kicks the wrong way, and violates all laws :
 Till rushing on, impell'd by inward fires,
 He gets a *purl*, and from the fray retires.

A mightier still the combat next invades
 The pride of Woolwich and Rugbeean shades ;
 Before his might th' opposing ranks give way,
 As fierce he seeks the thickest of the fray ;
 Struck by his foot, the obedient ball is sent
 On a long journey to heaven's firmament.
 Whilst far beneath the players on the ground
 Exclaim, " well kick'd," till echo rings around :—
 Thus when Sarpedon rushed (so sings the bard,)
 To storm the walls which Grecia's fleet did guard,
 From the firm earth a pond'rous rock he drew,
 And the vast missile 'gainst the ramparts threw ;
 The well directed rock a breach has made,
 And on the ground the smoking wall is laid ;
 Both hosts of Greece and Troy with wonder pause,
 And rings around both armies' loud applause.

There too was seen the chief of deathless name,
 Who bears, alas ! a stony heart and frame ;
 Like some stout bull he sweeps the ranks along,
 Cheers on the weak, and animates the strong ;

Himself the while bears terror to his foes,
 For few there are who dare his might-oppose.
 Thus when from Alpine Blanc's snow-covered head
 An avalanche descends with thunders dread,
 Far fly the peasants from the impending death,
 E'en frightened nature seems to hold her breath;
 Where'er the glittering mass directs its course,
 Rocks, pines, and houses own its fearful force,
 To all alike it deals one common ruin,
 The ground beneath with mournful fragments strewing.

Here many others might I also name,
 All men of might, and all well known to fame,
 But time 'tis now my striding muse to bridle,
 Nor waste more time on narratives so idle.

ALDIBORONTI-PHOSCOPHORNO.

CHEEK—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

THE most interesting speculations which man can pursue, arise from the consideration of his own nature. Of these, the most eminent is undoubtedly an inquiry into the effects produced by that most incomprehensible and delicate system of irony, known as the "Art of Cheek." Now, in order clearly to examine this, to determine what peculiar feelings, and what proportion of them enter into each particular species of the art, it will be found most convenient to give a slight syllabus of the whole science, after the most approved, if not *improved* system of Aristotle.

Our chief difficulty will arise from the necessity of distinguishing between the art of Cheek, and that often confounded with it, the art of Sell.

The peculiar characteristic of the latter, however, is the entrapping of the most innocent and unwary, and the wounding of the feelings of the sensitive—peculiarities which render it utterly unworthy of the votaries of the nobler art.

Cheek then consists of a species of delicate irony, applied from the purest motives of humanity, for the sole benefit of its object; it is not necessary that it should be verbal—indeed, its greatest efficacy occasionally depends on the judicious use of symbolical illustrations.

After this brief exposition, it need only further be remarked, that our chief divisions will be marked accordingly as they act on the various sensations of the party Cheeked.

Our three great divisions then will be—

I. The Cheek Impromptu. This is by far the most eminent of all—affording scope to the talents of the Cheeker, and must, no doubt, come home with far greater force to the bosom of the patient.

II. The Cheek Slang-ical.—This would hardly deserve the second place in our catalogue were we not desirous of keeping the next class distinct—instituted among cads, stable-keepers, and *pick-pockets*, it appears to have owed its introduction into the science to some fashionable imitators of these worthies. Let not him aspire to the honours of Cheek who rests its sole merit on such claims; for neither is the moral constitution of the Cheekee benefited, nor is the talent and philanthropy of the Cheeker displayed.

III. The Cheek Symbolical.—This again may be divided into

(1.) The Cheek Slango-Symbolical.

(2.) The Cheek Impromptu-Symbolical.

The former subdivision, as its name imports, is but an inferior corruption of the preceding class, intended to supply the place of absent wit, by a course of telegraphic signals. The latter subdivision is incomparably superior, and though its great diversity prevents us from going through each variety seriatim, we will give one example of its efficiency in the German students, who being prohibited from wearing tri-coloured waistcoats, walk the streets in trios, wearing respectively, white, red, and blue waistcoats, thereby suitably reproving their despotic masters for checking the signs of growing liberalism.

Such, then, being the nature of this practice, it remains for us to decide on a matter which has some connection with it—namely, who first introduced Cheek? The authorship of "Εἰκὼν Βασιλική" has not been the subject of more bitter controversy. Some

assert that the honour is to be ascribed to the E. I. College Tailor, this they support by a reference to his name; but it behoves critics to be accurate, for the slightest errors will oftentimes upset the most profound theories. The tailor is called "Cheeks," not Cheek—a difference most clearly proving that *he* at least was not the author. Another opinion assigns the origin of the science to a practice which prevails, or did prevail, on board her Majesty's ships, of selecting the greenest of middies to run for "Corporal Cheek of the marines, the widow's man." This theory, however, does not at all militate with our own. History has facts, and facts *are* facts. Corporal Cheek was once a living man—a man of a cheerful and a witty mind, of whom, though he has long since been dead, the memory still lives in the hearts of our seamen. Worthy imitators of the Corporal's fame, to you I address this hasty sketch; may it meet with your approbation, and its principles ever inspire you; and that increased philanthropy, good humour, and ability may remain amongst you, is the earnest desire of—

TWADDLE.

CARMEN BUCOLICUM.

THE heavens with more than noonday brightness gleam,
On A, and B descends the downward beam;
When forth from D, where gods once used to dwell,
And still by godlike heroes loved so well,
Two mortals issued—scarcely they, I ween,
Of mortal figure, or terrestrial mien;
Garments their backs of dubious colour wear,
And College Caps enclose their flowing hair;
With pipe in mouth and sauntering step and slow,
Out at the corner to the fields they go:
The outer portals scarcely do they gain,
Where Bush and his domestic circle reign—
When he, whose mantling garments' azure fold,
(Worthy by worthier Poets to be told,) Whose piercing eye, and wide-expanded chest
Bespoke the hero—thus his friend addressed:—

Let us to Lynes' classic grove repair,
To cooler regions and a purer air,
And quaff, recumbent in the grateful shade,
What gods call nectar—mortals, lemonade;
And eat ambrosia fashioned into cake,
Which fairy hands in heavenly ovens make.
"Agreed!" could Florus such a scheme refuse?
Florus—the favoured favourite of the Muse;
Florus—who might have shone in classic lore,
On Isis' bank, or Camus' sedgey shore,
Had not stern Destiny's relentless hand,
Doomed him to exile on far India's strand—
"Agreed, and let us our repast prolong,
"In playful numbers and alternate song."
He spake exulting—challenged not in vain,
The fair Alexis straight outpoured his strain.

(ALEXIS.)

Sweet is the shade in piping hour of noon,
And Lynes' garden in the month of June;
Sweet—passing sweet—when just the term is o'er,
To think of law and Pol-Econ. no more:
'Tis sweet your health for just one day to lose,
And bless the Doctor for an extra snooze:
Sweet are thy puddings, Coleman: Sweeter still
To see receipted your long half-year bill;
But sweeter far than shade—sleep—puddings—"
The smiles of Phyllis and her heart en-

Thus sang Alexis :—Florus thus replied :

(FLORUS.)

'Tis *sad* to find your "small request" denied
For some "small" bill :—*sad*, very *sad*—to stand
Convicted with a cracker in your hand :
Sad are the thoughts, that fill the breast with fear,
Just when examination time is near :
Sad are the nightly visions that foretell,
A classic N—, an oriental L.
A hideous dream of "Pluck" : but sadder still
To find those visions cruel Fates fulfil ;
'Tis *sad* your time in rural trips to while,
But sadder far, when Delia will not smile.

(ALEXIS.)

But who like me can merit such a prize ?
Who more than me can please lady's eyes ?
What nymph my figure without rapture sees ?
Surely this face—these locks—were made to please :
What cricketer like me can urge the ball
Far—far beyond the furthest fag to fall ?
Who can, like me, with scientific art,
Take the light ball, and make the player start ?
Whose fingers are more sure : All—all must still
Admire my "*action*" and applaud my skill :
Who can the football's bounding force control,
—With kick gigantic, gain the conquering goal ?
At yonder wall what youth, audacious, strives
'Gainst me to play the glorious game of fives ?
And who, exulting on the waves of Lee,
Plies the thin oar with greater skill than me ?
Who less than me care for collegiate thralls ?
Who cut more chapels, and who miss more halls ?

(FLORUS.)

Grant it : I do not your endeavours blame ;
Mine is a nobler—mine a loftier aim ;
On classic wings, to leave the world behind,
To feed the genius—cultivate the mind.
While you delight in such wild sports as these,
Far other joys kind fate to me decrees :
In oriental literature to shine,
And seek the hoards of India's golden mine.
'Tis mine, from ancient volumes, to unfold
What Brahmins *said*, or Rajahs *did* of old :
Or, haply wandering roseate bowers among,
To melt o'er "Sadi's" flower beapangled song :
These are my triumphs : weapons I can wield,
Stronger than those which grace the *cricket-field* :
In such to triumph ever was my fate :
Stern Mathematics ! ye alone I hate.

(LYNIA.)

Cease, cease your strains : slow from his glorious throne
The sun descends, and noon-day heat is gone :
And hark ! with welcome and accustomed knell
Through the thick trees resounds the dinner-bell :
Haste and away : obey the joyful call,
Go, seek your gowns and put them on for Hall :
Haste and away !—but stop one moment, pray !—
You for the Ambrosia—*you* the Nectar pay !

Ω.

AD AMICUM.—*Hor. Lib. VI. Od. I.*

EN Decembrales subeunt Calendæ,
Terminū finem gremio gerentes ;
Dissipa nugas, et inusitatos

Sume libellos :

Jam satis longo positæ veterno,
Serinio invisæ latuere chartæ .
Splendeat lampas, tacitumque nōrit

Janua limen.

Namque post ludos juvenis protervos,
Sub diem frustra properat supremum,
Terminum si qua poterit secundum

Tangere felix.

Ah miser ! fuis prohibent malignis
Iuvidos sortes : sociosque nolens
Deserit turmas, et inauspicatā

Vellitur horā.

(Mercuri nam te pueris magistro

Poma vicino rapiuntur horto,

Tu " Professorum " potes arte mirā,

Fallere mentes :)

Ritē tu vati decus appetenti

Des repentinum, sine te catenis

Vocis Eoæ nequit expediri

Nostra juvenus,

O ! GEMINI !

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry again to refuse 'Ελληνικὸς. His compositions possess much merit ; but the subject has not sufficient interest, and he does not keep to the original.

Μουσάφιλος gives great promise.

'Poodle's' "Evening Party," has no wit to compensate for the extreme poverty of the execution.

Sam Buchka does not know what he has been writing about.

'Τδροχαρὴς very meagre.

Del's composition possesses great merit. We hope to hear from him next term.

A's "Ten Minutes' Production" shows very plainly that Nature never intended him for an extemporaneous poet.

The "Ode to a Tallow Candle" could not easily have been worse.

Ego is unintelligible.

The sooner "Vates" bids adieu to poetry and romance the better.

The present is our Last Number this Term. We sincerely thank all our contributors for the assistance we have received, and trust the same support and encouragement may be extended to the Editors next term.

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REVIEW OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART II.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Pers. Sat. I. 116.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1840.

[PRICE 6D.]

START not, my readers. Tremble not, ye magnanimous and spirited contributors to the weekly budget of talent, who only live from *Observer* to *Observer*, and only know Wednesday as the day of its publication. I am neither the *Quarterly Review* in disguise, nor a blue and yellow ghost of the *Edinburgh*. You will have reason to rejoice in finding me deficient in the pointed criticism, and well directed railery which characterize the former; I am proud in being free from the spiteful malevolence that has so much and so long distinguished the latter. I do not wish to damp young energies, or nip in the bud the blossoming prospects of the aspiring candidate for literary fame, a task more worthy, as it has always been the characteristic, of our Caledonian Reviewer.

I come before you all—Readers and Contributors—enthusiastic Admirers, and depreciating Cavillers, as a humble individual, bowing in due submission to the all-powerful criterion of public taste. I consider myself quite as much exposed to the sober reproof of the learned, and the pointed railery of the less well-informed, as the productions, to the “slashing and cutting” of which, I now prepare myself.

No one welcomed the re-appearance, or rather the resuscitation of the slumbering *Haileybury Observer*, with a more hearty welcome than the humble individual before you; no one hailed with greater veneration the rising of its luminary, no one looked forward with greater anxiety to its periodical Wednesday appearance, bestowed more hearty maledictions on the occasional tardiness of the publisher, or wished with greater vehemence that he were armed with a brad-awl, and had the Printer’s Devil in his power. No one smiled more auspiciously and bled more freely in its favour, and no one has used the privilege of a critic with greater freedom than is intended in the following pages.

But stop! did not we hear some one say, “We shall easily know who wrote this, for they are sure not to ‘cut up’ their own productions, and we can easily judge from that.” Stop, my friend! first catch your fish; first ascertain whether the writer of this has any such productions, then find out which he has treated with an undue lenity, and then guess at the individual. Now, in the first place, I have never told you, or given you reason to understand whether I have or have not any productions. Secondly, I shall take care that praise is awarded to those only who are entitled to it, and that censure shall be the lot of those only who seem to deserve it. Again, supposing I were to allow that I did own a fatherly feeling for some (which I by no means do allow) I should in that case take a leaf out of Brutus’ book, and when I assume the grave office of a Censor and a Critic, I should take care to be swayed neither by partiality nor prejudice.

So prepare, Mr. Editors, and Non Editors, my steam is on, and I am off.

NO. I.

THE first words of the leading article seem to have been written under the idea that the *Observer*, like the Sleeping Beauty of old, had been enjoying a comfortable snooze of some few months; and after some pretty flowering language, descriptive of the dreams of the aforesaid weekly publication (but who ever heard

of eight pages of demy octavo, closely printed, and published for sixpence, dreaming?) the Editors, to whom of course we owe this production, proceed to enlighten us with a convicting truth to this effect, that they do not expect to startle the world with a meridian blaze of literary light, nor by the keenness of their satire, to increase the average amount of suicides in the Metropolitan and neighbouring districts—a fact of incontestible truth—an assertion which no one can, or would wish to contravene. Actuated again by the same generous though unnecessary alarm, they anxiously entreat all their readers to bear in mind that it is neither their intention nor their wish to supplant the works of “Boz” in the favour of the public, nor diminish materially the circulation of the “New Monthly.” Though pleased with the modesty which no doubt suggested the feeling, we must confess that the alarm was certainly unnecessary.

After giving vent to a dark hint at the probability of some “embryo” Newton, supposed at this moment to be buried under a heap of Sanscrit, Persian, or Hindustanee Dictionaries, springing suddenly to life out of their columns—a most improbable occurrence—and after exciting their friends to literary exertion, by a sort of moral “gnome,” strongly resembling in outward appearance, as well as sentiment, a very dark “Sanskrit Sloke,” they conclude with a touching allusion to the distant probability of their “Protegé” again falling asleep without a chance of there being a second batch of five public-spirited and disinterested individuals as themselves to play the part of the adventurous Prince, and again break its slumbers.

This spirited exordium is followed by a kind of parody of the introductory stanza of Scott’s “Lady of the Lake,” addressed to an imaginary harp, that is supposed to be in a fast state of decay, and very much out of tune at the present moment, somewhere near the Rye House, or elsewhere on the banks of the Lee. As a Parody it possesses some merit, though we recommend the author, on future occasions, to adhere closer to the metre of his original.

Although we rejoice in the name of a Conservative, we cannot enter into, or appreciate the merits of an ill-natured poetical-political lampoon, which is chiefly characteristic for its unmannerly gibes and puerile ideas; nor can we think highly of a poet, who, merely for *metrical conveniences*, converts his political antagonists into swine. The ideas, as well as the execution, seem to us, where they are not bombastic, to be ridiculous, and where they are not ill-natured, to be devoid of meaning.

With but slight notice of a sporting article, with a signature of *suspicious tendency*, possessing no doubt considerable merit, but several leagues a-head of our powers of criticism, and seemingly better suited for a number of “Fraser’s Magazine,” we come to some Latin Elegiacs, in the form of a letter of some Freshman in these parts, to a friend of corresponding freshness at the university. They detail in a humorous manner the miseries into which the student is initiated on his first arrival, and abound throughout with great classical merit, though for some reasons they do not seem to have received the applause they well deserve. We beg to assure those of our readers who may not have taken the trouble to peruse them, that they are well worthy of a couple of hours spent upon them, with the assistance of Ainsworth’s Latin Dictionary, if necessary.

Of the two remaining articles of the present number, one is a most singular production professedly built after the model of our old English ballads, but possessing in a most felicitous manner all the less pleasing peculiarities of the style, without any of the striking simplicity which is their chief and most fascinating characteristic. The other is a Translation of a Chorus from the Alcestis of Euripides, the merit of which is more than counterbalanced by the bad judgment in selecting the slow and solemn metre of Pope for the purpose of a chorus where the metre ought to be of a light and airy description and subject to occasional variations.

No. II.

Our second number opens with an article of truly Herculean dimensions, sufficient by its very look to alarm every reader and to intimidate altogether those, whose object is to glean here and there for their momentary amusement. If that were the only consequence of its prolixity, it would not be worth a moment’s consideration, but we are afraid that its inordinate length will deter many others from its perusal, especially as its subject, though fraught with great interest to the admirers of the Greek drama, is not one likely at first sight to fascinate the casual reader.

However, two excuses may be offered, which may in some measure reconcile us to this seeming fault; first the nature of the subject, on which volumes have been written, and volumes still remain untold; and secondly, the successful way in which the subject has been treated, and such indeed is the merit throughout, that had we a pruning hook, with a "carte blanche" put into our hands, we should still be at a loss to decide which branches might be lopped off without disfiguring the stem.

One objection we must make here—not against this article especially—but against the general system of introducing quotations from classic authors, without any adequate reason—any peculiar suitableness of the passage quoted,—or any happiness in the allusion, but simply because it is a *quotation*, under the mistaken idea that a quotation displays a vast store of erudition and adds to the importance and dignity of the piece. Under this head come the lines from the "De Arte Poetica," of Horace, which have been thrust into this essay in a place where we are not aware of their making any addition to the argument, and where we are confident that their absence would never have been felt.

However all must allow that this article has enough "*solidity*" in itself to exist without the support of an occasional quotation, so we will leave it and proceed to the consideration of a translation of Horace, Ode 16, Lib. ii, which may indeed be rather called an adaptation:—as a strict translation what equivalent is there in the original for the latter part of the first, fourth, and the whole of the ninth stanzas? It is a fundamental law in translation that no addition should be made to the original, and still more no part should be omitted: no idea suppressed, no sentiment altered, however much the translator may flatter himself that the original is improved by the alteration:—For there are three classes of readers before whose eye the translation must be *supposed* to come:—Those who are entirely unacquainted with the original, and who look upon it only in the light of an English composition:—Those who were acquainted with it in their youthful days, but whose recollection (although they will often not allow it) is impaired by time:—and those who—few in number—think it worth their while to take their Horace, or whatever author it may be, out of their book-shelf, and consider the subject critically. It is to the second of these classes only that the present ode has any chance of pleasing, as its intrinsic beauties are not sufficient to attract the notice of the first, nor its correctness to disarm the criticism of the last. But we must not waste our time, and fatigue Mr. Austin's "Devil" with any such hyper-criticism as this, and I have no doubt most of our readers will join with us in allowing the translation the merit of a juvenile, (we must not say "school-boy") production.

Lines on Michaelmas Day—puerile in idea—as well as in execution.

Pugna Amwellensis:—It is fortunate that the learned author of this extract has informed us of the style he has been imitating, as otherwise we—the readers—should have been at a loss to decide:—as far as regards style, and diction, it might be with as much propriety ascribed to Cicero and Tacitus, as it has to Livy, though I do not think either of the aforesaid authors would be very anxious to father it. However the local allusions, and the burlesque annotations are happy, and will I have no doubt, compensate with most readers, for the uncertainty of the style.

"A Soldier's Death," *founded upon fact*, is described with a great deal of feeling and pathos. It contains the history of an officer in the Indian Army who gave bright promise of future distinction, but met with an immature fate owing to his intemperate valour, and want of sufficient caution. It is concluded by a poetical eulogy or lament upon the unfortunate officer, written with great feeling and taste.

No. III.

MR. EDITORS! MR. EDITORS! What are you thinking about? Whither have your powers of discrimination flown? Has every vestige of taste perished out of the land, that you treat us to such a dish as this before us? We really are at a loss what to call it: it cannot be justly called a Sermon from the publication in which it appears, and from the absence of a text, unless by the last "brevet" Chaucer has been promoted to the rank of an Evangelist, and his Canterbury tales have by some surreptitious means crept into the Canon of the Testament. We cannot call it an argumentative Essay, because it contains no argument, at least it proves nothing, and the reader whether a "*superficial one*" or not, is quite as much in the dark as respects the real nature of honour as he would have been had the author of this *treatise* never attempted to illuminate him.

Towards the end the eye is caught by a quotation from Demosthenes "De Coronâ," which has been similarly pressed into the service in a most unconscionable manner, with but little or no bearing on the subject, and seemingly more out of compliment to the classical lecture of the week than any peculiar application or meaning.

We have hardly time to recover from the unpleasant taste which *φαιδων* leaves in our mouth, when before we are compelled to swallow an equally nauseous "pill" in the shape of a translation of the Cassandra of Schiller, which has the combined merit of great poverty as a translation, and great want of judgment as an English composition. We remember seeing somewhere a set of prints illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son, which the absurd taste of the painter had represented in all the peculiarities of dress &c. of the last century: we remember particularly noticing that the Prodigal Son was clad in a smock-frock and a slouch hat, while his father was arrayed in a splendid dress-coat and diamond-hilted sword, with a most accurate pig-tail, and lace ruffles, attended by two servants in gorgeous liveries. The unfortunate Cassandra is tricked out in a style almost as incongruous, and ludicrous. At present we must recommend to the Translator the use of a German Dictionary to assist him in rendering the original with more correctness, and Walker's Rhyming Dictionary to aid him in the composition of his line, and the aptness of his rhymes.

The "Extract from a Student's Journal Book" is written with a great fluency and command of language, but as it preserves a kind of medium path of excellence we leave it, and proceed to the perusal of a very able translation of one of the finest bursts of the Roman poet Lucan, which is rendered with great accuracy and good taste.

Pluck Examination Papers, like all articles where the object is to excite a laugh, are successful, and display a good deal of humour as well as some amount of classical knowledge. They have, however, a species of Cousin-Germanship with some papers of a similar sort published not very long ago at Cambridge.

We congratulate the Author on the following felicitous production, abounding in nonsense of the first water, and rife with most brilliant absurdities. Indeed, the state of the brain from which such a tissue of absurdities could proceed, can better be imagined than described. To use words in some measure resembling his own, he may be said to have sacrificed to the goddess Nonsensia, to have mounted on the wings of Folly, and travelled several days journey into the regions of Absurdity. And it is indeed a pity that he did not remain there—in a soil more congenial to his intellect, and more worthy of his talents.

The Number is concluded by a very able translation of the Second Ode of Anacreon, greatly superior to any of its predecessors from the same author; but we cannot imagine why the translator should have lopped off the first line, especially as it contains a good idea, and one by no means unsuited for translation.

No. IV.

UNDER the title of "Wanderings in the Long Vacation," to which, by the bye, it has no more claim than to that of wanderings in the moon, we have presented to us an article of considerable merit, and talent. The chief feature of it, especially as it occupies two-thirds of the whole, is a very amusing letter, which is above all praise from the novelty of the ideas, the easy flow of its style, and the humour with which it abounds. The idea of an alliance, offensive and defensive, having been formed between a carpet bag and a trunk, is worthy of the pen of Dickens, or Fielding. And, indeed, we very much doubt whether in their masterly hands the idea could have been improved upon, or more ably wrought up, than it has been in the present article. If we might presume to suggest, we think the idea at the close of the first paragraph, might have been a little more expanded, which would perhaps have contributed to the effect, without the danger of weakening the sentiment.

We would willingly, could we do so with justice, bestow one hundredth part of the approbation justly awarded to the preceding article, on the meagre continuation of the translation of Cassandra. One merit at least the translator has, viz. a strict uniformity of style, and he evidently strives to be consistent in his inelegancies, and unswerving in his faults.

It seems that the Author of the next article was suddenly inspired with a desire of contributing to the *Observer*, and urged by such noble motives had repaired to the College Library, in order to procure a subject. He seems there to have stumbled on a history of Russia, and thinking that that would suit his

purpose, culled out the first anecdote that met his eyes. In order then, to appropriate the anecdote to his own peculiar purposes, and evade the charge of plagiarism, he has dressed it out in a new suit of expressions, interlarded it with a few descriptions of his own coining, and in that state presented it to the public. Such indeed, to us seems its history. It certainly is a story; perhaps some good-natured readers may say it is an interesting story, but nothing else.

We cannot refuse to hail the often told story of the Golden Fleece, with feelings of satisfaction, and must allow the Author a certain *quantum* of praise, for the style in which he describes the preparations of the Argonauts, and the taste shewn in selecting a metre so well adapted for descriptions of any sort, especially for one of a solemn and melancholy character.

The next Contribution assumes to itself a merit, which (whether it has any other or not) it certainly has no claim to, viz. that of novelty. By some remarkable anachronism, or some other poetical figure, we are requested to believe that a Freshman zealous for the honour of the *Haileybury Observer*, composed four lines, which appear in the works of a Poet some time dead, and written, as some suppose, in a moment of temporary insanity. It requires a stress on our imagination, which we know not exactly how to indulge.

My dear readers, did you ever have the good fortune to receive as a Christmas-box, or a New Year's Gift a small volume, conspicuous in gilt edges, and a damson-coloured skin, one of those periodical tributes to the goddess Nonsensia, with a golden lyre on one side thereof, and a tiny wreath of laurel on the other (emblematical no doubt of the probable quantity of laurels its contents will obtain), and inscribed on the back, in fair golden letters, with the title of "Landscape Annual," "Ladies Casket," or such like. If you ever have seen such an article, cannot you imagine in one of the *genus* an engraving of the Tomb of Napoleon, and lines on the subject *vis à vis* to it on the opposite page. The lines before you, the Ode upon the Return of the Bones of Napoleon, are just cut out for such a purpose, were built after just such a model, and, we trust they may still, by some kind hand, be transplanted to their more congenial soil. In addition to a well-chosen motto, they have some claim to metrical merit; and we have no doubt that their sentiments at least will draw down shouts of applause from the admirers of Napoleon. We are scarcely competent judges as to the amount of triumphal shouts likely to hail his remains, but we cannot really bring ourselves to believe that Gallia's hills, whether clad in *vines* or *brambles*, can be so very—very glad to welcome back the chief who sacrificed several thousands of his countrymen to his own private ambition, and deluged "la belle France" with blood for nearly a quarter of a century.

Extracts from a Student's Journal Book are again rather prolix, and not of sufficient interest throughout to carry the adventurer through two columns of close print. Some portions, however are interesting and humorous, especially the description of the German savages—the Students of Bonne.

We have heard of an Editor of a London paper sending down with an order on his Penny-a-liner for a certain quantity of matter, measured by the inch; it seems that some gentleman is employed by the Editors, no doubt on the same liberal and easy terms, to translate Anacreon, and supply them with an *inch*, or an *inch and a half*, as the occasion requires. Perhaps we are wrong in our ingenious surmise, and Mr. P. B.'s pretty little description of pretty Bacchus-like boys, and gently tripping maidens, was reserved as a kind of tit-bit to finish the "Olla Podrida" of the week.

No. V.

UNDER all circumstances, and on all subjects, as, I dare say, some of my readers have already found out, Criticism is dull enough, but "really" some one might be inclined to cry out "Criticism upon Criticism is too bad": of such a nature however is the article before us, purporting to be a defence of the Bard of Avon from the cavils of his illiberal enemies, and more especially of a certain French "Sciologist," under which honourable title Voltaire is designated. Shakspeare has been fortunate enough hitherto to outlive the malignant sallies of his enemies, and the barbarous commentaries of Malone, we hope that he will be equally fortunate in surviving the spirited vindication of his friends and champions. The Author of this little treatise quotes freely from Coleridge, but with all due respect to the Author of that most extraordinary Poem—the Ancient Mariner—we do not think his opinion of such an exalted nature as to be incontrovertible, and must confess that Coleridge's intemperate sallies upon Voltaire are not more pardonable than Voltaire's illiberal and ridiculous criticism upon Shakspeare. We observe also that the Author by a

judicious arrangement has managed to introduce a quotation from Aristotle to shew his acquaintance with the Greek language, and the impossibility of the subject of the Drama, whether ancient or modern, being introduced without it.

Although we had no intention to depreciate the excellence of a composition that appeared in the preceding Number on the subject of the Argonauts, we really must confess that the subject was not of so great interest as to inspire us with any desire for a continuation of it, still less for an ill-natured parody upon it, with malicious allusion to its metre (which, as we remarked above, is well chosen,) and travesties of peculiar expressions. Indeed, we think that an author has no right to trespass upon a subject pre-engaged by another, and at least, if he does so, he ought to treat his predecessor with some show of respect. The present article is certainly very humorous, very happy in its allusions, and very easy in its flow, but we cannot help wishing that the subject had not been touched, and that we had been left with the same favourable impression that we had conceived of the former, which is now weakened by the ludicrous ideas suggested by the latter production.

The conclusion of Cassandra we pass over in silence and —

The continuation of Wanderings in the Long Vacation in some measure disappoints us, and we must unwillingly own that the excellence of the former article had raised expectations, which were not destined to be realised. Perhaps we expected too much, or perhaps the seeming falling off may be accounted for in this manner: the excellence of the former article consisted almost entirely in the "letter," which of course could not be continued: at any rate there are some touches of humour and drollery, and instances of happy descriptions, especially of the enthusiastic admirer of English horses, and his feelings at the loss of his favourite. It seems that the author had two very good anecdotes, for which the rest is merely a vehicle, and moreover not a very good vehicle.

The next article has attracted attention not so much from its intrinsic excellence, as from the peculiarities attendant on its production. Our first number announced its acceptance, and we, as all admirers of the noble game of cricket ought to do, looked forward with some interest to its appearance in the following number, but for some *unavoidable* reasons we were doomed to be disappointed. We were again raised to the highest pitch of anxiety at the publication of the third number, and reduced to the lowest state of distraction at not only its non-appearance in the fourth, but not even a notice of the why and wherefore it had been fraudulently excluded:—while a vague rumour was in extensive circulation, which through a channel of a score or more "mouths," we traced to one of the Editors, of a rather "leaky" description, "that the article in question had been withdrawn," while other ill-natured newsmongers suggested that it had suffered the fate of infantine productions, and had been overlaid by its too-anxious nurses. At any rate, the Editors had a great amount of responsibility on their shoulders. Only fancy, my dear Readers, the feelings of the unfortunate Author, regarding with parental interest, and resting his hopes of future laurels on this, his virgin production. Think of his weekly disappointments and feelings of injured merit. I should hardly have wished to have been the nose of either of the Editors under the first outbreak of his righteous indignation. The appearance of the Number has not realized our anticipations. The Author certainly, if he is not already, deserves to be in the Eleven, for his delicate flattery to the powers which rule. As a composition, we cannot admire it. Nothing is so easy as to *parody* an author with such marked peculiarities as Homer, and proportionally nothing is so difficult as to *do it well*. The present production, interesting to those who can *construe* it, from its local allusions, displays a poverty of invention, and no happiness in adaptation.

The same remarks obtain for the following Ode of Horace, which we made upon one in a former number. The original is not sufficiently preserved; for instance, the third stanza, if anything, is entirely perverted. Again, the adaptation of modern instances, which are in all cases hazardous, are in this instance by no means felicitous.

The next article has some merit for ingenuity, in bringing together and ascribing to one unsuccessful Contributor four of the rejected articles. The idea is well imagined, and well carried out, though the verses are rugged.

The translation of the Nursery Rhyme possesses as much merit as such a subject treated in such a way can expect. The original is of course known to all, except to that class of individuals who from their important bearing, and grand way of talking, we may fairly suppose never to have been children. The ideas have been happily hit off, and neatly expressed.

No. VI.

We now come to the concluding number, and we are sorry that circumstances compel it to be so, and on the other hand we rejoice from its increased thickness to find that it contains a double share of the poetical and prose compositions of the Contributors. We are naturally

led to expect great things, and to imagine that in its service the pens of all have been used most industriously and successfully; that many who have hitherto from feelings of modesty held back, have made a last and desperate attempt at literary fame, and that the regular Contributors have toiled with greater assiduity to eclipse, if possible, their former productions; and we have not been disappointed. It is certainly the best number, without disparaging the preceding ones, of the set, and makes a good conclusion to the literary labours of the term.

"The Carved Chamber" is an interesting anecdote connected with the history of "Jans Müller," a celebrated carver in wood at Lubeck. The anecdote is well told, and the interest kept up throughout.

The next article seems to contain a kind of satire, not against the *Observer*, but against the Readers of the aforesaid journal, and the unsuccessful contributors thereto. The Author seems to be under the mistaken idea, that all the Contributors are tormented by the green-eyed monster, in reference to each other's productions, and that no one can look with any inward satisfaction upon any production, save his own. Such at least, as far as we can judge, seems the drift of his argument. There is some humour and some truth in the strictures with which he supposes the different Articles of the last Number were greeted, and he seems to have joined in a running fire, of which we saw some symptoms in the last Number, against some unsuccessful Contributor, who rejoiced in the name of "Poodle." The Author inculcates morality with a touch of misanthropy towards the end, and signs himself with a name which would defy the researches of Scapula, Schrevelius, and Donnegan, and the meaning of which, we own, we have in vain attempted to sift.

We should have been much obliged to the Author of "Table Talk" had he given us a kind of running commentary as to what he meant in his column of prose, for we know no other name to call it. It cannot be called a thesis, because it states nothing; nor a dissertation, because it proves nothing. The commencement seems prefatory to something that never appears, and the end has the appearance of the conclusion to some argument that never existed. On the whole, it is a most mysterious affair, and would require a page or two more of the author's lucid prose to explain his object, and the drift of his argument.

We cannot but congratulate the Editors on being able to present to the public an effusion possessing such taste, beauty, and good feeling as the following:—The ideas are well arranged and well expressed. The opening is exceedingly beautiful, and although the middle rather flags, the last ten lines redeem its credit, and complete what may undoubtedly be considered the most successful production of the *Observer*. The justness of the sentiments, and the solemn tone of the ideas, in addition to the talent which they display, give evidence of the serious turn and superior attainments of the author.

"A Joke," like other productions of the same nature, contains a good deal of humour and drollery.

The translation of a "Chorus of Hecuba," is done with admirable taste and exactness, in a metre well suited to the original, and conveying no small portion of the sweetness that characterize the "Choruses" of Euripides.

Extracts from a Student's Journal Book, like the preceding numbers, is by no means deficient in interest, and is written in a very good and easy style. We think that the author goes over his ground at much too rapid a rate. He transports us from a dirty village in the North of Italy, whose name he does not mention, to the capital of Lombardy, or, as he is pleased to style Milan, the Paris of Northern Italy, and thence to Venice, with a velocity far surpassing Mr. Green's balloon, and putting the railroads to shame.

The translation from "Catullus" possesses a good deal of merit as a translation, as it adheres closely to the original, and, where the author does slightly expand, the idea introduced is not incongruous. The wind-up is rather too sudden, though perhaps, on the authority of Mr. Weller, that is *half the battle*, as it makes us wish for more.

We know not how the different gentlemen alluded to so distinctly in the "Haileybury Homeric" relish the joke, but for ourselves we are sure that our indignation would have been great, and perhaps vented itself in personalities, had our names and peculiarities been treated with as little respect, as has been used to some in this composition. A dark hint, or a pointed satire, is all very well—the person alluded to is soon brought out, but really we are inclined to call out, "hold, enough," when we see the license of the old Comedy renewed, and individuals brought upon the stage and exposed to ridicule under their own names. However, the piece abounds in humour of a good-natured kind, and if the victims themselves are content, there is no reason why we should be indignant. There is one objection, however, as regards it as an English composition, viz. the heaviness of the two last comparisons, which have not sufficient spirit for the subject. The conclusion also is too abrupt.

Concerning the following instance of dry-wit and witty-dryness we cannot exactly determine what to say. There is some latent fun enveloped in the greatest tirade of

nonsense ever seen. No doubt the author has taken his degree as M.S., Master of Slang, and should the East India Company consider it necessary to have a Professor in that department in this College, we shall have no hesitation in recommending him; from the judicious arrangement of the heads, and the spirited manner of illustrating and proving, we have no doubt that his lectures would be considered highly amusing as well as instructive. One of his deductions falls to the ground, as the E. I. Coll. tailor, "as it behoves critics to be accurate," is called *Cheek* and not *Cheeks*—witness the cards of that respectable and well-dressed individual. The theory therefore which attributes to him the invention is not so groundless as Mr Twaddle in his spirit of rivalry wishes to insinuate.

Shall we call the "*Carmen Bucolicum*" a third rate imitation, or an intense humbug? We feel inclined for the latter, but our respect for the feelings of the Author inclines us to the former. Well, be it so. The next question is who is the gentleman with the *azure garment's mantling fold*? We have in succession reviewed all the gentlemen who glory in blue Pray-don't-ask-me-what's, but against all of them some objection has been raised, either a deficiency as regards an expanded chest, or a slight mistake in the article of a commanding eye—at any rate Mr. Alex. has a right to be proud of the accomplishments whether real or attributed. As to Florus, he seems to be one of your sixteen-hours-a-day-hard-work-and-never-go-out sort of fellows. We have looked in vain into Lempriere and Ainsworth for a Nymph, or Deity of the euphonious name of *Lynia*,—a first-cousin perhaps to Lydia. The idea conveyed in the last line leads us to suppose that the lady in question was of a rather suspicious and close-fisted character.

The last Number closes with an "*Ode from the Sixth Book of Horace*," wherein the Poet is advising some friend of his to read hard, lest he should be plucked at some examination, into the nature of which we are not enlightened by any parallel passages of that Poet, or any note of the Scholiast. Indeed the Ode is by some, though upon insufficient grounds, considered to be spurious, but from the internal evidence of the style and the similarity to other passages, it may without a shadow of doubt be ascribed to the Venusian Bard.

We are now come to the conclusion of our grateful labours (as a Committee of the House of Commons would say), and on the whole, we think that all must be pleased with the production of the united talent and industry of the Contributors to the *Haileybury Observer*. The success that has attended the publication, and the number of contributions have been such as to warrant the continuation; and no one we are sure can deem the time spent in such labours to be thrown away, or misemployed. Part II. of the *Haileybury Observer*, stitched in a brown paper cover, with a view of the College for a frontispiece, and the name of the printers, Austin and Son, in legible characters below, will go forth to the world; and if it fails in attracting attention at the different courts of Europe, will at least be read in the distant climes of India, and inspire pleasurable recollections into the breasts of residents at the court of the Mogul and the City of Palaces.

But, surely one may fairly object; "Why, if all this be true, are we to read this ridiculous criticism, and have sincipite added to our bookseller's bills? Why cannot you leave good alone?" My good fellow, we must answer, pardon our absurdities: we have two reasons, which prompted us to trouble you thus. In the first place, we were inspired with the hope of amusing you, and supplying the deficiency caused by the sudden cessation of your *Observer*. Secondly, we consider ourselves the Champions of the Rejected Contributors, we wish to defy Editorial tyranny, and Literary oppression, to repay in proper coin the witty remarks with which the concluding page of each Number has been so liberally furnished. We speak in the united names of "Poodle," "Sam Buchka," "Jolly Cock," and the rest of the disappointed fraternity. If we are refused admittance into the *Observer*, we will find other means of giving vent to our sparks of wit, and bursts of talent.

These are the reasons which have given birth to this offspring of our Critic rage, which we humbly dedicate to our Readers.

εἰ μὲν καλῶς, ὡς ἐβουλόμεθα· εἰδὲ ἐνδεεστέρως, ὡς ἐδυνάμεθα.

HERTFORD:

PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN & SON, BOOKSELLERS TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE:

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

A MISCELLANY,

BY THE

STUDENTS OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE,

HERTS.

PART III.



HERTFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN AND SON,

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 ERRATA.

Page 13, last line, for "Εκυδης" read Σκυδης.

" 29, line 19, from bottom, for "braine," read brain.

" 33, line 6, "office," read office.

" 43, line 25, from the top, for "beauties, read bounties.

" 55, line 21, from bottom, for "M, B. G—e," read M. B. St—e.

" —, line 6 for "gally-pot," read gallipot.

THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART III.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniâ dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv, 103.

No. 1.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1841. [Price 6d.

ANOTHER Term has arrived, and with it another number of the "*Haileybury Observer*"—prodigious! Was there ever an amateur magazine gifted with such extraordinary powers of longevity? The tables of mortality exhibit a vast number of sudden deaths amongst productions of this nature; and, to say the truth, we were a little alarmed lest our pet child should fall under the influence of the epidemic. We reflected too, with a slight shudder, on the events of the past year. We could not help remembering that our magazine had in the month of February last, suddenly and unexpectedly relapsed into the condition of a chrysalis; a state of torpidity and inaction brought on by a certain stiffness and frigidity in its members, which nothing but the genial warmth of a summer's sun had power to dissolve. With this unpleasant fact still lingering in our recollection we indulged a very natural suspicion that, if a similar event was ever likely to recur, now was the very time. But these "spectre-doubts" which hovered about us like ugly phantoms, haunting our imagination and disturbing our repose, have melted away; and in their place have arisen feelings of much satisfaction, flowing from the contemplation of the healthy and blooming condition of our little periodical, its good-humoured readiness to fill up its small station in its own small sphere, and the hearty good will with which its various supporters are evidently preparing to perform those functions which are essentially necessary to its maintenance.

Lying on the table before our eyes is a thin octavo volume, elegantly bound in green, adorned with a suitable quantity of gilding, and embellished, moreover, with a copper-plate engraving representing a magnificent palace, erected on the margin of an extensive lake, with a young lady and gentleman in the foreground who might do very well for Adam and Eve in the act of contemplating Paradise. This little volume contains, as all know, the first two parts of the *Haileybury Observer*. And what if the expectations excited by the tempting exterior of the little work, and raised to great intensity by a peep at the elegant building supposed to be its birth-place, are not altogether realised when we

penetrate beyond the cover and dive into the depths of the matter which lies beneath! What, if after perusing a page here and there we consign it to the bookshelf, and exclaim, "tineas pasces taciturnus inertes!" What if it meet no better fate than to collect the stray particles of dust, or form a safe retreat for a colony of spiders! still its aim has been answered; it has wiled away many an idle hour in a profitable manner; it has varied the monotonous routine of college life; and no unfortunate individual, confined in a lazaretto or shut up in a country inn on a rainy day, ever seized upon the "Newgate Calendar" or an old newspaper with half as much avidity, as did the students of Haileybury College on every successive number of their magazine, as it regularly issued from the press of the publisher at Hertford.

If such, then, was the sole aim of the two preceding parts of our publication, such is also the aim of that which dates its commencement from the present number. We repeat a sentiment we remember to have expressed before, that its object is to amuse the writer by providing some scope for the exercise of his inventive powers. Let all then become writers. True—there may be, and certainly have been a large number of rejected contributions; but he is not deserving of success, who is deterred from the prosecution of his object by a few failures at the outset. Out of a body of ninety students, there must necessarily be many capable, with a little exertion, of attaining such a level of excellence as will at once admit them to a place in our pages. And here, were it not needless, we would entreat the renewed support of those of our fellow-students who are not strangers to the *Observer*. They will not, we are sure, be guilty of such coldness of heart, such total apathy and insensibility of soul, as to neglect the old friend, who conducted so much to their amusement during the past term. To those gentlemen, with whose presence we are now honoured for the first time, we would say one word. They have not, in all probability, favoured us as yet with any communications. Their silence will have arisen from a very natural modesty. They wished to see what was the nature of the first number; they were not quite sure whether the standard of excellence was sufficiently low to warrant their attempting anything themselves. By a very remote possibility they might not, perhaps, have discovered the exact situation of the Editor's box. But now they are fully informed on all these points; and we shall doubtless be overwhelmed with a multitude of contributions, Oh, if they knew how electric was the thrill of secret satisfaction, which ran through every limb of our body, and reached to the very tips of our fingers, when our eyes fell for the first time on our own composition,—yes,—our own veritable composition, the legitimate offspring of our own individual brain, clothed in a clear, beautiful, transparent type, and looking so captivating withal, that we remember to have thought *that* the "proudest moment of our existence!"—Oh, if they knew how supremely pure and exstatic was the pleasure produced by such a sight, they would spare neither time, trouble, paper, or pens, in the attainment of a "summum bonum" so much to be desired!

With many aspirations, then, for the prosperity of our paper, we launch it once again upon the waters, trusting that, light and buoyant in its nature, it will ride safely over the stormy billows of opinion, and unassuming in its character, receive no harm from the keen and cutting blasts of criticism and satire.

A PEEP INTO EDITORIAL CONCERNS.

Quis leget hæc? Min' tu istud ais? Nemo hercule—Nemo?
Vel duo vel nemo—turpe et miserabile—Quare?

(*Persius*).

It was a dull evening on the 31st of January, 1841, when three individuals, whose care-worn countenances, indicative of literary toils, at once proclaimed them to be Editors, entered a room in that respectable seat of learning and Belles-Lettres—Letter D. We believe that some of our readers might demand an accurate and unsparing description of the persons, figures, gait, looks, &c. of the Editors of the *Haileybury Observer*, and at first we had taken up our pen with the intention of describing each one of that respectable body in terms so explicit as to save his tailor, be he Cheek, Twaddle, or Barrand, the necessity of measuring him for his next suit; but on second thoughts we considered the extreme danger of verging on personalities: we trusted, moreover, that each, individually, and all, collectively, remain so deeply enshrined in the recollection of their enraptured constituents, the students of the E. I. C., as to need no refresher to their memories, and therefore we determined to proceed at once to business, and, with a daring hand, expose to the public gaze the secrets of Editorship—the penetralia of the closet—the arcana arcanissima of that sanctum, whither no prying eyes have hitherto gained entrance, and whence no whisper directly or indirectly has ever through any medium breathed the slightest information as to the unpublished business in hand! But to return to our “*muttons*”—when the three gentlemen above alluded to were comfortably seated, it might have been evident to any speculative observer that their expectant glances to the window, and ears erect to catch the sound of approaching footsteps down the stone passage, were as many indications of impatience at the non-arrival of the remaining parts and portions of the committee. At length, however, their wishes were gratified, and two individuals, whose appearance betokened extreme haste, rushed into the room: of one of whom, despite our fear of personalities, justice and equity compel us to say that he was rather, on the whole, conspicuous for a not very limited length of proboscis,—of the other we shall for the present say nothing. Immediately on the arrival of these last mentioned comers, business seemed to be the order of the day, and one Editor, before whom was piled a considerable quantity of papers of various kinds, remarked in a soft and oily voice “That the year —41 seemed to have begun as regarded literary productions similar to most other years, *i.e.* with the production of a good deal of nonsense. “Of four essays which I hold in my hand,” continued that worthy, “three commence with ‘Of all countries none is more, &c.’ I have also an ‘Ode to a Butterfly,’ and ‘A Day’s Deer Stalking,’ both of which have the merit of being so exceedingly novel and unheard of, that we must beg to decline their acceptance.” Having thus concluded with a smile, intimating his playful irony, the same Editor (we leave our readers to fix him as any one of the five) proceeded to read the following Translation of the Address to Epicurus in the beginning of the third book of Lucretius. To which address, as an hitherto quiet individual facetiously remarked, the author had probably been directed by his Epicurean pursuits during the vacation:—

O Thou whose giant soul first raised a light
O’er the sad darkness of the mental night,
Who first hast dared midst erring men to show
The various uses of this life below,
Increase of glory to the Grecian line,
Direct my footsteps, for I follow thine!
’Tis no vain envy of thy deathless fame
That bids me hope an equal rank to claim,
Mine is a purer, mine a nobler end—
Whence could the swallow with the swan contend?
Or what could prompt the trembling kid in speed
To aim at victory with the mettled steed?

Father, ’twas thine the ways of earth to show
’Twas thine a father’s precepts to bestow,
And as the bees in flowery woods renew
Their pleasing toils, and sip the honied dew,

Thus we, like them, in labours sweet engage,
 And taste the beauties of each learned page ;
 Wherein thy golden words, shall shun decay,
 And live, still fresh, with every lengthening day.

Soon as thy mind has told the human race,
 How Nature's work has sprung, and grown apace,
 Quick as thy words, then vanish into air
 Our gloomy fears, and soul-corroding care.
 Back start the bounds of earth—I see unfurled
 The various systems which direct the world ;
 I see, I see, the heavens its seats disclose,
 Where gods delight in calmness to repose.
 Those seats, nor snow nor frost invades, nor hail,
 Nor watery clouds, nor beating storms assail,
 But all the year, in glad succession rise
 Unshowery suns, and bright expanded skies ;
 For every want here Nature kind provides,
 In peace and happiness each moment glides ;
 Far, far removed, hell's gloomy mansions lie,
 And space unclouded opens to the eye.
 Thence, raised secure, a single glance may scan
 The frame of Nature, and the works of man.

At this my soul a hidden working feels,
 A thrill of pleasure o'er my senses steals ;
 That thus thy mind has bared before our view,
 Superior worlds, and pierced all Nature through.

The next piece that came under the critical judgment of the committee, was an essay entitled, "The effects of the *Haileybury Observer*." The production was lengthy, and its effect soporific, evidence of which was given by one Editor, in the shape of something approaching to a snore, whilst two others seemed determined to spare him the necessity of furnishing himself with stationery, by assiduously filling his pockets with seven pens, three sheets of paper, and an inkstand and a half, &c. &c. One part, however, contained some sparks, which we have thought fit to submit to our readers, as remarkable for the boldness and choice of its metaphors ; it was as follows :—"The effects of our magazine have also been visible in the production of sensations both natural and awakening : springing from the low and unhealthy marshes of prejudice and ignorance, its flight, unlike the twistings and turnings of a snipe, has been more like the steady and unchanging course of the wild duck, rising gradually, and yet boldly towards the zenith : and there may it soar unharmed by the leaden drops that are sent from the ill-directed barrels of malice and audacity, only to settle down beside the warm springs of fame, and to set at nought the ice and snow of darkness and oblivion ! As a corrector of abuses, its arrows, partially blunted, have attained unto their mark, but yet unto you, Gentlemen Editors, I submit it with deference, that you never suffer the pitchfork of envy to disturb the good seeds committed to the bed of literature, or the pruning knife of discontent to lop the young tendrils of the plants of genius."

At this peroration, which was given out in a clear tone by the nasal gentleman above alluded to, the quintetto were so much affected by their feelings, as to be totally unable to proceed for the full space of five minutes and a quarter ; at length one more audacious individual ventured to break the sacred silence, and summoned his companions back to the dull routine of sublunary matters, from the groves of fancy in which they had seemingly been wandering.

The next examined was a beautiful Amœbæan Ode, written after the most approved fashion of Horace. We regret that our limits do not afford us space sufficient for the introduction of it as a whole, and consequently have selected the following, requesting at the same time that our readers will pay particular attention to the climax contained in the gentleman's answer.

Very slowly peeps the moon,
 Winking mildly through the gloom ;
 'Tis the set of dying day—
 Lovers take their evening stray.

LADY.

Urge me not again to stay,
Quickly flies the fleeting day ;
Quit me—leave me—quick ! begone !
I must seek my hated home.

GENTLEMAN.

Stay, oh stay, my vow to hear,
My life, my soul, my duck, my dear ;
Briefly said—the answer's thine,
Wilt thou dearest ? wilt be mine ?

See her beaming eye and blush,
All his fears and terrors hush ;
Love, though silent, mutters still
On his listening ear " I will."

After this the meeting was ended, appropriately enough, by the perusal of a piece of lyricism, entitled " Thoughts on Winter," as follows :—

Spring returns with joy and gladness,
And the summer sun is gay ;
Autumn's fruits are very plenteous,
Yet I love old winter's day.

See at morn on shrub and flower,
Bright the sparkling hoar-frost shine ;
'Midst that fair array of diamonds,
Dim would be Golconda's mine.

And though every tree is naked,
And each leaf long since is sere,
Beauty still around them lingers—
Death has failed to ravish here.

Go where fields their future harvest,
And the rustic's hope contain ;
Winter's cold and icy touches
Promise give of summer's reign.

From the dark, drear earth arising
Now the earliest blades are seen,
Frost and snow—the stormy north wind—
Bids them flourish fresh and green.

Thus may we in death's cold winter,
Find with us the promise bright ;
May we gain a fresher lustre—
A longer day from that long night.

At the conclusion of this, another trifling piece or two were perused attentively by the five, which, however, we do not think worthy of forcing on our readers. The meeting then adjourned, and thus put an effectual stoppage on our writing any more ; still, as we sought again the quiet of our chamber, we could not help expressing a wish that those who, though able, had not put pen to paper for this number, would do so ere the next was published ; and whilst re-lighting our fire, which, by perversely going out, had left our room somewhat in the condition of Mr. Brien O'Lynn's inexpressibles, " pleasant and cool," we secretly hoped that the freshmen especially would not be deterred by feelings of false modesty, but take the advice of one who himself was a freshman but a short time ago, and write, write, write.

K.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A COLLEGE CAP.

THE same stern destiny, which has sentenced you, my readers, to two years' hard work in the Haileybury galleys, preparatory to your further transportation, ordained to me the many miseries I am now about to record :—

Round the first moments of my existence hangs a cloud, which all succeeding investigation on my part has been unable to remove. On a subject deeply interesting to all—viz. the individuality of my parents, I am unable to give the slightest information.

My most distant recollections carry me back to a dark room in a dark shop, in the heart of London, where for some length of time (how long I know not) helpless, surrounded by companions in a similar situation, I led a wearisome existence, until I was suddenly transported to the more genial regions of Haileybury. It was here that I first entered upon the busy field of life—it was here that I first became aware of the paramount, and important duties I was destined to fulfil. My lot was to be united to a young and beautiful gown, towards whom I entertained a fervent affection, the memory of which to my dying day can never be effaced.

Although we are destined to exalted situations, and are at the *head* of whatever we undertake, still, if the truth be told, we are but servants. My first master was a short, thick-set, tight-legged, bullet-headed individual, with a mouth of unusual dimensions, who fresh from Dr. Flogboy's academy in the North, had the feelings of an individual lately dropped from the skies in his new abode. His freshness naturally encouraged liberties on the part of the more established settlers, and unfortunate I was in many instances the victim of their petulance, and many and severe were the colds I caught from the aquatic salutes discharged to welcome his arrival, and the cold water so continually thrown upon his proceedings. In other respects his conduct to me was kind, and excited my warmest esteem. He was proud of having me at all times with him, and on his return to his room, would manifest the most tender regard for my comfort, by brushing me carefully, combing my silky tassel, and leaving me to pass the night in the expanded bosom of my beloved companion.

But such happiness could not last long. In an unwary moment, in the innocent pride of his heart (a pride which I at least must forgive), he went with me to a breakfast party. More wary than my master, and profiting by the knowledge of the world which in my limited circle of acquaintance I had acquired, I trembled at the thought of the calamity which impended over me, and the separation which seemed more than probable. My worst fears were realised. The comeliness of my appearance, in which I especially prided myself, excited the notice of a capless individual, as I was lying midst a heap of mangled and mutilated fellow-creatures. It was in vain that I made use of my limited powers of communication, to awaken my master to a sense of my peril. His mouth and thoughts were too much engrossed by a mass of bread and jam, with which he was winding up his repast, to listen to my complaint. My rape was effected. I was borne off in triumph by this wretch, devoid both of principle and honour. Tears coursed each other down my cheeks, alas! they were but the prelude of further calamities.

My new master was wild and reckless, though not naturally cruel or malicious; but to prevent any claim being laid on my person, he deemed it necessary to dock off a part of what my old master considered my chief beauty—my tassel. I submitted to this indignity with patience, and saw my silken locks committed to the flames with suppressed indignation. I felt the want of my old comforts and my companion. I was no longer treated with respect—my complexion was soiled, and my person injured.

As I was one day ruminating on my altered condition in a corner whither I had been ignominiously thrown, I was again ravished by a cadaverous, auburn-haired, plaid-waistcoated son of Scotia, who had come on a piratical excursion in his neighbours' grounds during the hour of lecture. The change to me was for the better; but it was not of long duration. Enquiries after me were promptly set on foot; my lurking place was found out: the rape of Helen was not vindicated with more celerity. Alas! in the skirmish of my re-capture, I received a wound, the marks of which I shall carry to the grave. The vertebrae of my spine were severely strained, and the poor remnants of my tassel were gone—gone for ever! I was become a mutilated being.

The incidents of my life subsequent to this event were short, and without interest. I more than once changed my master, and each left a token upon me of his handy-work: one more inhuman than his fellows had the barbarity to dissect me, and, horrible to recount, extracted my back bone:—my limbs collapsed, and I became a shapeless trunk.

We are by nature a short lived race; few exist beyond the third term, the era by which we measure our existence; many perish before that time: among them I was one: my end was rapidly approaching: one severer pang than all awaited me:—On going one day into lecture my ear was caught by a familiar rustle, and my eye by the well-known figure of my former companion—still graceful, though evidently the worse for wear. Vain were my attempts to draw her attention. Time had fallen heavy upon me, and had effaced the beauty which she once loved. She knew me not.

Life thenceforward was a blank: I courted death, and was anxious for the moment to close my sorrows: and it was not long distant. Disgusted by my appearance, my master in a moment of excitement flung me into the hall fire. I cast one mournful look behind, I pictured to myself the regions inhabited by my departed kindred and ——— expired.

H.

ANACREON—*Ode V.*

Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν Ἑρώτων
Μίξωμεν Διονύσῳ.

Let us mingle the Rose, the Rose of the Loves,
With the joys of the gladdening wine,
As laughing and sporting around in the groves,
Our temples with roses we twine.

The Rose is a matchless, an exquisite flow'r,
The Rose is the darling of Spring;
And the gods in the shade of the roseate bow'r
Refuse not its praises to sing.

For Cupid with garlands of Roses delights
His delicate tresses to crown,
As aye with the Graces in sport he unites,
Or joins in the dance on the down.

Then, Bacchus, so crowned, to thy fanes I'll retire,
As blithe and as free as the air,
And striking the sonorous cords of my lyre,
I'll dance with some beautiful fair.

Ω.

A LOVELOCK.

Love is a delicate subject to meddle with in any way, from the real article itself to anything which has the slightest connection with it. Love verses, love stories, are in general more honored by a horse-laugh than a sigh, by tears of mirth, rather than of sympathy; and yet why should I hesitate to avouch that my lovelock was indeed a lovelock—it was bright, silken—in short no epithet can describe it, it was the very emblem of love, not the coarse, oily ringlet of some full-blown peony of beauty, but a modest, flaxen, neatly plaited lock that had once actually luxuriated on the brow of the fair Constantia—still with the fatality which attaches to the name of love, that lock worked my woe.

Gentle reader, shall I make you my confidant? With the frankness implanted in noble natures, I will,—and therefore premise that I am but a recent importation from the land of oat-cakes, deer-hunters, and above all, of Patagonian, raw-boned, red-haired, *cadets*, with not a few, more fortunate, writers.

Still though I am yet “not hackney’d in the ways of men” I flattered myself that I had more acquaintance with the ways of women, and early pursued my wanderings, filled with visions of conquest among the beauties of the south.

It was not long before I struck up a very warm flirtation. The dearest hopes of my vanity were gratified, and for six delightful weeks I revelled in unalloyed bliss—unalloyed did I say—no, the certainty that I was so shortly to quit the sphere of my success did not a little damp my enjoyment; one thing I determined; I would strike one finishing blow and bear away some trophy, some remembrance, of my victory—a lock of hair! the very thing, but how was it to be obtained? *Sirs*, genius has a fertile invention and I was not long at a loss—a little coaxing of a spoilt child of twelve, who was honoured by the name of a younger sister of my Constantia, procured me a promise of the coveted treasure. The next day I received it, the exquisite creation upon which I have expatiated, neatly folded, tied with blue ribbon; it surely could come from no hands but those of one—I was enraptured, placed it in my left-hand waistcoat pocket and rushed into the boudoir, when, horror of horrors! what think you met my eyes? There sat *my* Constantia on the *fauteuil*, and by her knelt with her hand in extremely close proximity to his mouth, a strapping black-whiskered captain of dragoons; a sudden scream from the fair one, and an extremely unpleasant look from the Captain, were the consequences of my appearance—the lady disappeared—I flew back to the little imp who had deceived me, “Did Constantia give you the hair?” gasped I.—“Oh! dear no”—then where on earth did you get it? “Why to be sure, out of the *comb* in Constantia’s dressing-room.”

SYLVESTER.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“A Gondolier” *must not be discouraged. His verses are good, and we recommend him to try again.*

“Foxglove” *is accepted.*

Under consideration, “H. H.” “I. D.”

“Quintus,” *very mystic.*

“Niger” *unintelligible and illegible.*

“Oriens” *is likely to rise.*

“Billy Munns,”—*we trust his next brew will be better.*

We hope to hear more from “A Teetotaller,” “A Wandering Jew,” and “Tom Todger.”

All contributions intended for insertion the same week must be sent in, at the latest, by Saturday evening.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART III.

Liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 2.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1841. [Price 6d.

HINTS TO WRITERS FOR THE "OBSERVER."

"Take advice, Sir, as the Doctor said."—*Sam Weller.*

It will probably have already occurred to the penetrating observations of many aspirants to literary fame, that there are two objects to be mainly kept in view in writing for that weekly paper, entitled the *Haileybury Observer*; the first is to please the taste of the Editors; the second, and by no means less important, is to please the public at large—i. e. the remainder of the Students. Now although we should naturally expect that what goes down with the Editors—those caterers for the public appetite—those purveyors, we may say, of literary commons for the expectant mouths of the community—would also be no less gratifying to the palate of the *οἱ πολλοί*, still it has often been found that the dishes cooked up and the food provided by that respectable committee have proved totally devoid of savour—tough and hard of digestion—"flat, stale, and unprofitable." This of course has produced effects lamentable in themselves, and yet such as might easily be remedied: and it is to bring about this desired object that we now take up our pen, thereby hoping so to pave the way for future efforts that in a short space of time—indeed, ere the snow that now encumbers the ground has melted away—our successful efforts will have become plainly visible to all, in the increased number of accepted productions, and the consequent augmentation of fame, bulk, and importance to the pages of the *Haileybury Observer*. Now, readers all, in the first place, despite what I have previously said, I would seriously advise you to apply all your efforts towards gaining the good will of the Editors, for without that, I need hardly say, you will not be able to book a place in the inside. Now, to gain that good will, several means may be employed: first and foremost, be particular in the choice of a name—a waggish and facetious appellation, or a very learned one, has been known to go a great way, and withal has this advantage, that if the offering is rejected the name will yet appear in the Answers to Correspondents, and by its oddity will doubtless excite a host of conjectures as to its talented and ill-used owner. We know some literary men in our College whose fame has been totally acquired by the singularity of their nomenclature,—at any rate, be sure never to affix to your composition any quiet and unpretending signature such as K.—T. H.—F. G.—&c. &c. Next, always enclose a sort of deprecatory note to the Editors, setting forth that you are young and inexperienced—that this is your first fight, and that your next will be bolder, &c. &c. &c.; and, finally, that if they (the Editors) are hard-hearted enough to reject your enclosed, they are requested immediately to commit it to the flames;—this sort of sentence always acts as a very strong appeal to the feelings, and may be productive of most important consequences. If possible, introduce an allusion—so distinct as not to be mistaken—to some rather conspicuous individual; paint him on the whole, in a somewhat ridiculous light; for

PART III.

C

if your composition be totally devoid of any art or polish, it will still be acceptable to some, from the mere circumstance of its marking a member of the College for the remainder of his stay at Haileybury.—If your subject be verse, so much the better : for verses, when pointed at some distinct person, naturally take a greater hold of the memory than prose, and are more easily hurled at him on every suitable occasion by his friends. Prose also is harder to treat well than verse, yet, if skilfully managed, it possesses great influence. For instance, always begin with “Gentle reader, we bare our bosoms for your inspection ;” or, “My dear readers, we unlock to you the secret repository of our heart’s store ;” or with some such insinuating address contrive to strike on a chord that shall find an echo in the very soul of the most Aristarchus-like critic.—In translation—a never-failing source when every other spring is dried up—Horace is a very good author to exercise your talents upon ; but here there is some dread of the original being known by a good many : Anacreon is a safer subject, and (seemingly) quite as inexhaustible : nor will there be much danger of detection if you wander from your author, and instead of Anacreon give the public his ghost, for few, either from listlessness or inability, will be at the trouble of comparing the Greek with the English, and thus you may luxuriate in your own imaginative powers, as indeed you may always do, whenever you wander in a more untrodden path of literature, and cull the choicest flowers of Lucan or Lucretius.—These are a few of the most important hints which we have to submit to our “gentle readers ;” and in addition let us add, that there is yet a subject untouched and unsullied, which many might handle with dexterity, and that is “ghost stories” and robberies. Deer-stalking has been of late pronounced by unerring authority to be exhausted, and therefore the more earnestly do we advise all to follow our advice, and inundate “*The Observer*” with stories rivals of the “Cock-lane Ghost,” and “Mrs. Veal with the rustling gown,” and great κῆδος be his who first shall tickle the public’s ear with a freezing tale of midnight horrors. Having thus, then, “gentlest of readers,” made you my confidant, and shown you desultory hints whereby you may gain entrance into the little volume, we bid you for the present farewell.

▲.

THE FAIRIES’ LAMENT.

No more, no more, when the moon is high,
And purple light overspreads the sky,
Shall we chase with laughter her flying beam
Over the breast of the starlit stream,

Where the water-lilies rise and fall,
Girt with the rivulet’s silver thrall ;
Pale as a vessel of marble mould,
Or bright like a shield of embossed gold.

Here one dew-nectar would hovering sip
From the azure hyacinth’s bending lip ;
And some on the wings of a moth would pass
Over the flower-inwoven grass ;
Or over the windless waters float
Gallantly borne in an oak-leaf boat.

But now no more by the slender rill
That bursts from the heart of the grassy hill
Will our sacred circles of darkest green
Around the oak by the herds be seen.*

No more will our voices by night be heard,
Fitfully blent with the lone night-bird ;
That fills the air with so sweet a strain
That the joy to listen is almost pain ;

*— “the green-sour ringlets
Whereof the ewe not bites.”—*Tempest*.

The reverence paid to our race of yore,
Men's hardened minds retain no more ;
And harsh and book-gathered thoughts succeed
To the brighter dreams of the olden creed ;

For now the sight of our grassy rings
No awe to the gazing peasant brings ;
Unheeding within their wreaths they stray,
And, like their verdure, we fade away—

In the farthest East of the Indian Sea
Isles by mortals unseen there be,
Where the sunny air is with odours drown'd,
And the blue waves break with a silver sound
O'er the delicate seaweed and diamond sand
Of a myriad-tinted shell-strewn strand.

And with gentle motion the sapphire seas
Roll over rose-coloured coral trees ;
And the painted star-fish amidst them glance
Clad in their glittering radiance ;

And tresses of seaweed the waves beneath
Round the wrinkled stems of the coral wreath ;
Whose tints, gold, purple, and azure, may vie
With the feathery clouds of the evening sky.

And each bright bird through the soft air springs
On ever-changing and rainbow wings ;
And no fierce beast, nor unlovely sight
Those odorous valleys may ever fright ;

And flowers and blossoms strange and rare,
Load with their perfume the fainting air ;
And bend down their heads to the waves that pass
Clearer than colourless crystal glass.

And stately trees o'er the hills and vales
Bow their crests to the scented gales ;
And shining fruits of flavour rare
Glow on their branches everywhere,
As of polished metal they moulded were :

Pearl'd sunbows over the waterfalls rise
Whose silvery mists ascend the skies ;
And scarlet parasites hanging hide
The dark rock's shiver'd and wave-worn side ;

The year throughout in those golden isles
Every element ever smiles ;
And through the deep air's luminous vales
Bright clouds float as on spirit-sails.

Speeding over the ocean-foam,
There henceforward shall be our home ;—
In England's solitudes fair and green
Our roundel-rings shall no more be seen ;
On Cambria's hills, by Avon's shore,
The Fairy-people shall dwell no more ;
By summer wood, or by haunted well—
Sweet vales of England, for aye, farewell !

FOXGLOVE.

THE BACHELOR.

When of the town and its dull pleasures tired,
 To his old hall, the gay Sir George retired ;
 With rustic cares he sooth'd his ruffled breast,
 Drank the pure air, and happiness confess'd.
 Yet was it lonesome, when the day closed round,
 Than owl's scream, to hear none other sound :
 To people every niche with warriors grim,
 And fancied forms, that wildly scowled on him.—
 His maiden friends would seriously advise,
 That he the wedded state should not despise,
 But choose a partner from the gentry round,
 Sure it were hard, if one could not be found ;
 But all his answer was a listless smile,
 Or oftentimes he'd say "I'll wait awhile."
 Now every day he rose at early morn
 And gazed with rapture on the golden dawn ;
 Then vaulted on his hack, and with a speed
 That rival'd railroads, reach'd the place agreed.
 Then blew the huntsman staunch his welcome note,
 Then answer'd shrilly hill and dale remote ;
 Sir George is foremost in the eager press—
 And urges on his steed with fond caress.
 'Tis eve, and in Sir George's friendly hall,
 Around the bowl, sate merrie huntsmen all :
 Sir George, he drank the Queen, the Prince, the Lords,
 With rather better wine, may be, than words—
 When rising up he said, " My Gentle Sirs,
 With your consent, we'll drink the Bachelors."

I.D.

THE LOLLARD'S WOOD.

Fifty years ago, a few miles on the northern side of London, stood a small thicket dignified by the euphonious title of "The Lollard's Wood ;"—bare fields now occupy the spot, but the older inhabitants of the neighbourhood still remember the name. I had once the curiosity to make some researches respecting the local history, and the following tale was the reward of my enquiries :—

"In the reign of Henry V. it is wellknown that a violent persecution of the followers of Wickliffe prevailed, and some few disturbances in the vicinity of the then village of St. Giles and elsewhere, whether real or fictitious, gave a demi-political character to the proceedings against them. It seems otherwise difficult to account for the rancour displayed by the generous nature of the King, with whom the very name of a Lollard was sufficient to outweigh the most meritorious services.

It was not long after the arrest of the celebrated Sir John Oldcastle, on suspicion of treasonable designs, that a single horseman was seen urging his steed to its fastest pace up the ascent which led to the wood in question.

Rushing through the underwood, he hastily secured his bridle to the branch of a tree, and slipping off his seat proceeded to make his way to the interior of the wood on foot. This was no easy matter, for the thicket appeared almost impenetrable, but stooping down, however, he contrived to thrust his body into a small gap, which appeared scarcely large enough to admit a fox—but was in reality the entrance to a circuitous and low passage, evidently cut with great care to avoid discovery—by means of this, he at length arrived at an open space where, halting for a moment, he anxiously listened lest any intruder should be near. All was silent, and he gave a low whistle, which was answered apparently from no great distance, and in another second the grass almost beneath his feet seemed to move, and the venerable head of an old man suddenly rose from the ground. The horseman, a fair haired boy of some sixteen years of age, started backwards at the apparition, but instantly recovered himself,

and advancing towards the cause of his alarm, delivered a packet of letters into his hands. Hurriedly tearing open their silken strings, the latter read them with an expression of deep anxiety, and then turning to the messenger he exclaimed, with an accent that betrayed his foreign origin, "What! have they even discovered this retreat, and can the malice of our enemies descend to hunt down even my grey hairs?" Alas! replied the youth, there have been traitors amongst us, and as to you I heard my father declare but this morning that you were the chief source of the evils which disturb the country, by the introduction of the tenets of the Vaudois—indeed," he added, "if it be in my power to give information of his den, I will in person see that no ill-timed mercy prevents his escape from justice. Sir William Glasdale honours me beyond my desert," replied the preacher, for such he was, "but tell me, are the pursuers already on our track?" "I fear me, that they are almost within earshot even now" was the reply "when I left my father's gate they were mounting for the pursuit, and had it not been for the fleetness of my horse, would have been here before me. You must fly directly, and by keeping along the marshes at the bottom of the hill, you will be able to baffle all chase, as they are too heavily armed to follow you there; and make your way in safety to the North, where our friends will give you shelter."

Scarcely were these words uttered, when a loud neigh from the horse that remained fastened in the outskirts of the wood, was answered by shouts of triumph from the pursuers. "We are lost," cried the young man, "and as this passage will be discovered, our retreat will be cut off." "Not so," replied his companion, "there is yet another way out of the wood, but it will be impossible to reach the marshes." For an instant both stood aghast, till at length the old man hastily prepared for flight, by casting aside his flowing cloak, when a plan instantly entered into the mind of young Glasdale. "Leave your cap," he cried, "and fly for your life; heed not my safety, I may surely make terms with my father." No time was lost, and in another second the aged minister was hastening to a place of security. Meantime the tramp of the soldiers was distinctly heard approaching, and the heart of the noble youth sunk within him. To fly, would be to expose his pastor at least, to certain death, for finding no traces of their prey, the enemy would infallibly push on and overtake the fugitive, before he could reach the marshes. On the other hand, to remain, would be to expose himself to the greatest probability of being butchered without enquiry, or a chance of mercy. Still delay was indispensable, and therefore disguising himself in the garb of his friend, he descended to the hiding place from which the latter had made his appearance. This was a small subterranean cell, to which there was a descent by a flight of rude stone steps; the sides were secured by stout brickwork, and a large stone completely hidden by a covering of turf, served to close the entrance. He allowed this to remain sufficiently open to attract the attention of his pursuers, lest they should pass over it, and continue their search on the track of the fugitives. The plan completely succeeded, the foremost of the troopers uttered a loud cry, and sprang to the side of the entrance. Young Glasdale instantly let fall the stone, and secured it by shooting a strong bolt within. A sword thrust angrily through the turf was broken against the stone, and every effort to effect an entrance was rendered unavailing by the strength of the masonry. At length, perceiving one spot apparently less well-built than the remainder of the wall, and which lay close beneath the entrance, Sir William Glasdale ordered his men to attack it with their battle-axes—with some labour a breach was made, and by the assistance of a huge lever, formed by a fallen tree, the stone was torn up. Here the contest ended, in vain a cry for mercy was heard:—the sword of Sir William Glasdale was passed through the body of his son, ere he could arrest the blow,—but the voice and the features of the dead as they rolled on the ground, revealed the awful truth to the whole band; they stood for some minutes in utter amazement. Slowly, silently they retraced their way; their stern and bigotted commander uttered no sound of lamentation, but ever afterwards was remarkable for the misanthropic fierceness and brutality of his character; his end was worthy of his life, at the capture of the Tournelles by Joan of Arc, a cannon bullet struck the bridge on which he was standing, and he fell into the mud of the fosse beneath, where unable to extricate himself, he sunk gradually from the weight of his armour, in spite of the efforts of his gallant enemies, who vainly endeavoured to reach him.

Εκυθης.

THE DEMON BRIDE.

I tell a tale both strange and rare,
 (And yet the story's true)
 That happen'd unto Geoffrey grim,
 The first Count of Anjou.
 This Count he had a daughter fair,
 Her name was Isabel ;—
 O ! sweet was she to look upon—
 Her father lov'd her well.
 It happen'd that this ' ladie bright '
 Went forth into the wood ;—
 And lo ! in piteous agony,
 A damsel sweet there stood.
 " God help thee, damsel," straight she cried,
 " What woes have touch'd thy breast ?"
 " Sweet Mary, shield me," she replied,
 " I know no joy nor rest.
 " 'Twas yesternight, when all was still,
 Three ruffians fir'd our home—
 My father, brother, did they kill,
 But me they left to roam.
 " And all this day I've wander'd here,
 And here I'll wander still ;—
 My dirge, shall be the whistling wind,
 My grave, yon deep-bank'd rill."
 " Not so, not so," cried Isabel,
 " Our roof shall be thy home ;
 It were not fair that Anjou's heir,
 Should let the stranger roam."
 The maiden thank'd her for her aid,
 And arm in arm they sped,
 To where the Castle of Saumur
 Rear'd high its lordly head.
 They cross'd the drawbridge o'er the moat,
 And reach'd the arched way,
 But when they pass'd the Castle Gate,
 Each dog began to bay.
 The Castle clock toll'd solemnly,
 The warders look'd aghast,
 As though a spirit were riding by,
 Upon the whirlwind's blast.
 They reach'd the Ladie's chamber room,
 But as soon as they pass'd the door,
 The torches burnt with sickly light,
 The wind gave a sullen roar.
 They laid them down to rest and sleep,
 But after an hour or more,
 Poor Isabel woke with a sudden start,
 And a shiv'ring fit all o'er.
 She tried to sleep, she tried to pray,
 But sleep her eyelids fled,
 And on her tongue some magic lay,
 As it were a weight of lead.
 The damsel by her side did lay,—
 Asleep she seem'd to be,
 But strange her countenance appear'd—
 She mutter'd fearfully.

Long wish'd for morn at length did shine,
The damsels left their bed,
And to the Castle's stately hall,
In anxious silence sped.

Sir Geoffrey well receiv'd them both,
He press'd the stranger's hand,
And welcom'd her right heartily
To his paternal land:

"But what doth ail thee, Isabel,
Why flies the rose thy cheek?"
"O father, question not thy child,
I must not, dare not, speak."

Days pass'd away,—Sir Geoffrey lov'd
The stranger fair, 'twas plain,
And then he did to Isabel
His purposes explain.

"Thy mother's loss I long have wept,—
That loss must be supplied;
The damsel sweet, whom thou didst meet
Shall soon become my bride:

"But what doth ail thee, Isabel,
Why flies the rose thy cheek?"
"O father, question not thy child,
I must not, dare not, speak?"

CANTO II.

Merrily, merrily, sings each bird,
As it rests on its leafy spray,
Merrily, merrily, rings each bell,
From its home in the belfry gray.

Merrily, merrily, speeds each boat,
As it glides o'er the dark blue lake;
Merrily, merrily, nods each flow'r,
In the depth of the wood crown'd brake.

Merrily, merrily, floats the cloud,
As it sails through the azure sky;
Merrily, merrily, pipes the wind,
As it rushes along on high.

And joyous winds yon bridal train
Through Saumur's gladsome vale,
To where the chimes of Saumur's spire
Invite, and bid them hail.

A troop of maidens were in front,—
Each bore a blooming bough;—
A troop of maidens were behind
With garments white as snow.

This troop of maidens sang aloud,
Through Saumur's gladsome vale;
Their song was—"Stranger Lady fair,
Thy bridal 'tis;—all hail."

"A deeper red doth blush the rose,
When strew'd before thy feet;
The lily's blossom fairer grows,
The may-thorn's bud more sweet.

Italia boasts her citron bow'rs,
The East, its cedars tall;
But thou, O flow'r of Saumur's tow'rs,
Art fairer than them all."

They reach'd the Church : the priest was there,
 The marriage-knot he tied ;
 That mystic knot, which binds for aye
 The bridegroom to the bride.

But scarcely was the service o'er,
 When (Mary shield us well)
 Tho' not a cloud was seen to low'r
 Fierce, forky flashes fell.

That timid Priest, he told his beads,
 And mutter'd prayers and vows,
 That Baron bold, no beads he told,
 But homeward bore his spouse.

The feast is set, the guests are met,
 The wassail bowl they drain ;
 The minstrels all, around the hall
 Sing many a jocund strain.

But midst their glee and revelry,
 Breaks forth a solemn sound,
 For sullen moans and dismal groans
 Seem'd rising from the ground.

The very dogs in terror crouch'd,
 The guests made pray'rs and vows ;
 That Baron grim, 'twas nought to him,
 He only kiss'd his spouse.

'Tis middle night by Saumûr's clock,
 No sound disturbs the night ;
 Sleep hath gone forth on sable wing,
 And hush'd all care and fright.

Why starts the bride from rest so soon ?
 Why gazes she around ?
 Why leaves the couch, where yet in sleep
 The Baron bold is bound ?

A-CUSHLA.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would have inserted " H. H. " had the subject been suited to our pages.

Under consideration—" Timothy Tugbottom "—" Timon. "

We hope for another blast from the " Bugle Horn. "

" C. " is deficient in point and polish.

We were not aware before that Agamemnon murdered Ajax.

" A Tee-totaller " evidently wrote his contribution before he took the pledge.

" Azibah " is rather too grandiloquent.

" Tu quoque " is an old joke.

" An Essay on Prize-fighting " is a stone too heavy.

" Ομικρον " is accepted.

We request that all contributors will, for the Publisher's convenience, write on one side of the leaf only.

HERTFORD :

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART III.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniã dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 3.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1841. [Price 6d.

THE HUMAN PASSIONS.—A VISION.

ONE evening as I sat watching the light flames of the fire, as they flickered to and fro, I was insensibly led into a train of meditation on the source, substance, and nature of our passions, and their situation in the human frame. On this point I seemed completely involved in a mist. In anger we are conscious of a swelling at the breast, and a violent throbbing of the veins, and the cause of it we say is anger; but is that enough? does it convey any definite idea of how these effects are produced;—in a word, have we formed a definite conception of anger in an abstract view, and if we have, what is it? Those who are well acquainted with the structure of the human body, account for these effects by the workings of nerves and other contrivances in that wonderful piece of mechanism:—but to us, the uninitiated, is this satisfactory? Does it bring before us the form and substance of that which acts on these nerves? Meditating on this, I felt like a mariner among shoals without a chart to direct his course. At length, a kind of dreaminess came on, and raised up a conception of the following kind:—

Methought in the human breast, near the region of the heart, there was a garden,—a garden fair to look upon, and it was called the Mind; and round this garden were situated a number of small caves, inhabited by divers spirits. The names of these spirits were Anger, Hatred, Jealousy, Love, Content, and some others—such as Benevolence, Charity, Joy, Sorrow, Spite, who generally followed as attendants on the other superior spirits. Now this garden was naturally a blooming district, full of fair flowers, and watered by pure fountains, and to it belonged a kind of presiding spirit, a light-winged Zephyr, called Happiness, who passed the day in roaming 'mid the flowers, and reclining on the mossy banks of the fountains. But the aspect of this sweet spot was constantly being changed,—the spirits who inhabited the surrounding caves were ever contending for power, and this fair garden, the scene of their fierce and overwhelming contests, was laid waste, and buried in the deepest gloom. During the dire battlings of the spirits, Happiness fled the spot, but whenever a gleam of sunshine broke forth, the spirit returned, and beneath its fostering care the garden was once again restored to its wonted beauty.

Of all the spirits the fiercest was Anger; volcano-like, it would often break forth from its cave, and with a fiery stream of desolation sweep o'er the garden, and fill it with clouds, darkness, and destruction. The tempest o'er, and Anger once again slumbering in its cave, then came Sorrow forth, and slowly pacing, strayed amid the ruins, till some kindlier spirit shed its cheering rays on the spot, and blossoms and flowers once more appeared and flourished.

Hatred was the most dread, the most fell spirit; and its cave was a cave of deepest darkness, of blackest midnight, and when open there proceeded from it pestilential blasts, that spread through the garden, poisoning every flower, till at length forming

into a thick mist, they hung brooding over the whole place. When this spirit had once obtained the mastery, it reigned supreme, for none of the other spirits could endure its noisome vapours, they were thus shut up in their caves, and the garden never blessed with their presence, became a hideous waste. Spite alone revelled amidst this gloom; the constant attendant of Hatred, it rode upon the poisonous blasts, and drew nourishment from the most pestilential vapours.

A fitful spirit was Love, and its cave alternately full of sunshine and clouds. At one time, dancing forth, it would fill the garden with mirth and gladness, and shed a soft silvery light over the whole place; then anon a sudden change,—clouds and storms would come rolling on, the flowers droop their heads, the fountains cease playing, and all that so late was light, became a gloomy darkness.

Jealousy, Joy, Sorrow, and other spirits of that kind, ever and anon came out from their caves, and spread their influence through the Mind; but ere long they were compelled to give way to some of the more powerful ones, who once again asserted their sway. But when all these spirits were at rest, and slumbering in their caves, then came forth Content, attended by Benevolence, Charity, and numerous other little spirits, and filled the garden with eternal summer;—then Happiness roved from flower to flower, and sipped their sweets, and, spreading its wings, rejoiced once more in its renovated life.

Next, methought, in the brain there was an habitation for another race of spirits, called Memory, Thought, and Fancy; and that between the garden of the Mind and the chambers of the brain there was a passage, by which the spirits of the brain descended to the garden, and the spirits of the garden, or the passions, rose up, though but seldom, to the brain. From the intercourse of these two races of spirits arose considerable advantages; the passions were softened, regulated, and taught subjection; the garden was ornamented with new flowers, and watered with purer streams; and the spirits of the brain returned to their habitation with new vigour, and a greater degree of energy.

Of these, Memory was a brooding spirit, who watched over a number of little store-houses in the brain; and often would it descend, like the gentle settling of a dove, and calm the storms and disturbances of the spirits of the Mind: at other times it would stoop like a hawk, and occasion fierce outbreaks of Anger and Jealousy. Thought was a quiet spirit, sometimes melancholy, sometimes joyous; while Fancy was a restless one, that delighted to rove through unknown regions, gathering stores of new imaginings, which it brought back to Thought, who, after cleansing and purifying them, laid them up in the garner of Memory.

In addition to these there was a spirit called Hope, a messenger from the spirits of the brain, who always hovered near the garden of the Mind, even when filled with the deepest gloom; and often would it dart a ray of light through the clouds of despair, a sunbeam of brighter days, and dispersing the darkness, cheer the soil with the promise of a genial spring.

Such was the vision,—its shadowy forms, pictured as they then were in all the bright colourings of fancy, are departed, but the outline of the structure still remains, and as such, gentle reader, is it now offered to you; and though but the pencilling of fantastic thought, it presents a tangibility of form to assist the dreamer in his meditations on the nature of the Human Passions.

V.

VIRG. GEORG. 466.

Phœbus himself gave warning from afar
Of civil tumult, and internal war,
Predicted Rome's disturbed—unhappy state,
And pitying Cæsar's undeserved fate,
Mid darkling clouds obscured his lustrous light,
That awe-struck nations feared eternal night.
At that dread time the earth—the air—the wave
Of dire events portentous omen gave:
How oft with lurid and unearthly gleams
From Etna's furnace burst the fiery streams?
Of heavenly arms Germania caught the sound:
Where tower the Alps, convulsive shook the ground;

From the dark grove a mystic voice proceeds—
 The ivory weeps—the conscious marble bleeds—
 The sacred statue in its shrine grows pale :
 Wide gapes the earth, and conquering rivers fail :—
 Its banks despising—swelled with Alpine snows—
 Eridanus the lordly river flows,
 Uprooting forests with resistless force,
 And scattering ruin in its headlong course.
 No less mishaps the bleeding victims tell,
 And midnight howlings through the city swell ;
 From the clear heaven Jove's bolts unerring fly,
 And flaming comets shoot athwart the sky :
 Forsooth th' unholy fight is fought again
 'Twixt Roman armies on Philippi's plain :
 By heaven's relentless destiny once more
 Thessalian fields grow rich with Roman gore ;
 And if the time should come, when this sad field
 Shall once again its golden harvest yield,
 The rustic, while his busy toil he plies,
 These cankered arms shall view with wondering eyes,
 —These empty helmets mouldering in decay,
 And bones of heroes of a former day.

Ω.

τυφλὸς ἄνθρωπος, οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίφ' ἐνι παιπαλοέσσῃ.

HOMER ! when we think of that word a confused and fantastic vision rises before us of a very dirty-looking school-book, well thumbed and dogs-eared ; a very fierce-looking and impetuous pedagogue, glaring savagely through a pair of spectacles, and brandishing in his right hand a cane, or some such terrible instrument of torture : with a row of meek boys sitting on hard forms, and looking as if they wished they had it in their power to exterminate at one fell blow the school, the schoolmaster, and the Mæonian. In fact, Homer has been made a "sine qua non" in the school-room ; the universal hack on which every tyro is to exercise himself, and no sooner are we called upon "relinquere nuces," than we throw him into a corner along with our peg-tops and our marbles, and consign one and all to perpetual oblivion. This treatment of the father of all poetry, the Mæonian bee, whose honey we have so often tasted without being conscious of its sweetness, is unjust, ungrateful, and much to be deprecated. We dwell with rapture on the productions of the Greek tragedians, but we forget that Homer combines all the fire of Æschylus with the tenderness of Euripides, and stands unequalled in the melody of his poetry, the ineffable sweetness and purity of his language, the aptness of his similes, and the exquisite beauty of his ideas. But more than this : Homer offers to the inquisitive mind an unbounded field for inquiry and speculation. A school-boy's ideas of Homer, it is true, are confined to the notion of a very old man, who wrote a very long poem, and lived in some remote period of antiquity ; but we must not be satisfied with any thing so vague, but strive to arrive at something more tangible and definite. There have been so many conflicting opinions on this subject that we feel little diffidence in asserting our own. Some have gone so far as to maintain that Homer never had any existence at all ; they boldly convert him at once into an abstract idea, a mere "signum ex instituto vicarium," a symbol in fact standing for certain poems that were connected together (δμῶν, ἄρῳ) by Pisistratus. Others again (and they must have been great wags) have come to the conclusion, after much investigation, that Solomon was the author of these poems, though whence and how he obtained so correct a knowledge of Greek they never could satisfactorily explain. In addition to this, there are three other theories respecting the Homeric poems. 1. That they were different poems written by one man. 2. That they were all one poem written by one man. 3. That they were different poems written by different men. Now of these we adopt the first as our creed ; for there is quite sufficient uniformity of style throughout each work to make it quite clear that a

Homer wrote the Iliad, and a Homer the Odyssey, but that the former at least was intended for a continuous poem is not so evident. In the first place, we would ask, where is the hero of the piece? Certainly not in Achilles, for we very soon part company with him, and do not join him again till the very end of the story. Each book, it is true, will serve as a link to connect the whole twenty-four into one chain, but each one is as complete in itself, and as plainly a separate episode as were the members of the tragic tetralogy. Nor is the design expressed in the first line of the Iliad carried out through the whole poem: and we cannot think that Homer would have commenced with these well known words, had he intended to write the whole consecutively.

The next question is, when did the writer of these poems live? And here we will be so audacious as to differ from no less an authority than Herodotus, who places the date of Homer some four hundred years before his own time. Now there is but one way of ascertaining the era with any probability, and that is by noticing the particular circumstances on which he is silent. We find, then, that he is totally silent respecting a very important revolution in Peloponnesus, on the invasion of the Dorians, eighty years after the Trojan war. This event produced great and lasting changes, and had Homer lived subsequently to it, some intimation of the fact, some allusion to the circumstances of the invasion, would most indisputably have escaped him. Instead of which, the name of Dorians only occurs once; and every thing tends to show that Homer was entirely the poet of the "Hellene," the indiscriminate title of the Greeks anterior to the Doric conquest. And, indeed, he would hardly have called the sceptre of Agamemnon *ἡγήτορον αἰεὶ* (Il. ii. 46), had not the kings of Mycenæ still been flourishing. From these premises we deduce the conclusion, that Homer lived between the Trojan war B.C. 1184, and the return of the Heracleidæ, 1104.

And now another question arises, whether the Iliad and Odyssey were the work of the same man? We hope we shall not startle our fellow students too much by at once asserting our opinion, that the two poems were not the production of one hand. In the first place, there exists quite sufficient discrepancy between the style to justify the hypothesis, and various other considerations incline us to the same belief. The Odyssey is plainly assignable to a later date than the Iliad. Various arts and implements are mentioned in the one which are not named in the other; though it might be said, "*non erat his locus*" before the walls of Troy. But the great difference in the tone of religion which pervades the two poems, is the real basis on which we ground our theory. The notions respecting the moral government of the world, and the dispensations of Providence, are much more elevated in the one than the other, and are indicative of a higher complexion of mind, and a more enlightened cast of thought.

In the Iliad the gods are men in everything but power; but in the Odyssey they are a much higher order of beings, and are never found to squabble and fight amongst themselves, or be the promoters and originators of evil. In the former, the gods are *naturally* corporeal and visible to human eyes, and are made to take an active interest in terrestrial affairs; but in the latter, they never appear in their own shape except to one another, and are more removed and separate from mortals, working in a great measure by secondary causes. The light, too, in which good and evil are viewed, is not similar in both poems, for in the Iliad, *ὄρεσ' αἰών*, generally signifies a great exploit, but in the other, it is used to denote positive sin. In the Iliad too, the *actual* mountain Olympus is the dwelling-place of the gods, but in the Odyssey, though it is still Olympus, the Olympus is more vague and undefined, and blended to a certain extent with the notion of heaven.

Such are a few of the circumstances which lead us to believe that the two poems are to be referred to different periods, and different authors. Dire contentions have agitated the literary world on this subject, much ink has been shed in the progress of the warfare, and still we can only say, "*adhuc sub judice lis est.*"

ΛΥΡΙΚΟΣ.

EXTRACT FROM THE HITOPADESA.

(Re-translated from the Original.)

WHEN the hour of lecture was again arrived, the students said, "O, Sir! we have heard the history of the brave man, let now, we beseech thee, the history of the coward be told also." "Attend then," answered the Professor, "and you shall hear the history of the coward, of which this is the first aloke—

"He that fights and runs away,
"Will live to fight another day."

The students said, "How was that?" The Professor then related the following tale:—"There is in the county of Hertford, a place called Haileybury: thither from various climes and countries two-footed ones on account of business go, and among them a certain individual named "Small-wit," who was in the constant habit of ablutions, and of reading the Vedes, and had also become a practiser of the severe vow and heavy penance of tee-totalism, lived. Now once on a time, when the moon, the leader of the Kumudini flowers, was reclining on the hills of Hoddesdon, one "Lightfoot," so called, came to "Small-wit's" house, and having gained his confidence, and having said, "Let us go to a neighbouring town" thus, they went together, and having entered into the house of a certain man, and having said, "bring us wine and biscuits," thus, they drank much, till at length they became overpowered. Then returning home, they did many unwise things, and broke many "windows, lamps, doors," and meeting with one "lantern-holding" man, Small-wit said, "Who are you?" "I am a beak," said he, "named Knock-you-down." Having thus said, and having tried to seize "Small-wit," he was struck on the head by "Lightfoot," and a great fight ensued, when suddenly another beak named "Have-at-you," having run up, and having said, "What's the row," thus, took "Small-wit," and having conducted him to a secure place, left him. In the meanwhile, "Lightfoot" in extreme fear at the arrival of the second, with great swiftness and trepidation went away and escaped: therefore, I repeat, 'He that fights,'" &c. &c.

A GREAT PANDIT.

THE PERSIAN ARMY CROSSES THE HELLESPONT.

Tales fama canit tumidum super æquora Xerxes
Construxisse vias, multum cum pontibus ausus
Europamque Asiæ, Sestonque admovit Abydo,
Incesatque fretum rapidi super Hellesponti
Non Eurum Zephyrumque timens.—

Lucan. Lib. II. v. 672.

Blithe o'er the plains, where hosts unnumber'd lie,
Dawn the first blushes from the eastern sky,
A hum of voices seem at first to rise,
Float on the breeze, and slowly mount the skies
Till gathering strength from each succeeding man,
One shout triumphant o'er the army ran,
Above—around—in circling echoes rose
And sunk at length to calmness and repose!
'Tis silence now, and moves the mighty throng;
Spears shine on spears, and ranks drive ranks along,
Her myriad tribes th' obedient east had sent,
Their willing aid had every nation lent;
In varied garbs the despot's slaves appear
And sounds promiscuous strike th' enquiring ear;
The wily Parthian brings his roving horde,
Assyria sends her children of the sword;
Far distant Nubia adds her swarthy race,—
Their dress of skins, the produce of the chase—
Arabia,—Lydia—own that king's control
And Indus' waves to him obedient roll,
The rising morn—the north—the south, obey
And bend, too willing, 'neath his tyrant sway!

Unclouded shine the bright ethereal fields
 And the light breeze a balmy fragrance yields,
 Whatever flowers in orient climes are found,
 Here, gaily scattered, deck the varied ground,
 Sabæan perfumes slaves in order bear,
 And all Arabia breathes its spices there,
 Shrubs, gardens, woods, bestow their odorous spoils,
 Nature's own work, and Art's unnumbered toils,
 The earth, the sky have spread their gladsome wiles,
 And every dimpling wave at that fair pageant smiles.

But first is offered what may lull to sleep
 Th' offended God who rules the angry deep,
 A band of slaves their precious gifts unfold—
 A sword, and vessels of pure, burnished, gold ;
 'Tis done—embosomed in the sea's dark caves
 Are sunk those offerings to the greedy waves,
 'Tis done—and onward flowed that living tide,
 Asia's chief boast, and Persia's kingly pride,
 From noon till night, from eve to morn, they went,
 For seven long days that goodly armament.

But whose that form, which proudly stalks behind,
 In whom appear all Nature's gifts combined,
 —That noble gait, that lofty eye, and grace,
 Bespeak the monarch of the Persian race,
 I know that stature, and that soul of fire,
 Whom mad ambition, thirst for fame, inspire :
 E'en now he pauses once again to gaze
 Where glides his army's dim-discovered maze,
 Bright joy is there, yet springs but soon to fade,
 And sadder dreams his lowering features shade
 Perhaps dark thoughts his rising hopes depress,
 Some care may canker, or some fear distress,
 Some warning vision flit before his eyes,
 The strong how feeble—and how weak the wise
 Some whispering voice may ring a mournful knell
 And dire defeat, and dread destruction, tell.

R.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS,

IN the course of some anatomical investigations that, in conjunction with some others of my profession, I was making the other day, we met with a very curious specimen of a head, supposed to have belonged to a H——y student. I have noted down some of the most remarkable formations of the organs, that the medical world may profit by them, and be led to offer some solution of the phenomenon. The skull itself was of a wonderful hardness and thickness, and had the bumps of Forgetfulness, Stupidity, Gluttony, Drinking, and Smoking, developed in a most extraordinary manner; indeed, they were so large, that they occupied nearly the whole of the head. On opening it, we found a railroad running between the two stations called the auricular orifices, so that everything entering at one was carried out through the other at a most inconceivable speed; and what was most remarkable, notwithstanding the numerous turns and ups and downs in the line, the rapidity of the motion infinitely surpassed that we have attained to in our railroads, though they run on level ground. Between the eyes and the cerebrum hung a net of extremely fine, but very strong texture, in which all ideas, sentiments, and arguments, derived from the perusal of books in their passage from the eyes to the cerebrum were entangled, and, being unable to penetrate this obstacle, they dropped useless into a receptacle at the root of the tongue, where they lay tossing about, till the tongue was set in motion, when out they rolled in inconceivable confusion, yet perfectly harmless, all their point or edge having been worn off by the friction they had undergone. The cerebrum itself we have not yet examined; but from its extraordinary appearance, we were led to imagine some most important discoveries would be made; it is therefore left to be

opened at a general meeting of eminent surgeons and anatomists. The throat was large, and by the constant friction of things passing down it, the uvula nearly worn away. The tongue also was very large, but the nerves and muscles belonging to it so lax and powerless, that even a slow and tedious motion must with great difficulty have been imparted. But what most puzzled us was the appearance of the palate, which was lined with a coating of black. We could not account for this, till at last I suggested that the man must have made a chimney of his mouth by the continual practice of smoking, which easily explained the remarkable appearance of the parts about the uvula. These specimens we have now got preserved in spirits, and should any one be anxious to see them, if they will call at the H———y hospital, we shall be proud to show them. Should any of your readers have any opinion to offer on the subject, we hope they will enlighten the world with them.

I remain, Gentlemen Editors,

Your most obedient and humble Servant,

ORLANDO CUTLEG, Surgeon, F.R.S. &c. &c.

MR. EDITOR,

I feel confident that you, with all the thinking and reflecting members of this most sedate and Oriental-loving community, will join with me in congratulations to the community aforesaid, on the occasion of the disappearance of an epidemic, last term particularly prevalent, I may almost say universal, and of a most deleterious and discouraging tendency. I allude to a derangement in the sanguinary system, the result no doubt of the unhealthy malaria arising from the mass of Sanscrit accumulated in College. The dread scourge was wont to develope itself in frequent bleedings at the organ, designated in vulgar phraseology the nose, during the time that the ear was inhaling the flood of intellectual sweets daily devoured at the hour of lecture. For scarcely had it lasted for five minutes, when the most promising and studious youths might be seen, after making every effort to obviate the necessity of losing such an oasis, as it were, in the blank of their existence, to apply their handkerchiefs to their faces, and to make a sudden and precipitate exit; and such was the considerateness of those high-minded and generous spirits, that they concealed all evidences of their misfortune so carefully, that no instance remains on record of a trace of blood being discovered. Doubtless they feared to discourage the burning fervour of their companions in the theatre of academic glory.

Such were the distressing facts which daily presented themselves to our notice. Can any thing be imagined more heart-rending than the scene? This fearful calamity spared no degree of eminence, but fell with its full fury on the admirers of Eastern lore, while it glanced with a lighter hand on him whose soul was wrapt up in the hidden beauties of the classics, or the fascinating problems of Euclid. And what must have been the feelings of the victim of its unrelenting cruelty? Torn from that spot which he held most dear in the whole College, cursing his unpropitious destiny, he issues forth with something distantly resembling a grin on his countenance, which as he recedes from the eye of the Professor, gradually assumes a more decided character, till at last it expands into that lovely expression of the features which generally accompanies the intonation of the voice known by the name of a horse-laugh.

Nor shall we deign to stop for an instant to refute those vile and unprincipled calumniators, who, jealous of the deservedly acquired glory of those paragons of Collegiate excellence, invidiously seek to detract from their fair fame, by insinuating that a slight inconsistency was observable in the speed with which the invalids rushed to the Fives Court and the Rye House. Our righteous indignation almost curdles the ink in our pen, when we record such horrible and gratuitous slander. Do the nameless wretches not perceive that this is the most effectual remedy which medical skill can suggest, repulsive though it be to the feelings and taste of those who submit to it? But they *do* submit to it, from the conviction that it will be instrumental to their speedily resuming the course of study which they were so loath to relinquish.

I shall conclude then, Mr. Editor, by again congratulating you upon the pleasing fact, that the paths of science and literature are no longer obstructed by this unseemly monster, and that such may never again be the case, is the sincere wish of your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TUGBOTTOM.

HOPE.

Hope, like the beaming taper's light
 Cheers and adorns our way,
 And still, though darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

Goldsmith.

When keenest griefs the mourner's peace destroy,
 Blight every bliss and wither every joy,
 When nought remains to yield a brief repose,
 Or lend a fleeting solace to our woes ;
 What mighty hand can every sorrow calm,
 And o'er the sinking spirit pour a balm ?
 When o'er the form of some beloved one
 Now cold in Death's embrace, unseen, alone
 The mourner weeps, what sweet seraphic voice,
 In thrilling accents calls him to rejoice,
 Wafts to his soul the promise from on high,
 That man's immortal spirit shall not die,
 And then exulting leads him to arise
 On thought's aerial wing beyond the skies,
 And picture scenes of purest bliss above,
 Where soul meets kindred soul, and all is love ?
 'Tis thou, immortal Hope ! eternal pow'r !
 Then is thy glorious kingdom, then thy hour !
 Oh ! come ! thy deep-enchanting form display,
 Thy matchless beauties, brilliant as the day,
 When laughing spring adorned with purple flow'rs,
 Now bright with sunshine, now bedewed with show'rs,
 From wintry slumbers bids the earth arise,
 And spreads a calm effulgence o'er the skies.
 At thy approach each sceptic doubt shall fly,
 As night's chill vapours leave the azure sky,
 When morn's bright chariot gilds nocturnal gloom,
 And day dispels the darkness of the tomb—
 Cause the pale cheek with rosy hues to glow,
 Through every vein the stream of life to flow,
 Affliction's soul-distracting pangs to cease,
 And each tumultuous sorrow sink to peace.
 Chase from the quivering eye the starting tear,
 With joys unnumbered deck the circling year ;
 Celestial peace, ethereal bliss supply,
 And teach us first to live, and then to die.

M.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Under consideration. "Don Roalez."

Our reasons for declining "ομικρον" *are best known to the author.*

We regret having overlooked "A Quaker's" *contribution last week—we are sorry to decline it.*

C. L.—*His verses are very good, but the subject unfortunately is not quite adapted to our pages.*

On mature consideration, we decline "Timon."

The "Haileybury Ghost" is a very improbable personage.

'Ovris is not bad.

"Old Buckets" is too watery.

"Dirghakarna's" name is very appropriate.

We have killed "The Second Epistle of Timothy T." *at his own request.*

HERTFORD.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART III.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 4.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1841. [Price 6d.

THE INTERDICT.

IN a small village in the central part of Hampshire there exists to the present day a large porch attached to the parish church; disproportioned as these buildings generally are to the church itself, they are not uncommon, especially in the southern parts of England; and to one unacquainted with their history, would give but a poor idea of the national taste for architecture. A little attention will, however, soon discover that they are not often of the same date as the original edifice, and, in fact, there is evidence to shew that they were not introduced into England till the reign of King John; the reason of which may perhaps be illustrated by the following anecdote:—

One morning, in the latter end of the year 1212, in the porch in question was assembled, a party of ten or a dozen who were evidently waiting for the arrival of some other with no small impatience.

The eldest of the party was a stoutly built man, apparently of superior rank, and wearing the symbols of knighthood, and whose face would have been handsome, had it not borne the impress of overbearing pride and self-sufficiency; one lady was evidently his wife, and carried in her arms an infant a few months old; several others seemed to accompany her as friends, together with rather a younger knight; and a few servants completed the number.

"What makes the good father tarry so long to day?" asked the first-named man. "I warrant he is ashamed of his new waiting hall." "He will soon be here my Lord," answered the other knight, "for yonder I see him coming up the hill." The vicar of the parish was the person in question, who quickly joined the party. He was apparently some fifty years of age, and though of muscular and athletic frame, possessed manners of unusual mildness and grace. With some apologies for having kept them so long tarrying, he said,— "I was detained by a poor forester a short distance hence, to whom I was administering the last sacrament; alas! that, and the right of admission within the pale of the church, are alone remaining to us, of the offices of religion." "What mean ye," asked the first speaker, "I understand ye not."

"What, then, is it possible that you have not heard of the interdict laid upon the country," returned the priest. "And know you not that extreme unction and baptism alone may be administered by us, and even the latter not unless without the walls of the parish church."

"I had heard of the interdict," said the knight, "but I did not believe that it

would more prevail than the mandate of our king ; and now I, Hubert de Vear, Baron of Alresford, do summon you, in the name of our lord the king, whose sheriff I am, to admit us within the church."

"It cannot be my lord," returned the vicar, at the same time stepping forward and placing himself before the door which led into the aisle. "This porch has been built, as you ought well to know, to supply the place of the consecrated edifice."

The baron made no answer, but rushing forward, endeavoured to reach the door ; the priest, however, seized him, and after a short struggle, flung him back with much violence. The rest of the party had remained hitherto silent spectators, but now the younger knight stepped forward, just in time to prevent the baron from assaulting the minister of religion with his sword. "Patience, De Vear," he said, "you gain little by this unlawful violence, for were you even to gain entrance to the church, who would perform the ceremony?"

"There would be little question then," he answered, "fair cousin Ralph ; I'll be surety that beggarly priest should christen my son upon his bended knees."

"John Talbot is of no mean race," indignantly interrupted the vicar, "to bend the knee to a craven such as thou—but," added he, checking himself, "I do wrong to be in wrath ; still would I rather die than disobey the right. Brother, either part in peace, or bring your son to the font within this porch." Saying this he drew his lofty form to its full height, and gazed around him with a look of firm determination.

It was now the turn of the ladies to bear their part of course for peace ; they had hitherto, so quickly had the transaction past, scarcely had time to be alarmed ; and sooth to say, even now the lady of the baron seemed little to sympathise with the wrath of her lord and master : the prospect, however, of departing with her son unbaptized seemed rather to arouse her energies, and she immediately commenced an endeavour to soothe the anger of the disputants.

"Yield thee, Hubert," she began, "to the entreaties of this good man ; what the Church has ordained he must surely obey ; our boy may as well be christened at this font as elsewhere."

Alas ! her gentle words served but, as oil to the flame, to increase her husband's ire.

"Deem ye," he cried, "that I will yield to a pitiful shaven crown, and shall it be said that the sheriff in his own county could not execute the commands of the king ? Here ! Gilbert, and you too, Walton," added he, turning to two of the menials who followed him, "Seize that fellow, and see that he never again enters the limits of the county ; heed not his struggles, or his threats,—you know I am not wont to have my orders disobeyed."

Aware how useless further interference would prove, the party with the exception of the two servants, followed the Baron in silence to his mansion. The priest, meanwhile, submitted to be led in an opposite direction until out of sight of his oppressor, and here for the present our narrative must leave him.

The intended christening party pursued their way in no very cheerful mood, and soon arrived at their destination. The day wore on, and to it succeeded one of the fairest of English evenings, the bright harvest moon shone in all its splendour on a thickly wooded landscape—and, as our ancestors kept earlier hours than ourselves, all sounds were as hushed as at midnight.

This silence was ere long broken by gentle steps, which however beat upon the terrace in no very measured procession, but hurriedly, as if the owner or owners were not possessed of great mental tranquility.

Our readers may guess that the lady Baroness was about to make her appearance, and they will guess rightly, for she did emerge from one of the wickets of the Castle, upon a terrace which ran outside one of the principal walls—she was accompanied by one of her friends, who was condoling with her upon her miseries, as it was very natural that she should, such having been the practice of all lady and gentleman confidants from time immemorial.

"I would give all that I possess," the Baroness began, "that our boy had been baptized to-day. What accident may not occur to prevent it hereafter?"

"What made my lord so wrathful to-day?" asked her friend, "'twas pity he listened not to your advice ; besides, father John Talbot is so well-beloved among the neighbours round, that ill-treatment of him might breed a formidable riot—and the Castle is but slightly built, nor would it be proof against a strong attack."

"I fear not that," said the lady, "but as to my lord's good-will or rather ill-will, 'tis more than mortal man can do, to tell the motives that influence it ; it would rouse

my wonder far more if he had demeaned himself, for once, as becometh a knight and a good Christian."

"You speak bitterly, my lady," answered her friend, "but it is a hard thing to be wedded for life against one's will to the brutal creature of a tyrant."

"Aye, and yet his Majesty had grace to tell me that I might deem my lot a happy one, in that I was not sold in marriage, at least, to a base-born churl. Let what may come, however, my child shall be christened in spite of him;—and by Father John, for all that he is forbidden the country: I will not be baffled for the means."

We know not wherefore, but so it certainly is, all distressed heroines ever find some kind deliverer most conveniently at hand to rescue them from their difficulties; nor was the present case an exception to this rule. The good lady had scarcely given utterance to this spirited wish when she observed approaching through the moonlight, the figure of a man wrapt, as to his body, in a large cloak, and as to his mind, in deep meditation. A farther glance shewed him to be her cousin, Ralph de l'Haye, who has before been mentioned as the younger knight.

(To be continued.)

THE DEMON BRIDE.

CANTO III.

'Tis the middle of night, by the clock of the keep,
The bride hath awoke from her midnight sleep;—
From her couch she hath sped, at the casement she stands,
And she opens it slow, with her fairy hands,
As though inwardly loth and repining.

Why gazes she forth on yon star, so late?
That bright-gleaming star, is the star of her fate:—
She hails with rejoicing its silver light,
And she sends out her voice to the silent night;—

Her eye with strange lustre is shining:—
"Ye elves, who disport on the margin of Loire,
"Ye witches, who rule in the turrets of Blois,
"Ye fays, who hold court on the plains of Anjou,
"Ye goblins, who frighten the folks of Beaupreu,—

"'Tis the hour of my sway—hasten hither."
They hasten, they come, those fantastical shapes,
Disguis'd in the forms of men, serpents, and apes,
They enter, unnotic'd, the Castle old,
And throng to the hall of the Baron bold,

And the bride from her chamber speeds thither.
The Baron hath woke from his spell-bound rest,

And he finds that his bird hath forsaken her nest:—
"Ha!" fiercely he shouteth, "my bride, she has fled
"To some pitiful paramour's secret bed:—

"I will track her, though hell were concealing."
He hath leap'd from his bed, he hath rush'd from the room,
He hath follow'd her track through the midnight gloom,
Thro' darksome ways he hath reach'd the hall,
When its doors flew open, by magic all,

A terrible picture revealing.
Six torches were burning with downward flame,
Six witches were sporting in elvish game,
Six goblins were weaving a mystic dance,
Six demons were wielding sword and lance—

His bride in the midst was appearing.
The Baron was bold—not a word did he utter,
Tho' somewhat he feared their hellish mutter;
In haste he withdrew to the deepest shade,
And listen'd intent, to each word they said,

From the gloom of his hiding-place peering.

1st WITCH.

Since the morn was last on high,
 I have sail'd along the sky,
 On a broomstick featly riding,
 To discover Bertrand's hiding.
 Bertrand loves fair Isabel,
 And, I guess, she loves him well,—
 But the Baron, proud and grim,
 Voweth vengeance deep on him,
 And with cruel ban and bar,
 Forc'd the youth to fly afar.
 I, with words of treach'rous chiding,
 Brought him back from forth his hiding,
 And the youth, in yonder dell,
 Met his much-lov'd Isabel.
 Whilst of love was still their theme,
 News I gave to stout De Hime ;
 He with many a curse and blow,
 Fierce assail'd his youthful foe ;—
 Long and doubtful was the fight,
 But De Hime prevails in might—
 Stretch'd in death, to rise no more,
 Bertrand welters in his gore.
 Isabel had swoon'd in fright,
 But recov'ring, (cruel sight)
 Close beside her side did lay
 Bertrand's body, cold as clay—
 Hard along a river roll'd,
 Deep and sluggish, black and cold—
 To the eye of Isabel
 Rest it offer'd, but too well :—
 Deep within the trench'rous main,
 Plung'd she, ne'er to rise again.

2ND WITCH.

Sister ! bravely hast thou far'd !
 List and hear what I have dar'd.
 I, in guise of lady bright,
 Wand'ring through the wood by night,
 By a charm of potent spell,
 Gain'd the heart of Isabel.
 She, within the Castle wall
 Brought me to her father's hall ;
 Soon he learn'd to love me well,
 Forc'd by that same potent spell.
 Saumur's Abbot saw us wed,
 Saumur's Abbot now is dead :
 They, who then my bridesmaids were,
 Isabel and lovely Clare,
 Both, no human pow'r could save,
 Both, have found an early grave ;—
 And the Baron, proud and grim,
 Sudden fate awaiteth him.

Count Geoffrey could endure no more,
 He leap'd with frantic spring,
 And from his fearful hiding place,
 He fell into the ring.

Each torch at once its light withdrew,
 Each witch and demon fled,
 The hall, once more, was darksome, as
 The mansions of the dead.

The morning came—the sun appear'd,
 A glorious, golden ball ;—
 His rays of light, they pierced through
 The windows of the Hall.
 His rays of light, that shone so bright,
 They shone on scenes of woe,
 For Geoffrey, lord of countries broad,
 Was laid in death full low.

A-CUSHLA.

WANDERINGS IN THE LONG VACATION.

(Continued from PART II.)

I HAVE heard of an Englishman, a good, honest John Bull, whose wife and daughter persuaded him to take a trip on the Continent. His fire-side, his mutton chop, and his quiet snooze after dinner, were more congenial to his city habits than French frogs and "soup maigre;" but the love of sight-seeing reigned paramount in the bosoms of his better half and offspring. Sight after sight fatigued his eyes, and wearied his legs, till at last, when the carriage approached some fresh town, he would anxiously peer through the window, and if neither church, tower, belfry, or steeple met his eye, his heart would bound with joy, and his lips involuntarily thank heaven that the inhabitants had not yet become religious.

Such, however, were not my feelings. I was but a young traveller, and eager with anticipated delight. I awoke on the morning after reaching Paris, revolving in my mind whither I should first direct my steps. As I lay thus thinking, the gargon entered the room with the intelligence that a gentleman was enquiring for me down stairs. I dressed and went to meet him; he was an old school-fellow, then studying medicine under the distinguished auspices of Dupuytren and Andral; he had heard of my expected arrival, and came to welcome me. After mutual congratulations, I told him that I felt like the ass between two bundles of hay: or, to use a more elegant simile, like Mahomet's coffin at Mecca, which is said to hang suspended in mid air, with a loadstone above, and a loadstone beneath, acting as counter-forces.

I will release you from your embarrassment, he said; "I am at this moment going to attend a lecture at the dissecting rooms of the 'Ecole de Medicine;' come with me, and you will witness a sight that no other town in Europe can afford you." I consented, and we marched off. On reaching our destination, we entered a large court, enclosed by half a dozen buildings of equal height, each building containing one room. Curiosity overcame all scruples I might naturally feel on entering, and I proceeded to examine the remains of mortality around me. There on marble slabs lay reclined in rotting helplessness what once had been the shrines of youth, vigour, beauty, virtue, and vice. Human nature appeared in all its ungarnished, its frightful reality. The bosom which had been warmed but a week or two before with feelings of affection, or tortured by guilt and remorse, had been opened by the knife: and whither had fled those tumultuous passions that had agitated it in life? The brain the seat of thought, lay spattered around the head, from which it had been torn; the eyes of some were closed as if in sleep, in others, open and glassy, they seemed to glare on your own with a fixed and glazed look.

I observed one young man in particular; he seemed as if but just dead—his height and well-formed limbs indicated a past existence of strength and activity—he was as yet untouched, and the whole figure seemed to embody an idea of perfect ease and repose. Had he been placed on a couch, the observer would have trodden lightly, for fear of disturbing such calm slumber; I looked and fancied I could perceive his chest rising as if the lungs were performing their natural functions; he must have died a tranquil death, for a smile still hovered round his lips; death had been busy, but man was soon to be busier still, and his hands will have utterly defaced the loveliness which the universal tyrant could only blight.

In one room I observed a lecturer trying to engage the attention of some dozen laughing students. The mind in time grows callous to any thing, and the stronger perhaps the excitement at first, the sooner does this feeling of indifference spring up; Nature which formed us, knows us well, and has decreed that in most cases, the evil should bring a cure with itself. But this is digression. On the table before the lecturer lay a head, on which he was eloquently reasoning, but his eloquence seemed

thrown away upon his thoughtless audience. I was not in a humour to laugh, and so turned away, and by chance entered a room which was empty,—of living beings I mean,—for here, as elsewhere, death had strewn its victims. I felt uncomfortable at being alone in the midst of many; a wide, wide gulph separated them from me, and me from them, and to walk in that silent place was like mocking their stillness and incapability. I thought the eyes of one or two turned towards me seemed to express these feelings, and to blame my idle intrusion; it was fancy; but a kind of pity came over me; “since death they had had but little peace; why should I join in troubling them?” I turned, and walked out.

For a month or two afterwards I slept restlessly, and often saw an arm or an eye in my dreams; the former throttling me, the latter looking on with a fixed and piercing glare. I happened some time afterwards to meet the great French anatomist Andral, and told him of my visit to the scene of his researches, and the effect it had produced. “No wonder,” he said, “your mind was too strongly impressed; I have felt the same myself, and particularly in one case.” I asked for particulars. “Once,” he answered, “I had been lecturing at the dissecting-rooms, and as I passed through the halls on my way out, I observed the body (if it could be so called) of a child, lying in one corner of the room. It was rather the parts of the body than the body itself: they had been flung there when no longer wanted, and owing to so long exposure to the air, the flesh had become discoloured, and the face exhibited symptoms of partial decomposition, but no alteration had taken place in the eyes; they were as glassy bright as on the day of death: and though accustomed to such sights, I felt as if there was a witchery in their gaze, and hastened to leave the hall; they seemed to follow me till I had passed through the door, and haunted me for an hour or two afterwards. But professional men have no time for fancies: I visited my patients and forgot the scene. That night I lay down, tired, to sleep, with a rushlight as usual in my room; some noise awoke me in the course of the night; I turned round and glanced at the fire-place; there on the hearth lay the child I had seen that morning; its attitude, or rather its confusion of parts was the same, and its flesh quivered as it touched the yet smouldering embers; worse than all, its eyes were fixed on me as before; I could not believe my sight, and leaping up in the bed, tried to reason myself into the conviction that it was a phantasy of the brain. But, no! there it was, and there, too, were those eyes, those horrid eyes, that seemed to paralyze me. I made an effort, and, springing from the bed, seized the rushlight; the eyes followed my every movement; I approached the fire-place; they glared on me; I knelt by the hearth, and in despair advanced my hand; their stern and fixed stare seemed to forbid my nearer approach. I thrust my hand into the grate, naught obstructed it; the vision had flown, and I returned to bed, with a great weight removed from my breast.” I thanked Andral for his anecdote, and have often since thought that if a man of his talents and powers of mind could so suffer his senses to be imposed upon, may we not attribute to the same cause, namely, some strong impression, the affirmed cases of ghost-seeing of which one hears so much.

F. G.

(To be continued.)

“Vos o clarissima mundi
Lumina”—

Ye silent stars, in space unmeasured hung,
Ye saw the shadowy Chaos overspread
On ancient Earth, when motionless and dead
The breathless pall of Darkness round her clung,
As through Eternity she slowly swung.
When the still mountains felt no living tread,
Their stony veins no river-fountains fed,
“Let there be Light” had not in thunder rung—
Oh deathless stars, ye saw when light had broke
Fair Eden’s garden, and again ye saw
The Deluge wrap the world as with a cloak—
The Pyramids uprear’d—Rome giving law
To all—and ye will see the last great stroke
Hurling Earth back to Chaos, whence she woke.

HERMES.

MY BURIAL PLACE.

When life is past, its hopes and fears all o'er,
 When passions throbbing agitate no more
 This mortal frame, then lay me down to rest
 'Mid nature's smiles and scenes the loveliest ;
 Not in the charnel house, where all is gloom,
 The dark, deep, loathsome silence of the tomb ;
 Corruption's dwelling place, the feast of worms,
 That creep and revel o'er our lifeless forms,—
 Nor in the churchyard's dreariness, for there
 Grim spectres roam, and load the midnight air
 With howling shrieks, and groanings of despair,—
 Where life ne'er comes, but with a careless tread,
 To break the mournful slumbers of the dead,
 Or lay one more within that dreary home
 Of mouldering corpses, skeletons, and gloom,—
 A few short prayers—a tear, and all are gone,
 And you are left forgotten there alone.
 No friend returning thither mourns your fate,
 For all around is dark and desolate ;—
 No weeper comes,—O say in life how dear—
 To breathe one deep-drawn sigh, or shed a tear,
 And save an epitaph to catch the eye
 Of some light, roving, careless passer-by,
 There's nought on earth to wake your memory.
 My spirit never in such scenes as those
 Could find the peaceful sepulchre's repose.
 No—bury me 'mid nature's brightest scene,
 On some sweet mossy bank of em'rald green,
 Where streamlets flow, and lightly murmuring play,
 All bright beneath the evening's mellow ray—
 —And when the breezes sigh, the leaflets kiss
 Its tiny waves, and speak of happiness,—
 There let me lie, my last long slumbers be,
 Beneath the shade of some light-waving tree,
 Whose leafy branches, wooed by Zephyr's sighs
 Soft rustlings make, and murmur their replies ;
 For there my spirit, as it lingers by,
 May drink in nature's sweetest melody,
 Renewing fondly scenes, when hopes were bright
 Eyes beaming shone, and hearts with mirth were light ;
 And deem once more it hears the notes of love
 In those soft stealing whispers of the grove.—
 And when I'm laid within my lonely bed
 If some still mourn or think upon the dead,
 Perhaps they'll come, nor meditating here
 Refuse 'mid nature's smiles to drop a tear.

But if on foreign shores stern Death should come,
 Far from those forms I love, far, far from home,
 If strangers' hands should close my glassy eye,
 Beneath the burning heat of India's sky,
 No lov'd one near to dissipate the gloom
 Of death's dark reign, or deck my lonely tomb,
 Oh lay me where the breezes from the West
 May waft some sighs from lands below'd the best ;
 Some low laments from mourners far away,
 From friends below'd in youth's bright happy day,
 To wreath the fond mem'ry's garlands o'er my head,
 And calm my spirit in my gloomy bed,
 For as in life, in death 'twill ever rove,
 To catch e'en one soft sigh, one whisper'd note of love.

W.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your last number there appeared an article called "Extract from the Hitopadesa," of such a nature as to lead any one who had never read that book to suppose it to be a mass of absurdity. To prevent, then, such an idea obtaining among your un-Oriental perusers, and in vindication of a book most curious, as being the only remains of prose in the Sanscrit language, and being the fountain-head of all the books of its kind that had been published in all countries and all languages, and most interesting on account of the originality and sublimity of many of its passages, I submit to your notice the following Translation of *another* part of that volume.

EXTRACT FROM THE HITOPADESA.—Book IV.

Where are the monarchs who fill'd India's throne,
Their sounding chariots, and their armies gone,
Of whose great actions and aspiring schemes
With death-like monuments the earth still teems ?
Alas ! unseen all human frames decay,
As water trickles through the unbak'd clay.
Toet by the surge from some far distant shore
Planks meet with planks, and parted meet no more :
Beneath the tree, which hides the scorching ray,
The traveller rests, and rested goes his way.
Such in this world the meeting friends obtain,
They meet—they part :—when will they meet again ?
As many friendships, as we mortals know,
So many thorns within our bosoms grow.
Ye in this world who would be truly wise
On youth and beauty gaze with doubtful eyes :
Both youth and beauty flourish but to fade,
And friendship's ties to break are only made.
With heedless course and wild impetuous flow
Ne'er to return the mighty rivers go ;
Thus mortal hours unheeded pass away ;
Day follows night,—and night succeeds to day.
Witness of antient kings the short-liv'd hour,
The lordly palace, and th' imperial tower ;
Could they of death th' unerring weapon shun ?
Their works remain—but their short part is done.
Vain to the wilderness th' ascetics fly
From cares, which, while they live, can never die :
If man could make the storms of passion cease,
E'en in a city he might live in peace ;
He whom an evil conscience does not cloy,
Will fear no penance, and will want no joy.

Ω.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to decline "Del's" composition.

Patience is devoid of incident and interest.

We confess ourselves totally unable to comprehend the point of Peregrine Pickle's production, and would be thankful for a key to the mystery.

Under consideration—"The River Ayr."

Διαβολος is not fit for the upper world.

We shall be glad to hear from the Author of "Don Roalez."

Under consideration,—"The Fisherman."

HERTFORD.

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THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART III.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocostus; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 5.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1841. [Price 6d.

THE INTERDICT.

(Continued from page 25.)

THE lady did not long hesitate, but confronting the stroller, smilingly addressed him : " Say, worthy cousin, art thou willing to do a true knight's devoir, at the behest of a lady fair ? " Ralph started at his cousin's voice. " In Heaven's name," he cried, " tell me wherefore thou art here alone, it is no seemly place for a gentlewoman by night, and alone." " I am not alone, as pretty mistress Allice, my tirowoman, can testify," said she, turning to her simpering companion, " but I would not speak jestingly," she added, " dear Ralph, I crave your counsel and assistance, and for the sake of kindred, if not of early friendship, do not refuse it.

" I fear Constance, the cold and grave wisdom of my sober manhood would but little accord with your lighter spirit : and why not seek advice of your lord ? still my hand shall never fail the distressed, and, above all, thyself in the day of need."

" O ! dullard that thou art," replied his cousin, " wherefore do I seek for advice, save that it may be sage and calm ? and wherefore do I *not* seek wisdom from my lord, save that with him I should not find it ? or would you bid me ask his counsel how to violate his own commands ? " " I do not read your meaning," said De l'Haye, " you surely meditate no disobedience to De Year ? " Constance drew up, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes proudly flashing,— " Hark ye, Sir Knight," she cried, " I married Hubert De Year by the king's command ; for him I have parted from all I loved, and have submitted to his harshest will, yet, for the bidding of the church, I will do that to which nought else on earth could bend me, and disobey him whom I have vowed to serve." " Has, then, this morning's broil so much disturbed you ? " asked Ralph.

" No tyranny," she answered, " be it king or husband, shall shake my allegiance to the sacraments of religion ; no contempt shall destroy my respect for my spiritual pastor." " What would you then with me, gentle cousin. How can I aid you ? "

" How else," asked Constance, " save by procuring me the opportunity of offering that respect, and observing those sacraments, by bringing father John to my presence ? "

" It cannot be to night," he said, " the dawn will break before I can overtake him ; and it would be but the deed of a pitiful braggart to bring him by daylight through the baron's country."

" Time does not press ; to-morrow morning, an hour before dawn will serve my purpose. Let him see me at the new porch of the church."

The lady and her companion vanished, and De l'Haye remained alone. " It is no knightly deed," mused he, " to humour a woman's whims against her wedded lord ; and by my troth, and 'twere not that De Year is but a churlish blockhead, and Constance dearer to me than ought on earth, I might have well declined the office of guide to a hair brained priest."

Turning on his heel, the young man strode along the terrace till he came to a small flight of steps which descended to the neighbourhood of the stabling. Silently he passed down, and accourting his horse, led it to the castle gate. The warder bowed as he recognised him and opened the gates. Nor did the strangeness of the hour create

any surprise; his departure remained unnoticed; or supposed to be on some errand of a privatenature, of which in those troublous times there was no want.

Pressing onwards, the castle was soon left behind; nor did the knight slacken his pace till about day break, when he began to descend one of the chalk hills which intersect, in all directions, the face of the country in that neighbourhood.

In the valley beneath lay a village, which even in those days might have served as the prototype of sweet Auburn; here he dismounted, and, leading his horse by the bridle, walked towards the door of the hostel, muttering as he went,—"Those varlets will be surely here, there is no other inn for miles round, and their legs would scarce carry them farther."

This conjecture was not wide of the truth. In the principal room of the house, beneath the shelter of a huge chimney, (such as are even now to be met with in Hampshire cottages) sat the two servants of De Vear. The vicar had but recently arisen from the rush-strewn floor of the neighbouring chamber, and was occupied by the study of a huge black letter volume which was spread before him on a table in one corner. The host and hostess were busied in the preparation of the morning meal, the bacon for which was hissing on the fire, while low and smoked rafters, latticed casements, and a clean white-sanded floor, on which a couple of dogs of the chase were reposing, completed a scene well worthy of the limner's art. The gentle, though valiant, nature of the knight, could not pass unmoved,—the recollections of boyish days, and their calmer pleasures, recurred to him with irresistible sweetness, and he remained for some minutes watching the picture in silent delight. Startled, at length, from his reverie, by an exclamation of surprise from the hostess, he advanced to the centre of the room, where he was speedily recognised by the two menials, who immediately rose before him. "Ha! my good men," he began, "I come to save you further labour, father John must return with me; for in sooth," added he, seeing that they seemed half disposed to question his authority, "your mistress has been seized with so grievous a sickness, that she has need of ghostly counsel and comfort." At these words a shade of sorrow overclouded the faces of the whole party, for the mildness and beneficence of the lady had made her name beloved, both far and wide.

So far, then, the object of his journey was accomplished, and the knight had now but to rid himself of the company of the two retainers. "Gilbert," cried he, "your lord bids you ^{hurry} with haste to Southampton, to fetch the sage leech who dwells there; and you, Walton, to Chichester, where you will pray the bishop to send such drugs as he may."

In a few minutes more the messengers were speeding on their way with no common alacrity, and De l'Haye found little difficulty in teaching the priest the purport of his scheme. A steed was provided for the latter without much difficulty; and about midday they set forward on their journey, through which it will be needless to follow them.

On arriving in his own parish, the vicar's appearance caused considerable excitement among his flock, by whom he was sincerely beloved; a hint, however, of the secrecy which it was necessary to observe, prevented any communication of his presence reaching the baron's ear. Evening drew on, but not with the splendour of the preceding night: the wind rose frequently in deep gusts, and the rain was falling coldly and heavily around; the heavens were dark, and not even a star was visible. About midnight, De l'Haye and the vicar walked, silently, into the churchyard, nor were they without astonishment when they observed a large band of villagers collected to protect their revered pastor. Still time wore on, and it was near day break ere the lady Constance arrived. Mistress Alice and her child alone were with her.

There was now no leisure for delay, and the ceremony was performed hastily, and tremulously. Scarce, however, had the concluding prayer been uttered, when the tramp of horses was heard approaching. To explain more clearly our story, we must carry our readers back a little in the course of events.

The two servants whom De l'Haye had dispatched to Chichester and Southampton, from their zeal for their mistress, had made no small haste upon their journey, and had arrived earlier than he had calculated; and owing to the delay of Constance, before she had time to return to the castle, their strange messages, and still stranger story awakened the suspicions of the baron. The lady's chamber, and that of her cousin were found empty, and De Vear's wrath knew no bounds.

Summoning hastily such of his followers as were within reach, he sallied forth in pursuit; nor was he long before he gained information of the priest's arrival, and of

the assembly in the porch. Immediately the whole plot flashed across him, and his fury redoubled at the thought of being outwitted and disobeyed. Still he paused before the house; he was brave, though harsh, and an unarmed priest and a woman were but unmeet objects for his vengeance. He gazed around for a moment half perplexed, till his eye fell upon De l'Haye who, just mounted, sat at rest upon his saddle.

Instantly the rage of De Vear blazed forth anew; turning to De l'Haye, he cried, as coherently as his rage would admit, "Caitiff! darest thou violate the bonds of hospitality, and abet a wife in rebellion against her liege lord; is it the deed of a knight to steal forth from the shelter of a friendly house, to plot villainy against it? Defend thyself." Saying this he spurred his horse with reckless violence in the direction of the knight.

"God speed the right," ejaculated the priest, and a heartfelt Amen from most around re-echoed his prayer.

So quickly did the whole scene pass that none had time to interfere. The baron continued his headlong career towards his adversary who sat calmly awaiting his onset; but when within a few yards of the latter, the foot of Hubert's charger struck against a tombstone, which the twilight was not sufficient to discover. Down they crashed both horse and man,—the animal, indeed, rose again instantly, and started at full speed down the hill, but its master never moved again.

The bye-standers crowded round the spot, but all was now too late. The helmet was burst in two by the force with which it came in contact with the grave-stone,—the forehead crushed, the features scarcely recognizable.

A wailing and a mourning arose around the corpse: amazed and astonished De l'Haye knelt beside it, and Constance lay senseless on the ground.

They buried him, but in silence, and no parting prayers were uttered over his grave; till after years had elapsed and when the "Interdict" had been removed from the land, a company of mourners from a neighbouring convent was seen to assemble round the tomb, and by them the masses were chanted for the repose of his soul.

The lady abbess led them forth, and one who knew her might have traced beneath her robes the form and features of Constance De Vear.

And in truth she had there retired, and spent the residue of her days in charity to all around; and when any younger sister sighed for the lighter vanities without, she would tell her how that young, and rich, and nobly born, sorrow and trouble had gathered about her, and that when by one sudden stroke he whom she had sought to love, was hurried to the grave, she had retired to that retreat to seek "that peace which the world cannot give."

One earthly care alone engaged her,—the love of her son,—nor was it unrewarded: noble in person and in mind, he grew up loved and honored by all, and ere she died, she saw him filling a prominent station amidst the true patriots of the land.

The name of Ralph De l'Haye is also found occupying no undistinguished place in history: it is believed he fell at the battle of Lincoln.

One word more. John Talbot long lived among his parishioners, loving and beloved: and a lately discovered monument to his memory bears witness that he lived to a full age, and went down in honour to the grave.

WINTON.

LEONORA.

(From the German of Bürger.)

"O William, art thou false or dead,"
Fair Leonora cried;
"How long wilt thou remain apart
"From me, thy plighted bride?"
For William to the wars was gone,
To meet his country's foe,
Nor tidings to his true love sent
To stay her weary woe.
And now the joyous troop returns,
And finished is the fight;
And every face is gay around,
And every eye is bright.

With fife and lute, with drum and flute,
 With song of every kind ;
 Each soldier now returns again
 To those he left behind.
 And children, wives, and mothers flock,
 Each loving friend to see ;
 But Leonora seeks in vain—
 No welcome friend had she.
 She asked of every joyful face
 For him she loved so well ;
 But none was there to solve the doubt—
 The wished-for news to tell.
 Then Leonora wept aloud
 And tore her raven hair,
 And threw herself upon the ground—
 Her arms and head were bare.
 " What aileth thee, my child, my child,"
 Her mother fondly said ;
 Then took her gently in her arms,
 And raised her tender head.
 " O mother, mother, all is o'er,
 " The world I now resign ;
 " For He who pities grief and woe,
 " No pity has for mine."
 " Help, Heaven help—and mercy grant,
 " My child—to heaven pray ;
 " What God will do, that well is done—
 " God pity us this day."
 " O mother, mother, vain the thought ;
 " What God this day has done
 " To me and mine, is not for good—
 " My final course is run."
 " Help—heaven help : the Father, He
 " Will pity his frail child ;
 " The good and Holy Sacrament
 " Will stay thy grief so wild."
 " O mother, that which burns within,
 " Unseen to thy fond eyes,
 " No Sacrament can now assuage,
 " Or bid the dead to rise."
 " Perchance yet William, traitor false,
 " Far in a foreign land,
 " To some more fortunate bride bestows
 " His faith, his heart, his hand."
 " O mother, what is lost, is lost,
 " And what is done, is done :
 " My day is past, my light sinks fast,
 " My final course is run."
 " Help, Heaven help, nor call my child
 " Before thy throne this day ;
 " She scarce can know—so wild her woe,
 " What words, or prayer to say.
 " Forget thy sorrows here below ;
 " Forget thy earthly love ;
 " Think on the bliss that dwells on high ;
 " O turn to him above."
 " Oh mother, what is bliss to me,
 " What sorrow—can'st thou tell ?
 " —With William there is bliss alone ;
 " Apart from him—'tis hell.
 " Be quenched thou light in darkest night,
 " Here on my lonely way ;
 " All happiness is lost for me,
 " And gone is Hope's last ray."

So raged despair in her breast and brain,
 Full sorrowful, I ween,
 Till night threw o'er her sable veil,
 And the starry host were seen.
 Hark! horses' feet are heard to beat,
 And on the road to tramp;
 And as he slowly mounts the stair,
 Now sounds the rider's stamp,
 And hark! three times a knock was heard,
 Thrice rang the bell around,
 And at the door was whispered forth
 The long-desired sound.
 "O wakest thou? O sleepest thou?"
 "To answer this my call,
 "Dost thou rejoice? or aye for me
 "The scalding tear let fall?"
 "O William, is it thou returned
 "To bless once more my sight;
 "But whence, O whence hast ridden here,
 "All in the dead of night?"
 "All in the dead of midnight
 "Tis meet that we should ride;
 "Then mount thou up beside me here,
 "And thou shalt be my bride."

(To be continued.)

R.

THE SEA NYMPH'S SONG.

TAIR lightly, trip lightly, 'tis the hour for delight,
 The glassy wave slumbers 'neath the silver moonlight,
 And the star-spirits smile from their bright isles of rest,
 To see their fair image on ocean's smooth breast.
 The winds are light-pillow'd on a soft fleecy cloud,
 With meteors the heavens all-bespangled their shroud,
 They sleep save the zephyrs, whose sweet murmurs between
 Their fondly-lov'd flow'rets, now faded, and gone.
 Fond spirits are breathing from their shell's winding cave,
 Their sweetest of music, that floats light o'er the wave;
 And the nautides leaving its bed in the sea,
 Skims gaily the billew, to that soft melody.
 Then haste from your coral grots, Sisters, entrancing,
 The moonbeams are now on each tiny wave dancing;
 'Tis the hour for delight, then we'll linger no more,
 But lead our dance fealty on the smooth shelving shore.

ARETHUSA.

SUGGESTIONS TO INCIPIENT WHISKER-GROWERS.

To the whisker-growing community of the E. I. C., and also to those who feed on the hope of some day indulging in the pride of a pair of feelers, and the extreme satisfaction that is derived from the cultivation, pulling and stroking of the same, I would address this my sad tale, asking for their sympathy in my misfortunes, bidding them take warning by my fate, and suggesting the expediency of concurring in the measures I humbly propose, or in some others, whereby such serious and melancholy calamities may be ever hereafter avoided.

Bright was the day;—happiest of the happy was I, when after careful investigation I found some slight whisker-sprouts springing up on the side of each cheek, giving a promise of a full crop, provided only due care was taken in the rearing and pruning of the same. A thrill of delight coursed through my veins; I felt as though I were a new being; and this all-engrossing subject took possession of my soul. Off I set to the barber's with a lightsome spirit, and a step full of hope, and as I strode along my fancy raised on high light airy castles, and painted bright scenes of days to come, when I should strut along, the admired of the ladies, the envy of the men, and,

by the mere power of my whiskers alone, perpetrate many and wondrous conquests. As thus I mused, a question—a knotty question, suddenly suggested itself,—what shape, and what size should my whiskers be? I stopp'd, I pro'd and con'd, I argued—but all to no purpose; I could not determine whether one large one, circling from ear to ear, should be mine,—whether it should have one continuous graceful curl, or be left to Nature's guiding hand, and become as bushy as the Fates would grant. But would not two distinct whiskers look better? Then, should they be let grow wild all over the cheek, or reduced to a regular outline, to be varied according to the fashion? But what shall be said to a triangular patch on each cheek, and a kind of goat's tuft on each side of the chin? Oh, no! that would never suit my face; besides, it would materially interfere with my studies in that abstruse science, so seldom philosophically pursued, namely, that of kissing. What would then be the use of the numerous experiments I have already so successfully performed, the knowledge I have acquired, the information still to be perfected by future experiments, and the results which I hope some day to give to the world? No, no, no, that would never do. How then am I to decide the matter?—an answer suggested itself, let the whiskers come first, and then you may settle the shape as you like. I soon arrived at the barber's, and asked, "Pray, can you tell me what is the best kind of stuff to apply to the whiskers?" "La, bless you, sir, what want you with whisker-oil: you want need any this many a year!" Oh! the indignation of that moment, to be wounded in my tenderest point, my newly-budding pride,—to be insulted, I may say, so grossly. I instantly left the shop and searched out another, where my vanity was fed to the full, and I returned loaded with Macassar oil, genuine Russian bear's grease, &c. &c. having emptied my pockets in purchasing a stock for the full perfection of what was to be my joy and pride through life. Thus supplied, I oiled, I greased, I shaved, I brushed, and laboured hard to accomplish my heart's desire; but the Fates were unpropitious, the season unfavourable, no crop could I raise; till at length in despair I determined to leave them to their own devices, and to trust to their generosity after the care, the great care I had taken of them. Thus resolved, I shunned looking at them for a month, endeavouring to drive my thoughts from them, and calm the anxious fears that constantly troubled my breast.

The month was up, the eventful morn arrived,—I awoke,—my heart palpitated with hope and expectation, I rushed eagerly to the glass, and saw,—and saw, indeed, an incipient whisker—but alas! alas! 'twas all growing the wrong way; I cannot look back to that moment without horror,—to think on hopes disappointed, expectations blasted, and that the glittering structure raised by them should thus at one blow be overwhelmed in ruin,—may it be for ever blotted from the tablets of my memory. My nights have been full of restlessness, my days full of inquietude and jealousy;—exposed to the taunts of those possessed of the much-prized ornaments, ever manoeuvring to keep the most showy side to the company, and wasting my time in endeavours to cultivate what, alas! has proved a barren soil.

Gentle reader, such is my sad tale; and such I trust will not be your fate, but such it may be, let us therefore consider some measures whereby such a calamity may be avoided. Let us draw up an humble petition to the Honourable Court of Directors, showing, that anxiety of mind, depression of spirit, and consequently loss of health is likely to arise from such a calamity, whereby they may be deprived of the valuable services of their desponding servants. Let us humbly suggest the expediency of sending a person to travel, and to collect the best recipes, the best oils and greases; and of appointing an officer to the College who shall preside solely over the whisker department. The advantages likely to arise from this are considerable, a contented happiness of mind, and consequently a greater degree of application among the students, a considerable improvement in their personal appearance, and therefore a greater degree of credit reflected on the Company (who are in many cases judged of by their servants), new lights that will be given on the subject to the world in general, and the probable introduction of those excellent appendages, called beards, by the mere stroking of which men are said to calm their anger, and soothe their troubled breasts. These must be obvious to the most careless reader, let us not, then, delay a moment, but seek to avert a serious calamity, humbly hoping the Honourable Court of Directors will take into consideration the petition we may draw up, and that henceforth no student will be troubled with slow-growing, unequal, scanty or perverse whiskers.

A DESPAIRING WHISKERANDO.

HORACE.—*Lib. I., Ode 22.*

He who is pure in thought and deed,
 Of Moorish javelin has no need—
 No need of Scythian bow :—
 An easy heart—an upright mind,
 A surer safeguard you will find,
 My friend, where'er you go.

Whether you tempt the stormy deep,
 Where the tempestuous billows sweep
 Round Syrtis' dangerous shoals :—
 —Climb haughty Caucasus, or stray
 Where, sung in many an ancient lay,
 The famed Hydaspes rolls—

For whilst I through the Sabine grove
 Unconscious wandered—whilst of love—
 —Of Lalagè I sung,
 From the dark thickets of the wood—
 Although alone—unarmed—I stood—
 A wild wolf from me sprung.

No such escape from Sylvan foe
 (As Dauni's warlike children know)
 In their beech-groves befell :
 Nor can the Libyan deserts, where
 The lion holds his secret lair,
 So dire a portent tell.

Oh ! place me where no verdant trees
 Invite the Zephyr's genial breeze
 Through the green leaves to blow !
 Oh ! bear me to those horrid plains,
 Where darkness atmospheric reigns,
 And winter's lasting snow :—

Or place me 'neath the torrid zone
 In trackless climes of waste—alone—
 Where mortals dare not dwell—
 Still from my lips one name shall spring—
 Her sweetly-speaking will I sing,
 And sweetly-smiling tell.

Ω.

*Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.
 Democritus, quanquam non esset urbis illis,
 Prætexta—*

MR. EDITOR,

It is usual to call man a rational animal to distinguish him from other animated beings ; how is it then, I would ask, that his conduct is marked with more irrationalities than that of any other living creature in the world ? Our old friend, Democritus, saw nothing in the brute creation to excite his mirth, though the behaviour of his fellow-creatures kept him perpetually in a broad grin. And could the mind of the wisest man amongst us be laid open to our view, could we examine narrowly its complicated structure, and tell every thought, every feeling, every passion that found its way within ; could we penetrate into every recess and corner, and trace words and actions to the springs whence they emanated ; could we, in one word, behold this extraordinary compound of contradictions and inconsistencies laid bare before our eyes, then, I say, there is hardly one amongst us who would not feel inclined to follow the example of the merry sage. There could not be a more absurd and irrational feeling in man, than his intense love of superiority over his fellow-men. Yet it is a feeling which seems inherent in our very nature, and shows itself almost before we have begun to form ideas, or exercise our first faculties. Show me the child of four years old that does not look down contemptuously on the child of three ; or the boy at school, that does not despise the whole body of his juniors ; or the young man that

does not pique himself on certain qualifications, no matter what, which raise him above his companions; or the student, with a new gown on his shoulders, that does not swell with the sense of his own importance, and consider that an immeasurable distance separates him from the great body of unpretending mortals. Walk up Portland Place on a fine afternoon in the height of the season, and you will see a number of respectable middle-aged gentlemen in full dress, lounging about on the door-steps. These, of course, are the butlers; and great, you may be assured, is the contempt with which they look down on the footmen with powdered heads and scarlet liveries, who may be seen in the pantries below. The footman, in his turn, looks down with scorn on the groom with the striped waistcoat; the groom casts a supercilious glance on the small tiger with the brass buttons; and the tiger glares indignantly on the butcher-boy with the tray. Wherever there is the slightest shadow of a plea for claiming superiority you may be quite satisfied it will be pounced upon with inconceivable rapidity. The veriest beggar in the streets is not so ragged or so tattered, but he considers himself superior to some other wretch more ragged and tattered than himself. The very dogs and cats catch the feeling from their masters; the drawing-room pet would never condescend to exchange greetings with the favourite of the kitchen; and the kitchen-favourite would be far above conversing with the vagabond pugs and poodles of the street.

And now to bring the matter a little nearer home. Give wings to your imagination for a few moments, and follow me to the college chapel, whither I am just about to proceed. And now that we are seated, let us look around. You perceive that the striking feature in the behaviour of all is this—that chapel being considered strictly as an affair of college discipline, and not a religious duty, every body's sole occupation consists in staring at every body. But there is a wonderful difference in the bearing of the parties under this mutual scrutiny. Opposite to us is a huge, meek-looking freshman; he is quailing, yes, quailing, under the disdainful glare of that insignificant youngster in the corner, who happens to have received his appointment earlier in life, and has already passed two terms at this oriental conservatory. But how is this? the young gentleman in the corner is now, in his turn, shrinking beneath the gaze of a gentleman with whiskers and a torn gowra; and no wonder, for you must know, that the whiskered student has been four terms at college. His countenance, you perceive, bespeaks a more enlarged mind—a mind that has grappled fiercely with many a hydrostatical and astronomical problem—a mind overflowing with all kinds of oriental lore; so overflowing, indeed, that there is an unpleasant chance of its all running off before he reaches India. No wonder, I say, that such a man should command deference, even by his look. But you have seen enough to be convinced that human nature is the same here as elsewhere. The fourth-term man considers himself a cut above the third, the third above the second, and the second above the first. This may be all very natural; but I cannot help thinking, that had Democritus been told of such a thing, he would have cracked his sides with the violent exuberance of his mirth.

M.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We trust that "Σίλην's" next article will be more original, or at any rate more correctly transcribed.

We cannot decide upon "River Ayr," until we have seen the conclusion.

We trust that the author of "Iphigenia in Aulis" will turn his talents to other subjects.

We decline the "Fisherman."

Our modesty prevents the insertion of the "Editorial Rhymes."

Our next Number will be the last this Term. We trust to receive sufficient contributions to enable us to make it a double one.

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PART III.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 103.

No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1841. [Price 6d.

SCOTLAND AND ITS LEGENDS.

ROMANTICALLY situated at the foot of the hill of Fair, and but a short distance from the small village of Echt, stands the old castle of Midmar. Although many centuries have now elapsed since it was built, it is not dilapidated; and the granite walls, in many places more than a yard in thickness, seem to set time at defiance. The loop-holes in the walls, the strong iron-doors, and the old dungeon beneath, give evidence that it was built for warlike as well as peaceful purposes; and many are the dark tales of slaughter that are reported to have taken place within its sombre walls. So great, indeed, is the dread of the peasantry for this spot, that no one for miles round would be found hardy enough to remain there after dark.

They have, however, a particular dread of one long gallery, in which there is a door leading to another chamber, which is so skilfully concealed as not to be discoverable on the minutest examination. The mystery connected with this room I learnt when a child, from an old nurse who had been many years in the family, and who although she allowed that she herself had never been personally an eye-witness of any hob-goblin scenes, was very well acquainted with many persons who had been pursued down the long galleries by ladies and gentlemen in high-heeled shoes and antiquated dresses.

She, moreover, declared that on one particular night these frolicksome ghosts were in the habit of holding a "bal masque," and dancing Scotch reels, jigs, and strathspeys with great glee, to the music of a certain old piper.

It was a beautiful evening in June, 1715, that the heroine of my tale, accompanied by her maid, ascended the steps leading to the top of the turret, and on their arrival at the summit looked anxiously at the narrow and almost impassable road leading to the castle.

"An do ye think that they'll be here soon, my leddy," said Jenny, addressing her young mistress. "An the red coats catch puir Tam, he'll be ta'en to Edinbro', and then his head will aff; and I'm sure my heart will brak wi' greeting."

"Indeed, Jenny, I am very anxious myself," said Ellen; "but I hope that they may yet escape. Oh! that they were in safety."

As she spoke, two horsemen appeared galloping down the glen about two miles from the castle, and at the same moment the glittering armour on the top of the hill shewed that their pursuers were not far behind.

On they came, riding with reckless speed, both cleared the small mountain stream at a leap, and in a few minutes more drew up their wearied steeds at the castle door.

"Away with the horses to the wood!" shouted the cavalier to his attendant; "and if those rascals do not find them in the stable, they may perhaps imagine that we have not halted here." He then threw himself from his horse, and with hasty steps entered the castle, and ascending the turret where we have left Ellen and her maid, was in a few moments in his mistress's arms. He was tall and well made, with handsome but bronzed features, and seemed to be about six-and-twenty years of age.

"Dearest Ellen!" said he, as soon as he could speak, "I fear there is but little chance of escape from those blood-hounds. There is but one hope, and that is the secret-closet—there I must remain, and perhaps may not be discovered; but if I am, I shall at all events lay down my life gladly for my Prince's cause."

"Talk not so, dearest Ewan, I beseech you," said Ellen; "they will not, they cannot put you to death: think of the services that your father rendered the government: they cannot put Ewan Macdonald to death like a common felon."

"Alas! I fear, dear Ellen, that the father's services will but serve to incense them against the son. If I am taken, all is over; concealment is the only hope."

By this time the dragoons were close to the castle, and Ewan had only time to enter his concealment when their cries and shouts were heard in the hall.

"He must be here," shouted the commanding officer. "Let one party search the house and another the woods; and, Blunt, do you search the stable and see if their horses are there."

The search was carried on for several hours without success, until at last the troopers returned bringing with them the unfortunate Tom and the horses. Rendered certain by this that the object of their pursuit was within the walls, the search was renewed with double ardour, but still without effect.

"I should not be at all surprised if he is skulking in some secret apartment with which I know these old castles abound," said Blunt.

"By our Lady that is a good thought, Blunt," said the officer. "But how in the world shall we find this same closet; I am afraid we are as far from our mark as ever."

"That is easy enough, captain," said the first speaker; "let us first count the windows from the inside of the castle, and see whether they correspond with the number seen from the outside."

"A clever plan ~~by my halidome~~," but I think if we were to place a branch of leaves in every window in the castle, we might then see from the outside what room we have not yet entered."

This expedient was adopted, and one window was reported without a branch: the fact was then palpable.

"But how are we to find the door?" exclaimed the captain; "for not an entrance can I see. The room must be opposite this spot; and as to breaking a hole in this wall the thing is impossible; a battering ram would scarcely do it in a week."

As he spoke he turned sharp round, when, unfortunately, the scabbard of his sword coming in contact with the concealed spring the door flew open. In an instant Ewan rushed out, and, firing his pistols, the captain and Blunt fell dead at his feet.

The noise alarmed the troopers; in a moment they were upon him, but they laid hands on a corpse—Ewan had stabbed himself to the heart.

Such was the good old lady's story; and to this day Ewan Macdonald, the trooper Captain, and Blunt, may be seen by any one, who has a bottle of whiskey in him, dancing a three-some reel to the old boy's pipes.

F.

THE FAIRIES' DEFENCE.

Do they say we are gone? Do they say we are sped?
 That the echo no longer resounds to our tread?
 That our haunts are all empty by spring and by dell,
 That the fairies no longer in old England dwell?
 Vain, short-sighted mortals, yet still we are here,
 Our light-footed trippings by moonlight we hold;
 We still can inspire the lone rustic with fear,
 We still are the guardians of homestead and fold!

We bound o'er the mountain—we float o'er the wave,
 Our forms in the cool-flowing river we lave;
 When we spring from the earth, and mount on the gale,
 The clouds are our chariots, the zephyr our sail.
 Still, still on the night of All Hallow's eve,
 Our shadowy bands to the gloom we display;
 Still, still the light dance we fantastically weave,
 In silvery armour and fairy array.

We know there are islands beyond the blue seas,
 Of which sages have written and poets still dream;
 Where odours celestial float on the breeze,
 And the sun reigns on high with his undying beam.
 Oh! yes there are islands so bright and so clear,
 But believe us, we tell you, these islands are here;
 For where do the breezes more fragrantly blow?
 Or where doth kind nature with liberal hand,
 Her beauties more largely—more gratefully throw,
 On a fairer—a freer—a happier land?

Woe, woe to the wretch who thinks light of our spell,
 Who plucks our young flowers and drinks of our well!
 Woe, woe to the wretch who intrudes on our games,
 Despises our power, and laughs at our names!
 Beware then, ye rustics, tread lightly the ground,
 When homeward 'mid twilight and darkness you hie;
 Offend not our hearing with ill-mannered sound,
 Nor dare on our circles mysterious to spy.

QUEEN MAB.

THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT.

*Auræque et venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
 Dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis, adeste.*

Ovid.

Grey Evening slowly weaves her shadowy chain
 O'er forest, vale, and hill:
 The last sun-tinted clouds of crimson grain
 Float high and still.

Silence falling fast around
 Broods above the mossy ground,
 Soft and calm her footsteps go,
 As the crystal-winged snow;
 And her lifeless aspect pale
 Cover'd with a misty veil;—
 While from Night's unmeasur'd caves
 Wash'd by Chaos' sable waves,
 Sleep arising, mounts his car,
 Over earth to wander far;
 Lips that smile, and hearts that weep,
 In his influence to steep.

Pale and dim Shapes around his chariot glide,
 That cleave the dusky air with moth-like motion ;
 The ivory-palaced Dreams which haunt the tide
 Of tossing Passion's dark and wreck-strawn ocean.
 To Sleep's star-studded sceptre they
 Mute and quick obedience pay,
 Round the human soul and mind
 Indistinct illusions wind ;
 Joy o'er Innocence they shed,
 But surround the sinner's bed
 With such phantoms of the brain,
 He hardly dares to sleep again.—
 Here a Vision robed in white,
 Wreath'd with roses fresh and bright,
 Paus'd above a sleeping child .
 That in slumber mov'd and smil'd.
 There a Thought with wings of flame
 To a patriot hovering came,
 And within his bosom rose
 Schemes to lighten mortal woes.
 Now there pass'd a bright-hair'd Dream
 That shower'd down a golden gleam,
 A sleeping maiden's brow above,
 Which awaken'd hope and love ;
 A swart and wild-eyed Shadow stood,
 Scorch'd with flame, and smear'd with blood,
 By a tyrant's restless head,
 And curdled up his soul with dread.
 While many another on did go,
 Bearing terror, joy, and woe.
 Mysterious Children of the ancient Night,
 Whose sudden voices break when all is still
 From the deep breast of meadow, wood, and hill,
 Awakening vague and indefin'd affright,
 As on the lonely wanderer's ear they rise,
 Startling the spell that hangs 'twixt earth and skies—
 —The spell of utter stillness ;—motion,—sound,—
 Save of the stars, for aye in Time's vast seas seemed drown'd,
 Ye are the only sounds by mortals heard
 Of holy Night's all-universal hymn,
 Breath'd indistinct, without a spoken word,
 By myriad forms that haunt her caverns dim.
 The stars and sister-spheres on high prolong
 Through the wide heavens for aye their choral song ;
 The Spirits of the Waters and the Fire,
 And the vast chasm of the sightless Air,
 Ever to him who call'd them forth aspire
 To peal their pœan of glad song and prayer :
 From Earth's innumerable features, all and one,
 Since the first morning of the world begun,
 One mighty stream of praise hath never ceas'd to run.
 Spirit-tongued, each element
 Since its birth, with one consent,
 To him who made doth ever raise
 Its eternal voice of praise ;
 Through the universe around
 Sweetly swells the joyous sound :
 But on ears of mortal clay
 Falls alone the soft decay
 Of whispers that at midnight break
 From hill and meadow, wood and lake ;
 Broken fragments, that anon
 Float—are just perceiv'd—and gone—
 For the senses dull and slow
 Of earth-born mortals may not know,—
 Being in perception dim,—
 Night and nature's ceaseless hymn.

HERMES

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

* * * Μετὰ ταῦτα οὔτε ὄντα Ὀρόντην οὔτε τεθνηκότα οὐδεὶς εἶδε πώποτε, οὐδὲ ὅπως ἀπέθανεν οὐδεὶς εἶδεν· ἔλεγεν· ἔκαζον δὲ ἄλλοι ἄλλως· τάφος δὲ οὐδεὶς πώποτε αὐτοῦ ἐφάρη.
XENOPHON.

IN the middle ages, those days when every man's hand was raised either in defending his own life, or in destroying that of his fellow-man—when war was the main business and study of our ancestors, many remains of antiquity and monuments of its heroes were transformed from peaceful sanctuaries of religion, or gloomy abodes of death, into strongholds and places of defence, where the turbulent noble bade defiance to the laws of his country and the armies of his prince. Italy is rich in instances of this desecration, where the massive and gigantic stonework of the empire is surmounted by the battlements first known and used in feudal days. Among many others may be cited the tomb of Cecilia Metella, famous in Childe Harold, and the mausoleum of Adrian, now the castle of St. Angelo.

The Emperor Adrian, desirous of providing a resting place for his ashes, worthy of his memory, built this enormous pile, and adorned it in a most wonderful manner. The finest statues of the Grecian school were here collected, and the gold of India was lavished in its decoration. Some of the ancient architects have left us glowing descriptions of the riches and magnificence of this most gorgeous of tombs.

In one of the numerous sieges which Rome sustained in its decline, the citizens, as a last resource, took refuge in the tomb of Adrian, and there obstinately defended themselves against the invading hordes. The sanctity of the grave was violated—the imperial ashes were scattered to the winds, the statues of Parian marble were hurled piece-meal from the walls upon the besiegers, and not an ornament was spared, when it could be converted into a missile against the foe. The old towers have stood many an assault since that day, and little now remains to tell the tale of their former magnificence.

As a fort, it is still a place of great strength, and serves well to awe into subjection the turbulent spirit of the Romans. Even in late years, the Pope has often been forced to fly for safety within its walls; and in its dungeons are confined many unhappy men whose freedom has been deemed dangerous to the safety of the state.

These same dungeons are dreadful abodes—somewhat like the Pozzi and the Piombi of Venice—the latter high above the clamours of the world—the former far below the waters of the Tiber. It is well known that dungeons have ever their accompanying legends and tales of terrible deeds—of midnight murders—of endless and despairing incarceration. The prisons of St. Angelo have their appropriate stories—many very false, and some perfectly well-founded. One of the latter, though not the most dreadful, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

In the autumn of the year 1793, a nobleman with a large retinue arrived in Rome. It was at that period when the French people, having attained their so much vaunted and dear bought freedom, were anxious to impart the blessings of liberty, with the curse of anarchy, to the rest of the world. Political agents were secretly dispatched from Paris to every court of Europe, with instructions to poison the minds of the lower orders, and rouse them to avenge the supposed wrongs of their country. At such a time governments are naturally suspicious, and his passport, bearing the dread name of “Robespierre,” the movements of the Count Castracani did not escape notice. He had reported himself a Sicilian nobleman, but his accent gave strong evidence of a long residence in France, so long as almost to have made him forget his native tongue—besides his attendants and equipage were French. No wonder, then, that the minister of police paid great attention to this “Sicilian nobleman.” The officers of justice in a short time discovered that secret assemblies were nightly held, at which the Count deplored, in forcible language, the slavery of the Roman people, and that large bribes and promises of future rewards were made to many influential men in Rome; in return for which they were to hold themselves in readiness, and proffer their services when called upon, and that a deep-laid conspiracy had been formed to seize the Vatican, slay every one who opposed the dethronement of the Pope; and, finally, to establish the “Great Republic” in Rome.

It was the last day of the Carnival. On the morrow the storm was to burst forth—and as it subsided, the light of freedom was to dawn in Italy. At midnight, the Count Castracani sat in his richly furnished palace, rejoicing at the perfect success of all

his schemes—forming plans for the future, and building visions of greatness and power to which the gratitude of his republican employers was to raise him. Two strangers demanded admittance to his presence. Supposing them members of his faction, he ordered their approach. They entered, and throwing aside their disguises discovered to the eyes of the astonished nobleman the persons of the familiars of the minister of police. The elder of the officers presented to the Count a warrant for his apprehension and committal to the castle of St. Angelo. Resistance he was told was useless: the ante-chamber was filled with soldiers of the Swiss Guard, and the surest mode of establishing his innocence was a passive obedience to the signature of the Pope. The admonition of the officer was of no avail. Rage or despair drove Castracani furious—drawing a dagger from his side he buried it in the heart of the bearer of the warrant, and was about to serve his companion in the same manner, when he was struck senseless to the ground by the halbert of the captain of the Swiss Guard, who with his men rushed into the apartment.

* * * * *

Our next scene opens in the dungeons of the castle. Six months had passed away, and Castracani, for we will still call him by his Italian name, lay a condemned murderer in the vaults he was to have peopled with his enemies. How different was that pale and emaciated figure, from the gay and enterprising republican, who a few months before had headed a powerful league. Though he had been tried and sentenced to immediate execution, within a few days after his apprehension, the clemency of the Roman government had granted frequent reprieves, in the vain hope that the wretched man would by repentance prepare his soul to meet death. Six months had thus gone by, during which hope had never abandoned Castracani—though the many attempts made to liberate him had failed—he was still confident of escape. But his hour was nearer than he imagined. By the dim light of a small lamp, he sat musing over a paper he had just received. It was the warrant for his execution on the morrow.

"So," said the unhappy man, "the cries of justice have prevailed over those of mercy. The clemency of the sovereign Pontiff is exhausted! The six months granted for repentance have gone by, and to-morrow I am to die upon the scaffold: thus says this paper. No! No! Has it not been said of me, by the readers of the stars, that 'man shall not behold my death.' How then am I to die upon a public scaffold—the execration of thousands? Italian tyrants! I defy you still. Rome shall never behold my end. My headless trunk shall never quiver beneath the axe of the executioner. Though disappointment and vexation have been the only fruits of deep-laid plots for my liberation—though every stratagem has been frustrated—still, my own arm alone shall rescue me from death and ignominy. One hope, and that a strong one, yet remains. Let me but summon nerve and courage to the deed, and ere long Castracani may turn his back upon the towers of St. Angelo."

He then summoned the attendant, who was always in waiting at the prison door.

"Giacomo," said he, "you are aware that to-morrow I am to die. Here is the warrant, my passport into another world. There is no longer time to trifle with this life. I would prepare for another, and would see some holy father who, by his exhortations and prayers, may help me in my passage to eternity. Let the Padre Anselmo, Provincial of the Convent of Ara Coeli, be summoned to attend me."

The attendant replied, "I rejoice to see my noble master, at last moved to seek for comfort in the consolations of religion. It shall be done as you command."

"Poor Giacomo," continued Castracani, when his servant had left the prison, "he has served me well since first I entered these walls; he has aided me, as far as in him lay, in my plans for my escape; and I believe that he would even now give his life to save me: would to God that it were not necessary; but if so, he must die. And now for hypocrisy—now for cunning! If I can but cheat this wily priest, not the Arch-Fiend himself will be a match for Antonio Castracani. The Padre Anselmo in appearance is my second self; his stature, countenance, and figure, are alike mine; this black and flowing beard too, fostered with so much care, will aid the deception. Yes, Padre Anselmo, I have long had my eye upon you, and you will serve my purpose well."

For some time longer he continued musing, moving with rapid strides about his narrow cell, when, at the sound of approaching footsteps, he threw himself upon his knees, and, to the eyes of the advancing monk, seemed wrapped in deep devotion.

The Padre Anselmo was about the same age as Castracani—exceedingly like the Count in features and general appearance. The dress which he wore was that of his order; consisting of a deep cowl of coarse brown cloth, which shaded his head and face, and a gown or robe of the same material reaching to the ground. Round his waist a rope was tightly girded, from which were suspended his rosary and crucifix. Sandals of untanned leather completed his attire. On entering he dismissed the keepers, desiring them to return in an hour; and then took his station beside the kneeling prisoner. During the confession, the pretended penitent acted his part to perfection, and at its conclusion, with much apparent humility and sorrow, thus addressed the Confessor:—

“Padre! is there any hope that by inflicting punishment on myself, by scourging my body in this life, my soul may hope for mercy in the next?”

“Yes, my son!” replied the monk, as he took the cord from his waist, and placed it in the hand of the penitent. With this rope, in imitation of the anchorites of old, and of the members of our holy order of the present day, inflict such stripes on your body, that your sufferings may in some degree, move the offended justice to show mercy to your soul.”

This was all that Castracani required. Under the pretence of knotting the cord so as to increase his punishment, he quickly formed a running noose, which, with the speed of lightning, he threw over the head of the monk, tightened his grasp, and in an instant the lifeless body of the Confessor rolled upon the floor.

It took but a few minutes to change garments with the murdered man—and to place the body, as if seeking repose, upon the miserable bed. He had effected this, and had drawn the cowl closely over his face, so as to render discovery almost impossible, when the attendant, Giacomo, entered the dungeon to report that the keepers waited, to conduct the monk from the castle. In his hand he bore a torch, which glared upon the stiffening figure on the bed, and discovered to the horrified attendant the sandal of the Monk upon the feet of the seeming Count. The truth flashed across the mind of Giacomo—a deadly paleness spread over his face, and he trembled with horror at the crime which he suspected. Castracani instantly saw his oversight and the danger he incurred. In one moment his sinewy arms encircled the body of the attendant, in another his fingers were planted in his throat, and then the death rattle was sounding when the keeper entered the dungeon. Their prisoner was once more secured, the disguise torn from his back, and he was hurried to the lowest dungeons of the castle, far beneath the yellow waters of the Tiber.

Since that day Castracani has never been heard of. His name is breathed in Rome only with a mingled feeling of horror and dread. His fate was never known; and thus was fulfilled the prediction of the astrologer, that “Man was not to see him die.”

L. S. J.

VISION OF ACHILLES.

It is related, that Homer having resolved to compose a poem of which Achilles should be the hero, and desirous of obtaining an adequate conception of the warrior, made a pilgrimage to his burial-place, and besought the mighty shade to appear for one moment in all its former glory. Achilles rose into sight, but in so awful a shape, that the astonish'd bard became blind in the act of contemplation.

Round the rocks which worn and steep
Gird Sigœum's summits, sweep

The billows of the sea,

And the first star peeps on high

From its mansion in the sky,

With a mild and tender light

Ocean, shore, and cliffs are bright,

And sleeping seem to be;

On the headland's summit high,

Where the breezes ever sigh,

A lonely tomb is reared—

A towering shaft of Parian stone

As yet by time unseared;

Upon the green sward placed alone,

Sprung from a marble base,

Nor nameless, nor to fame unknown,
 For there the eye might trace—
 "Here sleeps Achilles"—nothing more
 That pale and tearless mourner bore.

But see! what form ascendeth now
 The promontory's rocky brow?

Unlike the common herd;—
 Godlike his stature and his height,
 Beneath his brow a living light
 Seems inwardly to lie;

No base or earthly passions stirred

His calm yet eagle eye;
 Not Jove upon Olympus' cloud
 Trod so majestically proud.

At length he gains the summit steep,
 And viewed the tomb with reverence deep,
 His soul seem'd struggling with a sense
 Of clay oppress'd impotence,
 As mortal words were all too weak
 The feelings of his heart to speak,
 Trembling at length—"Achilles, rise,
 "Though for a moment, to my eyes
 "In their sublimity display,
 "The glories of thy former day."

As the fiery cloud up-rises

From snow-clad Ætna's crest,
 Wing'd with flame, when it despises
 The mountain's smouldering breast,
 And through the blue air, high up-borne,
 Spreads on the winds its sullen scorn.
 So rose Achilles, armour dight,
 That shed around a lurid light,
 And still his right-hand did uprear
 His massy and tremendous spear,
 The crooked falchion, sharp and wide,
 Still was girded to his side,
 The plumes upon his helmet spread
 Their awful shadow o'er his head,
 And on his arm the ponderous shield—
 The terror of the battle-field;
 And a fearful light shone 'round him far,
 Like the air that encircles a meteor-star.

But to the bard that terrible light
 Fell on his eyeballs like blackest night;
 His spirit grew bright with the inward spark;
 But his vision for ever was gone and dark;
 From his sight fair nature had melted away,
 And the golden smile of the happy day.

VESPER.

GERALDINE.

Outstretch'd like some pale victim of stern death,
 In marble beauty Geraldine was laid,
 Her limbs all motionless,—no sigh, no breath,
 No tear, not one convulsive throb was made—
 But like a bud that fate has doomed to fade,
 Before its fairness to the world is shown,
 A mournful sight lay that sweet widow'd maid,
 Entranced like death,—her happiness all flown,
 Her hopes, her joys in life, like Autumn leaflets gone.

By what rude blast ? O say. A tale I ween
 So sad has not been told this many a day,
 As that of Edmund and fair Geraldine ;
 A blithe and handsome youthful pair were they,
 As ever loved by moonlit stream to stray,
 And breath'd fond vows when youth's sweet days were bright,
 Beneath the genial glow of summer's ray,
 When hopes were soothing, and their bosoms light
 With joy, and life all seem'd a region of delight.

But soon that dream was o'er ;—constrained to part
 By cruel friends, he from her presence fled ;
 And she, poor thing ! soon pined ; her widowed heart,
 Unknowing change—to other suitors dead,
 With none but her lost love would ever wed,
 Though many sought her hand, her heart was dumb
 To love's soft whisperings, for still it bled
 With that deep-cutting wound ;—'twas life to roam
 With him she loved ;—all else was death, the tomb her home.

She faded by degrees ;—just as the light
 Of some long summer's day slow leaves the sky,
 And softly lingers yet, 'till all in night
 Is 'whelm'd ;—so fled the brightness of her eye,
 So ceas'd her voice's lightsome melody ;
 Those joyful notes that echoing before
 Oft witching caught some roving passer-by,
 No more were heard ; its magic tone was o'er,
 And she, poor love-sick maid, seem'd treading death's dark shore.

Her parents mourning slow relented then,
 They could not see her die, for had she gone,
 Sad had been their path midst the haunts of men,
 Their joy, their pride, their happiness all flown ;
 And could they pass this weary life alone ?
 Ah no !—this world is full of dreariness,
 Before th' heart-rending pangs of grief are known,
 And yet with nought to love, those joys were less,
 And life a weary way—a journey of distress.

The roses bloom once more upon her cheek,
 So soft, so beautiful, so sweetly fair,—
 Her gentle spirit breathes, so kind, so meek,
 Renewing hope, and love, for dark despair
 No longer holds his fell dominion there ;
 Her sunny smiles, and whisper'd accents tell,
 More sweet than Zephyr's sighs, the loss of care,
 The power of love, the magic of its spell,
 The heart, where happy thoughts and long-sought visions dwell.

The rite is o'er, and they two joined in one,
 A lovely pair, seem lost to all around
 In happiness unspeakable ;—the sun
 Its brightest rays is shedding on the ground,
 All earth and air seem breathing forth a sound
 Of love and joy, to hail that happy day ;
 And fortune who so long upon them frowned,
 With gladness smiling forth her soothing ray.

Now seems to drown all woe, and bid all hearts be gay.
 What means that horrid shriek, so keen, so shrill,
 That bursts like thunder from the merry scene ?
 What means this turbulence ?—alas, some ill
 Has come upon the bride, her joy between,
 What else could such a fearful outbreak mean ?
 The guests all horror-struck at that dire sound,
 Haste to the spot where joy so late had been,
 They find poor Edmund weltering on the ground,
 And Geraldine in deathlike icy chillness bound.

Oe shriek, and life seems from her bosom fled
 To wing its flight with his. Then mournfully
 They bear her from the scene;—they deem'd her dead,
 So motionless upon her couch she lay,
 Midst garlands bright, and ornaments so gay,
 A piteous scene. The morn had shone so bright
 With love and joy, to greet their wedding day;
 And scarce perform'd had been that holy rite,
 When Death came hovering o'er—and all was 'whelm'd in night.

And yet how beautiful she lay one vein
 So blue, across her marble forehead strayed—
 All else was deadly pale. No sign of pain,
 No throbbing her deep misery betrayed:
 You might have gazed for ever, for no shade
 Of sadness dimmed her beauty; but her eye
 Each gazer with its glassy look dismayed,
 It told a mournful tale; so dreadfully
 It glared, a stony glare, on all the standers by.
 But consciousness returned, though reason fled.
 At first she seem'd to feel some chilling pain,
 And moaning, clasped her hands upon her head,
 As if she thus would stop it;—then again
 Th' electric spark of madness through each vein
 Its fiery impulse shot,—she raved, and through
 The group with starting eyeballs seem'd to strain,
 And called upon her love,—then bid them strew
 Bright flowers along his path, as her he came to woo.

And then anon she'd chide him for delay,
 And bid him bear her to some other shore,
 Where they midst nature's choicest gifts might stray,
 And sorrow never should afflict them more.—
 Another change, and raging madness o'er
 Her beauteous form its fearful mantle flings,
 All was a painful boding calm before,
 But now are seen her phrenzy's bitt' rest stings,
 And yet the ruling thought through all its changes clings.

But suddenly a deep-stained drop of blood,
 Upon her vest, her wandering fancy caught,
 All silently and motionless she stood,
 As if 'twas found what she so late had sought.
 No child e'er gazed upon a toy new bought
 With more delight,—it seem'd some pretty flower,
 She smiled and said to cherish it she ought,
 And plant it near their pleasant sunny bower,
 To catch the earliest rays and feel the dewy shower.

But wherefore dwell on such a dreadful scene,
 Or seek to tell the woe, the agony
 Of them that watched her, 'till at length serene
 And calm she sank to rest; just as the sky
 When the fierce tempest's o'er, so beauteously
 Is lull'd, and brightened with the evening ray,
 Which gleams, a flitting gleam, then passes by,
 As swift and bright as visit of a fay,
 Then night comes on and leaves no traces of the day.
 'Twas thus she died—they laid them in one tomb,
 With some sad lines to tell their tale of love,
 And how they sank beneath the untimely doom.
 Their grave was near the shadows of a grove
 That chanting birds might echo still above
 The grave their notes of fondness: and when near
 Soft maidens with fond youths should chance to rove
 That they might o'er them pitying drop a tear,—
 A tribute to the dead and memory so dear.

M.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE OF THE SHAH NÂMEH.

Praise to the Lord of worlds, the Lord of kings,
 From whom all wisdom, and all glory springs :
 Praise to the Lord of souls, enthron'd in height,
 Far, far beyond all human thought or sight ;
 Praise to the Lord of fortune, and of fame,
 The Lord of Saturn's distant-rolling flame ;
 The Lord of spheres, who lit with living light,
 The moon's pale lamp, the sun, and day-star bright ;
 The Lord of prophets, high above all name,
 Above all place—for ever still the same.
 What tho' thou canst not, with thy mortal eye,
 His all pervading majesty descry,
 Vex not thyself, for e'en thought's swift-wing'd flight
 Fails to approach his cloud-encircled height,
 And none, but souls, all-skilled, all-pure, all-wise,
 Soar beyond earth to bright, undying skies.
 No words his name can sing, his praises tell,
 Who far above our spirits' ken doth dwell :—
 What then remains but to obey his will,
 His prophet honor, and his laws fulfil,
 Follow the path of happiness and light,
 Till death enshrouds thee in eternal night.

D.

THOUGHTS ON HORACE.

THERE are some to whom, from the period of their leaving school, the bare mention of the term classics, or any attempt to recall the studies of former days, is odious : and such, we allow, can derive no gratification from the perusal of an article written for the purpose of placing before their eyes some of the chief points in the character and writings of the Venusian poet : and who of all the writers of antiquity is so endeared to our recollection as Horace ? who so pleasingly, so vividly narrates his various adventures, journeys, and mishaps ? lays open for our inspection the cheerful picture of his country fireside ? or engages our attention by recounting his manner of spending the day when at Rome ? True it is that our old friend has needed no biographer to hand down to posterity a panegyric on his life and actions* : the want has been amply supplied by his own exertions, though probably unintentional : we take up Horace and we gaze on the panorama of his life ; we look into the poet and we read the inmost characters of the man. Thus we track his infant days, and can see him under the eye of a prudent and sensible father imbibing that knowledge and those precepts which in after life he had occasion to remember with such unalloyed satisfaction : without shame or compunction he frankly confesses his ignoble birth, and without a sneer, without a taunt, like those Juvenal launches at the heads of the nobility, he prides himself more on that father than on the blood of a line of kings. But it is not our intention to collect from the various writings of Horace materials sufficient to work his life into one unbroken chain : this the reader may do for himself, or not, as he pleases ; we merely follow him at a distance in his endeavours “ to seek for truth in the groves of Academus :” we laugh as we picture him to ourselves showing a clean pair of heels at Philippi ; we see him again settled peaceably at Rome, and here we pause to consider two important scenes in the life of our favourite—so unaffectedly, and yet so strongly has he portrayed one of them, that we look, as it were, and see the curtain drawn up and the stage of life opened to our view : a nobleman on the one side, whose commanding cast of features stamps him as the descendant of a line of kings, is talking in a kind and somewhat affable manner to Horace : Horace himself, from an over excess of nervousness, lisps forth a few incoherent words in reply to the questions of his patron, and shortly after takes his leave, when the curtain drops for a short time over the proceedings of the great drama : but again, a

* A meagre Life of Horace, ascribed to Suetonius, is still extant.

third time is it raised and the stage brought still nearer to our view, additional characters have been introduced, and who, the spectator asks, are they? Who is that tall, quiet, and gentlemanly man with a delicate look, who joins in the laugh which Horace is perpetually raising either against others or against himself? That man is the poet Virgil, one of Horace's best friends, and round him are Tucca and Varius, his almost inseparable companions. Next we see the nobleman before mentioned approaching the party—they meet, they converse on easy and affable terms, but without the least attempt at familiarity. This last comer, as the reader will have already guessed, is Mæcenas: he has been playing at tennis, a game for which the naturally weak constitution of Horace unfits him, and perhaps the degree of exercise required is another objection. But they are all to sup together to-night with their patron, and Horace will smack his lips over those rich wines which his own unpretending cellar cannot afford. They are now departing, and we follow them with our eyes, till the short, round figure of Horace, with a few grey hairs already grizzling his temples, and the taller figures of his friends have melted before our sight, and the last laugh, consequent on some short but violent outbreak on Horace's part, has died away upon our attentive ear.—These, and other scenes such as these, it has been our delight to weave out of the many scattered narratives and hints with which his writings abound: but still, in spite of our admiration, or, rather, love, for this prince of boon companions, we must not shut our eyes entirely to his faults. In Horace we see a disposition undoubtedly noble and high-minded, but one which had chosen to adapt itself to the loose standard of morality then prevailing: we see a soul ready to confront the frowns of fortune and the changes of circumstances, but still fashioning itself "to the tenets of a vile philosophy," descending unworthily to the coarsest of jokes, and the loosest conversation. His Satires—a kind of writing which should ever be read with caution, as if the reader himself feared to be hurt with the venomous sting the rein concealed—are the first efforts of a mind naturally pure and untainted, but not yet sufficiently matured by experience. In his Epistles we recognise the lessons imparted by ripening years—the sound judgment—the clear-sighted morality: we there see Horace in his best light, and to those excellent pieces of finished composition we refer our readers for an insight into the private character, philosophy, and disposition, of one of the most amusing, and at the same time, amiable characters, which antiquity has transmitted to us.

R.

LEONORA.

(From the German of Bürger.)

Continued from No. 5.

- "Nay! William rest this night within;
 "The wind it whistles shrill,
 "The shrubs they rustle at the gate,
 "The hawthorn on the hill."
 "Let the hawthorn bend before the wind,
 "Away—once more, away;
 "My black horse snorts, my spur is red,
 "And here I dare not stay.
 "Come gird thyself, and spring and mount
 "On the dark steed here with me;
 "A hundred miles we ride, and thou
 "My bride shalt surely be."
 "O must thou ride a hundred miles
 "To reach thy bridal bed?
 "For hark, the clock eleven tolls—
 "'Tis the hour of the dead."
 "Nay, see—the gentle moonbeams shine—
 "I and the dead can ride;
 "'Tis mine to win thee on this night—
 "'To have thee as my bride."
 "Yet tell me where thy nuptial couch,
 "And where thy bridal bed?"
 "'Tis far from here—still, cold and drear;
 "Six planks together laid."

" Scarce space for me ?"—" for me and thee—
 " Spring, mount behind and ride ;
 " The wedding guests await the feast,
 " The chamber waits the bride."
 She girds herself, she springs and mounts
 On the back of the coal-black steed ;
 She has clasped him with her lily hand,
 And they fly at quickest speed.
 On darts the horse, on his midnight course,
 And tramps along the way ;
 And the pebbles fly, as they hurry by,
 Nor stop to them, nor stay.
 Now left and right before their sight
 The fields go quickly by ;
 And houses, hills, and trees and shrubs,
 In mad confusion fly.
 " Art thou afraid ?—the moon shines bright."
 " O no !"—" the dead can ride."
 " Hurrah, hurrah ; art yet afraid
 " To meet them side by side?"
 The church bells ring, the raven croaks
 And flits around their head,
 And nearer sounds th' unearthly chaunt—
 " We bury now the dead."
 And see the sad procession move,
 With solemn steps and slow ;
 With chaunt they bear the coffin on—
 Full mournfully they go.
 " Come, priest, draw quickly nigh to me,
 " To us thy blessing give ;
 " Come sing the nuptial hymn, before
 " That man and wife we live."
 The song is hushed, the corpse and bier
 Are vanished quick away ;
 Yet the mournful crew that pair pursue,
 And sound along the way.
 On flies the horse on his midnight course,
 And tramps upon the road ;
 And the pebbles fly as they hurry by,
 And the rider plies the goad.
 To left, to right, house, tree and shrub,
 The mountains' varied hue
 Are seen, and vanish 'ere well seen,
 Before their wandering view.
 " Dost fear the dead ? the moonbeams shine ;
 " Hurrah, the dead can ride.
 " Canst bear to meet them face to face ?"
 " —In peace O let them bide."
 " See, see in yonder moon-beams light
 " Who dance so merrily ?
 " Where a felon swings and his gibbet rings
 " A revelling band I see—
 " Ho ! dancers here, to us descend
 " And follow here below ;
 " My steed shall prance, and ye shall dance—
 " To our bridal bed we go."
 And see, obedient to his word
 The airy crew descends—
 Quick as the blast that shakes old oaks,
 That forest branches rends.
 " Art now afraid to meet the dead ?
 " To be their blithesome guest ?
 " The dead can ride with thee my bride,
 " Dost fear ?"—" O let them rest."

" Methinks the cock his note has crowed,
 " I see the dawn of day :
 " My sand is run, my thread is spun—
 " Let's hasten on our way."
 Now next again-t a churchyard gate
 With slackened rein they speed,
 Nor bar nor bolt could stay their course,
 In flies the fiery steed.
 And onward, onward, aye they fly,
 And o'er the graves they bound,
 Where in the pale moonlight beams
 The tomb-stones whiten round.
 And see, and see—one moment's time—
 A wond'rous sight to view,
 For piece by piece with sparks of fire
 His vest in sunder flew.
 His skull was bare, nor eyes nor hair,
 Nor spur on heel he wore,
 His body was a skeleton,
 And his hand the hour-glass bore.
 The coal-black steed did snort and breathe
 His charnel fire around,
 Then reared and pranced, and left the maid,
 And vanished under ground.
 And howlings filled the midnight air,
 And shrieks in tombstones rang ;
 And Leonora, pale with fear,
 'Twixt life and death did hang.
 In the lone moonlight which shone so bright—
 Arose the shriek and wail,
 And the spirits bound, in chorus round
 And tell the mournful tale :
 " Have patience, child of woe, nor dare
 " T' accuse the God of Heaven.
 " From thy mortal clay, thou'rt reft this day,
 " Thy soul be thee forgiven ! "

R.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE the honour of informing you, that it is my intention during the following Term to publish a Weekly Gazette—not such a one as would at all interfere, or trespass upon the ground of your admirable little Magazine—but simply as a vehicle of the news local, political, philosophical, fashionable, and literary of this College. It has long been a great and important desideratum, and I consider that in starting it I am doing an act of great service to the community at large.—The name that I have proposed to myself is *The East India College Gazette, and Hailey Lane Advertiser*; should, however, that name appear objectionable, I shall be most happy to receive and comply with any suggestions on the subject.

The day of publication will be Saturday: the publisher, Mr. Austin, of Hertford. The following will inform you of the line I intend to follow, and the nature of my matter.

Advertisements, of course—it would not be a paper without them—such as these :

- I. Lost, on Friday last, the 26th instant, from an up-stairs room in D. an aged Jackass, blind of one eye, and very deaf: he had long been the intimate companion of a reading freshman in these parts, and had made himself exceedingly useful in turning out words in the Sanscrit Dictionary, doing impositions, and assal's; he answers to the name of "*Winkle*." Whoever will restore him, will receive as a reward a bad half-crown—the thanks of his despairing owner, and the satisfaction of being an honest man.
- II. J. D. is earnestly requested to return to his studies; his debts shall be paid, and all his affairs made square by his affectionate father.
- III. Mr. Lynes begs to announce to the gentry of the E. I. C. that he will have the honour of holding a sale of "Jam Pots," at the rooms of a gentleman of that Coll. on Monday next.

IV. Mr. Twaddle returns thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and begs to assure his former supporters that although he cannot *teach Hebrew*, he hopes that he can make a coat as well as any tailor in Europe, &c. &c.;

Our Leading Article, which will naturally follow, will be of a varied description, but always connected with the interests, external or internal of the College—such as these:—

We cannot congratulate the College too heartily on the subject of the Draining of the Quadrangle, which will conduce much to the health of the Students, and their more regular attendance at Chapel.

We cannot too severely reprobate the impolitic conduct of the Directors in their neglecting to supply the Members of their Coll. with Rowland's Macassar. Do they not consider in how great a degree it clears the intellects and strengthens the powers of the brain? &c. &c.

POLITICS.

The attendance at Chapel, owing to the inclemency of the season, is but scanty.

We remark that several individuals most regular and zealous in their attendance at Hall, are not so regular at Chapel;—perhaps, however, the severe duties of the one interfere with the vocations of the other. Cutting Lecture is quite out of fashion in the First Term.

The vulgar and odious system of Smoking Cigars has been exploded by a mandate of the Patriarch from D, the penalties incurred for the infringement of that decree will be severely enforced by that functionary.

FUNDS.

The Funds were rather brisk during the last and preceding weeks, and much interest was excited on the day on which the *Dividends* were paid. A rush was made upon the bank of Neale and Co., and much damage was incurred.

"Greats" are at a discount.

The run upon G's continues steady and unfluctuating, although in some instances the demand rather exceeds the supply.

L's are looking up, and P's are become drugs in the market.

Good looking Gowns are becoming a scarce commodity—Caps are out of the question.

Test Books, and Analyses fetch good prices, but their value is uncertain.

COURT CIRCULAR.

Much excitement prevailed last week in C. on the appearance of a gentleman of bushy-whiskered renown, in a new green cut-a-way. Many and various were the speculations as to its parentage; the Twaddle faction at one time seemed to have the advantage, and the Cheekites were down in the mouth. The affair, however, was suddenly cleared up, and the mystery solved, much to the disappointment of both parties, by an inadvertent expression upon the part of the gentleman himself, that he had purchased it at a ready-made shop in Fleet-street.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.

M. B. G——E on family affairs for London.

POLICE REPORT.

Two Young Men of well dressed and fashionable exteriors were summoned before the Sitting Magistrate in the Quad., on the charge of Beak B, for disorderly conduct, and outrageous behaviour the preceding night. The young gentlemen pleaded intoxication as their excuse, but to their surprise the excuse was not taken. After some solemn advice from the Magistrate, they were requested to give in the names of their confederates, which they accordingly did, and having been amerced with the usual fine of five-hundred, they were dismissed.

Other causes were then called on, of different natures, and were disposed of with the justice and skill which has so long distinguished the learned functionary who presided.

LITERARY AND CLASSICAL.

The effect of the last number of the *Haileybury Observer* was prodigious in the extreme. We cannot too much admire and commend the regularity and precision which the Editors display in the conducting and publishing their little gally-pot of preserved poetry, and pickled prose. No words are, however, adequate to express the indignation we feel at the gross abuse of confidence, and the infamous plagiarism of a certain evil-minded individual, which besides wounding the souls of the Editorial quintessence has the ill effect of exposing the publication itself to ridicule in the eyes of its readers.

Such, then, will be the subject matter of my intended publication. Of course, at the end of each term I shall publish a *Gazette* of the fortunates to whom prizes and honours may have been awarded; and it will be also our painful duty to record the names of the ill-starred *bankrupts*.

It is earnestly requested that any gentlemen who feel anxious to contribute, will signify their names to the publisher, by whom also any suggestions will gratefully be received.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

PETER CLEOPHAS.

E. I. C., March, 1841.

THE ORPHAN.

Ἡμερὶς ὀρφανικὸν παναφήλικα παῖδα τῖθεισι
πάντα δ' ὀπνευμήμυκε, δεδάκρυται δὲ παρειά.

Hom. II. XXII. 491.

Alone amidst the crowded world, oh darkly o'er my soul,
That melancholy solitude its bitterness doth roll,
By others the approach of friends is mark'd with brighten'd eye,
Unknown and friendless, 'tis for me to see their joy, and sigh.
No look of kindness greets my gaze, it is my bitter lot,
Though pining for return of love by all to be forgot;
For others doating parents have, and friends too, many a one,
But through this cold and withering world to care for me are none.
My soul is weary, and my eyes are dim with shedding tears,
My mind is deaden'd with the woe of solitary years;
I would to God that I were laid within the grave asleep,
'Twould be the only couch from which I should not wake to weep.
Day follows day, months after months in slow succession go,
And each one round my spirit winds a heavier weight of woe;
The fever'd throbbings of my heart will never be at peace,
Until death's icy fingers shall their troubl'd motion cease.
Oh welcome be his hour, although no friend will close my eyes,
And o'er my coffin not a sound of sorrow will arise;
There will not be one single tear above my body shed,
For who of all this thronging world will know that I am dead?

A.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Chakshuh" is not sharp-sighted.

"Caledonius's" verses are good.

We were not aware that the College contained any person capable of writing such nonsense as "E. I. C."

We are sorry to have overlooked a "Schoolboy's" production last week; we beg to decline it.

"Twaddle" ought to be ashamed of himself.

"X." is a promising youth.

"O." is decidedly bad.

"Oil-lamps"—his suggestion shall be attended to.

"Selim," "Leonard," "Curious Tom," and "George Goddard," are reserved for consideration.

"Boot-hooks" is too absurd.

We thank the "Lover of the East" for his translations from the Arabic:—we cannot, however, conceive the meaning, point or sense of them.

The present is our Last Number this Term. We sincerely thank all our contributors for the assistance we have received, and trust the same support and encouragement may be extended to the Editors next term.

HERTFORD.

PUBLISHED BY ST. AUSTIN & SON, BOOKSELLERS TO THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE:

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ST. AUSTIN AND SON, PRINTERS, HERTFORD.

REVIEW OF THE HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

PART III.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Pers. Sat. 1. 116.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1841. [Price 6d.]

"Have you read the Bath Guide, that ridiculous poem?
And who is the Author? Does nobody know him?
Young Billy Penwaggle and Simius Chatter
Declare 'tis an ill-natured, half-witted satire."

New Bath Guide.

SUCH and such-like were the aspersions which fell thickly and heavily upon the unfortunate Review of the Second Part of the far-famed *Haileybury Observer*. Had some deity unpropitious to the muse of the Reviewer, or writhing perhaps himself under the lash of some celestial criticisms, converted all the maledictions levelled against it into bullets, and transformed the fiery darts of anger, and ill-concealed revenge, into weapons of a more solid and material form, alas for the head, and person of the unfortunate author! But as no such untoward events have taken place, we may fairly suppose that a Celestial Observer has not as yet been started in those parts, or at least that the residents of "Olympus" have not as yet been electrified, or incensed by a Tartarean Review.

We may say that our attempts have succeeded: but did we ever doubt of success? No.—Do not think that this is said in a spirit of pride, or over-weening self-confidence; our confidence was derived from a surer source. When the idea of publishing a Review first flashed across our minds, when our brains were first tickled by such a brilliant idea, the thought naturally suggested itself to us—What will our readers say? Before then that we entered upon such a dubious undertaking it was necessary to make some cautionary experiments, to sound the water into which we were about to launch our literary freight. In this emergency we availed ourselves of a suggestion of a brother reviewer,* and what he considers an indispensable article of property to every author, and has with eminent success named a "Foolometer." We looked about us for an article of the description that would suit our purpose, and never were expectations, or

* Rev. Sydney Smith.

desires so fully realised. We found residing in the very next passage a machine—of the very best, and most suitable description : we made our experiments, we put our scheme to the test.—The quicksilver rose in a moment to “*set fair*,” and preserved its auspicious appearance without one single depression or deviation. If we had had any previous doubts about putting our plan into execution, they were at once dispersed, and we are proud to say that the excellency and infallibility of our instrument has been fully confirmed. We have again on the occasion of a second venture consulted our literary machine, and again it augurs favourably, provided only the vessel is freighted with such merchandize—such commodities as are most wanted in the market, and is sufficiently manned. *That* must be our peculiar care—and with every auspicious augury for its well-being, we again launch our bark into the literary ocean.

One word concerning our identity : our original object was the amusement of our readers, but we doubt whether our efforts have afforded more amusement to any one than to our worthy selves. Not that our wit was of such a pungent nature as to enchant the brains of those who had laboured to concoct it—not that our vanity was fed by the occasional praises which were bestowed upon it : our amusement was derived from the ingenious speculations concerning the identity of its author—the various theories as to his individuality and his whereabouts, in many of which we warmly joined, while of some we were the original propagators : at one time we seemed hanging on the brink of discovery ; the hounds of insulted authorship seemed bearing upon us with a deadly certainty,—we were upon the point of crying “*Peccavimus*,” and suing for the best terms we could obtain ; when, fortunately for us, a fresh scent was started—the run upon us was checked, or diverted into other channels—and we escaped.

One ingenious theory we cannot leave entirely unnoticed, as it at one time obtained extensively, and was seemingly confirmed by many conflicting circumstances—we allude to the theory of those ingenious and discriminating individuals, who attributed it to a neighbouring clergyman ;—the notion was excellent—a true bill was at once found against the worthy ecclesiastic—positive evidence there could be none—circumstantial evidence was strong against him—he narrowly escaped conviction ; and even now in the breasts of some he is scarcely entirely acquitted. Had we been summoned into the witness-box, doubtless our evidence would have thrown some little light on the case in question.

Once more then welcome, most intelligent—most penetrating—most benignant Public. To you again we offer the labour of our pens ; if any amusement can be derived by you from us, our wishes are more than fulfilled ;—at any rate, we would rather have our production deemed ridiculous—absurd—uncalled for—than that any one should accuse us of having dipped our pen into the ink of ill nature, or mended it with the penknife of malice.

No. I.

THE gentleman who *did* the opening piece begins by informing the world—poor ignorant wretches—that another term has arrived—startling fact !—that the arrival of another number of the *Haileybury Observer* has been coincident with it, is even still more startling. He then proceeds to inform us of the narrow escape which the dear thing had just incurred from the prevailing influenza—a return seemingly of a severe attack of the same nature experienced during the last spring. In an eloquent strain he dwells on its present rosy condition (though, without any attempt at a joke, it must be allowed that it still looks rather black in the face), and enlarges with a flourish upon the magnificent intentions, and visionary glory of the numbers about to issue from the literary conservatory.

In a graphic description of the “*locale*,” we must confess that the learned gentleman, like all historians, has swerved a little from the truth, to enhance the dignity of the

subject. In the engraving which adorns the title page of the former numbers, he fancies that he can detect a likeness between too individuals therein promenading, and persons of no less distinction than our worthy ancestors Adam and Eve. To our less poetical imaginations, it seems more probable—more consistent, to suppose that the lady and gentleman are designed to represent a college waiter and bedmaker, comparing notes upon their respective gains, than that the worthy founders of our species had been resuscitated to do honour to the new creation of the Honourable Company in the ancient chaos of Haileybury.

The article is closed by earnest and repeated incentives to all the young gentlemen of the College to convey their spare thoughts and random ideas immediately to paper, whether dressed in the ostentatious garb of poetry, or content with more humble prose—accompanied by certain dark allusions to the wooden receptacle of such effusions, and a certain misty cloud supposed at this moment to envelope it.

We are next favoured with a peep of three pages long into *Editorial concerns* of a varied nature, but on the whole of an agreeable and amusing character; indeed, out of a composition of such extent and variety, it were hard if we were not able to cull some flowers to repay our trouble. But we will consider the component parts of it separately. Prefaced by a joke of a most villainous and unpardonable nature, we are presented with an able translation of a fine passage of Lucretius—the prince of Latin poets in the originality and grandeur of his thoughts; the latter part of which is rendered with great accuracy and success.—We are surprised at the audacity of the gentleman who could have undertaken to write the Essay which follows next, upon the effects of the *Haileybury Observer*—so various—so extensive—so powerful—it must indeed be a task of no limited magnitude and difficulty, and would require the pen of an able panegyrist. We are much amused with the quotations from it, with which we are favoured, and the great taste and vigour of the metaphors which the author has been so felicitous in selecting. But the smile, which its perusal gave birth to, extends itself into a decided laugh when we come to the happy imitation of Horace, which immediately follows, in the form of an interlocutory ode between a modern representative of Horace and his fair Lydia. The climax in the gentleman's appellations of his mistress is very striking. At first sight we were in doubt whether we ought to continue our laugh to the next effusion or not: we crave the author's pardon for what, on a second perusal, we find to have been our mistake; but there is a something throughout it, which, coming immediately after the little specimen above alluded to, made us imagine it to be a burlesque. This effusion and a few subsequent remarks close the article, which, on the whole, has much in it both to amuse the light reader, and please the more fastidious.

The Auto-Biography of a College Cap possesses a good deal of humour—and in itself a good idea has been treated with skill and success. The personification (if it may be so called) of the Cap, and the anatomical particulars are happily introduced.

"Toujours Perdrix" was the exclamation of the Frenchman at the repeated appearance of that dish, which, though good enough in itself, had almost lost its relish from its provoking sameness. "*Αλεν 'Ανακρέων*" must be our cry, and many thanks are due to the Teian bard for his regular and acceptable contributions: the present translation however is by no means deficient in merit, either as regards accuracy, or poetical excellence.

The number is concluded by an amusing anecdote—entitled "*A Lovelock*"—and perhaps the name is the least good part of the piece. The anecdote is good, the description lively, and the catastrophe well brought out.

No. II.

"TAKE Advice, sir," as the Doctor said, is the motto of the next contribution which attracts our notice, but the compliance with that request depends greatly upon the nature of that advice, and in this case we must be permitted to say that the advice is on the whole of rather a questionable nature, and we trust that no contributor will avail himself of it, or feel himself in any way bound to comply with it. As a composition it possesses great merit, and the remarks at the end possess a great deal of truth and pungency. Prose certainly is harder to be treated than verse, and a very small effort of a genius, of a very diminutive order, may hit off two or three stanzas of jingling rhymes to his own entire self-satisfaction, but the same individual would be surprised to find how very rapid and ridiculous many of these highly-prized ideas

would appear, when committed to honest prose. There is also a great deal of truth in the translatable advantages, which Anacreon possesses to an eminent degree over his imitator Horace, and the much greater safety from the critical lash of the former.

The "Fairies' Lament" is a composition of singular beauty, and there is a classical sweetness which pervades the whole, which gives an additional charm to the happy choice of the words, and the harmonious flow of the lines. Another great, and no inconsiderable merit, is the entire absence of hackneyed ideas, and indeed the author seems to have gone to the opposite extreme, and studied to select abstruse thoughts, and rather over-strained metaphorical allusions. However, any little defects of that kind are so entirely overbalanced by its beauties, that they would hardly have been mentioned, had we not inadvertently been drawn into a consideration of them.

The next article we suppose has been introduced by way of a set-off to the preceding one—a composition without any visible meaning, point, or merit, intended to bring out to greater advantage an effusion possessing all those attributes to an eminent degree.—We read it, and as line follows line, we wonder, and at the close we are still in doubt as to the drift and meaning of the author.

The next article is an Historical Anecdote connected with a wood yclep'd, "the Lollard's Wood," unheard of before certainly by us, as no doubt it is also by many, if not all, our readers. The chief actors in the tragedy (for a tragedy of no common bloodiness it certainly is,) are a certain old boy with white hair, who emerges suddenly from under the turf, and a certain young one with fair hair, son of a certain Sir William Glasdale, who persecutes the Lollards, runs his own son through the middle, and finally ends by sticking in the mud at the capture of Tournelles. The story is by no means devoid of interest or incident: the narrative is well conducted, and the author deserves praise for everything except his signature, which to our weak comprehensions is utterly and entirely unintelligible. But upon its meaning, or rather want of meaning, we will not tarry, but proceed to the perusal of a tale of dire and dreadful deeds—rejoicing in the dire and dreadful name of the Demon Bride. The wildness of the ballad style has been very successfully imitated, and there are many stanzas we could select, which particularly attract the attention, and especially the opening of the second canto, which, although a professed imitation of the most beautiful part of the "Lord of the Isles," has still in itself enough originality to render it highly acceptable.

No. III.

THE Human Passions—a Vision—displays a depth of thought, and raciness of imagination to a greater degree than we should have expected in a publication of this nature. The idea is admirable, and the descriptions and delineations are painted with lively colours and a vivid exactness, which excites our surprise as well as our admiration. The thoughts, felicitous in themselves, are conveyed in well chosen and expressive words. It is immediately followed by a translation of the noblest passages in the Georgics, which the Poet had evidently wrought up to the highest state of finish, on a subject on which his courtly muse loved to descant, a panegyric of the virtues and valour of the great Cæsar, and a description of the temporary ills which his death brought upon the state. The translation contains some of the spirit of the original, but no words can fully convey the meaning of that most glorious passage, which can only be compared to the irresistible flow of the lordly river which it describes.

Our next article is a very ably written dissertation upon an inexhaustible subject, the identity of Homer, and the authorship of the Rhapsodies rightly or wrongly ascribed to him. After humourously describing the unworthy duties, to which those divine poems are now nearly entirely devoted, the author makes an assertion which we should feel inclined to doubt. Undoubtedly Achilles is the hero—the main spring of the poem—the commencement opens with his wrath, the continuance describes the effects to both parties of that wrath, and the conclusion contains the appeasement of it by concessions on the part of his opponents; and with that the poem closes, showing clearly that *that*, and that alone, was its sole object. One objection to this article is that in the short space of two pages seven separate scraps of the learned languages have managed to introduce themselves in parcels of two or three words, much to the detriment of the original English, and without any assistance to the general meaning.

The "Great Pandit" deserves some praise for his ingenious burlesque of the style of the Hitopadessa,—we certainly agree with his antagonist in the next number, that to the

uninitiated it must appear as great a mass of absurdity as you could find any where. A passage from the poet Lucan inspires us with expectations which, if anything, are more than realised by a very spirited description of the "Persian Army crossing the Hellespont." After this we are favoured with two specimens of private epistolary correspondence subscribed with the names of "Orlando Cutleg" and "Timothy Tugbottom." We were not aware before we met with Mr. Cutleg's communication, that surgical powers had risen to such a height as to enable anatomical investigations to be made upon, or rather within, the heads of individuals still capable of attending lectures, and smoking cigars: yet such must have been the case in the instance Mr. Cutleg mentions: the method pursued in such examinations must be curious, and we must all be on the look out, as in these days of scientific improvement, should the interior of our pericraniums escape from the investigation of a Cutleg, our external bumps will scarcely escape the scrutinies of a De Ville. Timothy Tugbottom, the latter of the two epistles, is a compound of dry wit, and long words, alluding to the supposed malaria affecting the olfactory organs. We trust that the same "panaceum," whatever it is, that dries up the blood in the nose of the one, will freeze the ink in the bottle of the other, and thus rid us at once of two considerable inconveniences.

The last article in the present number is undoubtedly the best, and describes with a great deal of poetry and pathos, the effects on the mind of that best gift of mankind—Hope. The subject, though not a new one, has been treated in such manner that the ideas have the charm and raciness of novelty.

NO. IV.

THE fourth number opens with another historical anecdote—"The Interdict." The conclusion of it occurs in No. 5; but for convenience sake we prefer considering them both together. The story, as may be seen from the name, is a narrative of circumstances which happened in that portion of John "Lackland's" reign, during which the kingdom was under the interdict of the Pope. There is some incongruity in the plot and thread of the story. It seems that a certain nobleman, Hubert De Vear by name, is anxious to have his child christened—a very natural and parental feeling; he proceeds to the church, attended by a party, no doubt godfathers and godmothers, but to his surprise, since we suppose his last visit there (which does not speak much for his morality) a porch has sprung up, and he is informed for the first time by the parson of the parish, that an interdict has been thrown upon the country, and that this porch (during the preceding night) had been built, and there or nowhere the christening was to be performed. But how in the world came it to pass that our friend Hubert—sheriff of the county—did not know all this before—that instead of asking all this information at the church door he had not been previously informed of a matter of such paramount importance? But to continue the story.—The minister is promptly ejected from the county—the baron is in high wrath, and his lady makes her complaint to her *toady*, and a certain individual with his *mind wrapped up in deep meditation and his body in a large cloak*, who suddenly comes upon them. The story is brought to a conclusion by the lady, aided and abetted by this gentleman in the cloak, stealing a march upon the baron, and the aforesaid baron breaking his scone against a tomb-stone. Such then is the story. The style in which it is told is easy and pleasant, and the conversations introduced well adapted, and the plot is worked up so as to keep the interest to the end. If the preference is to be given to any part, we think that it is due to the latter part and the conclusion.

Demon Bride.—Canto III.—Much as we were inclined to, and had commended the 1st and 2nd canto of the *Demon Bride*, they both in merit and beauty fall short of the present, many parts of which are exceedingly happy—the style easy, and the story well carried out. Much of its superiority to the foregoing cantos we ascribe to the judicious variation of the metre, which prevents that sameness, which in a long composition becomes at length wearying and tedious—a failing which we cannot in the least ascribe to the present composition.

We hail with undisguised delight the continuance of the "Wanderings in the Long Vacation," the first two parts of which amused us so much in the former numbers, and we are not disappointed in the expectations of pleasure to be derived from it we naturally entertained—pleasure, however, not unmixed with a certain feeling of awe and dread, owing to the nature of the subject which the author has treated us to, and the powerful manner in which he has laid open to us that terrestrial

Necropolis, l'Ecole de Medicine. We shudder at the painful scenes thus disclosed to us, are tempted to throw the number from us, but by some irresistible fascination we feel compelled to continue our perusal. The wreck of poor weak human nature—the callousness which habit engenders in the breast of the practitioners—the feelings of the spectator at first sight of these painful objects, are forcibly, truly, and powerfully described. Upon our minds, and we think it will be the same upon the minds of all, the anecdote at the close has made a deep impression, and of such a nature as not easily to be effaced. We rarely even now wake in the course of the night, but amidst the dying embers we still fancy that we can trace the shadowy form of the apparition which worked so powerful an impression on the feelings of “Andral,” and which the author has so feelingly and vividly described.

We can scarcely decide whether to praise or condemn the *Sonnet* that follows. Some of the ideas are well chosen, and many of them of a lofty stamp. Still there is a something throughout that seems rather far-fetched, if we may use the phrase; the metaphors seem forced, and towards the close the gigantic strides through the events of ages diminishes its effect, and more than out-balances its excellencies.

It is succeeded by a composition of a somewhat melancholy and sombre character; but abounding with beautiful passages, and written with much feeling and pathos.

We are next favoured with a translation of an extract from the *Hitopadesa*, but not of the same nature as the extract in a former number. We perfectly agree with the author in his opinions on that book, and, as all our readers well know, there are many passages, which they have read, which bid fair to rival, if not exceed, the beauties of the more fortunate poets of Greece and Latium.

No. V.

THE continuation of the “Interdict” we noticed in our last number.

The next article that comes before us is a translation of the far-famed Leonora of Bürger: of its merits as a translation, from our not having had an opportunity of comparing it with the original, we cannot judge. Written in the wild ballad metre, it is not without pathos; but from the gloominess and darkness of the subject, it requires to be read more than once before the drift of the story can thoroughly be understood, and the reader embrace the whole train of the ideas.

We cannot but admire, and we think justly, the sweetness both of rhythm and ideas, which the following song contains; written in a metre well adapted to the subject, and with the exception of a few too much laboured ideas, and ill-conceived metaphors, possessing much merit.

Apologizing to all gentlemen who wear whiskers for our assertion, we cannot hesitate saying that we are quite sick of the subject; not that we are troubled with them individually, but the joke is so stale—the allusions so eternal—the dry wit expended upon them, or rather thrown away upon them, so common, that we do not enter upon the perusal of the suggestion of Whiskerando with feelings of impartiality;—if we had, we doubt whether we should have thought better of a page and a half of absurd rhodomontade, about barbers declining to sell Macassar, because their customers, in their opinion are not in need of it—of gentlemen not looking into the glass for the space of a month, and then finding their whiskers growing backwards, and other such abominable and common-place ideas. Dry wit—very dry! The conclusion brightens a little, but even that only arrives at mediocrity. We are sure that our readers can neither commend, condole with, or have any pity for a despairing Whiskerando, who writes such nonsense.

It is with other feelings that we peruse a translation of one of our favourite odes of our favourite poet Horace, of which this present translation gives a tolerably correct idea, and which has some claim to merit—but no translation can render satisfactorily the delicate allusions, the scrupulous choice of expressions, the easy and yet studied rhythm and melody, which characterise all the remains of the fastidious protégé of Mæcenas.

We have heartily followed the example of Democritus, and have derived a good deal of amusement from the lively and humorous epistle that closes this number. The failings of poor human nature, and the innate conceit of mankind, are well drawn, as is also the humorous description of the absurd superiority which the hardened villain who has worked a few months in the Haileybury tread-mill arrogates over the luckless wretch but just condemned to it, and the imaginary importance which an addi-

tional six months' residence is supposed to confer upon an urchin of sixteen over a new comer in every way his superior. The conclusion we must confess is an unconscionably sharp pull up, such as almost to warrant the idea that Mr. Austin's infernal brigade had decamped with the two or three last sentences.

No. VI.

THE last number of our little friend—alas! that it is not eternal—that anything endowed with such excellence should be arrested by stern destiny in its pleasing and entertaining career. Such, however, is the case, and we must enjoy what little remains to us, and congratulate ourselves, that it has been extended so far, and that in its last effort it has presented the world with twins.

Scotland and its Legends.—A story of some merit as to interest, but of none as to style, which to say the best of it, is very lame, and unfinished. As far as we gather from the story the following is its drift:—A young man, nobody knows who, flying nobody knows where from, and pursued—nobody knows why,—flies to a castle, kisses a young lady, and finally secretes himself in a hidden chamber, where, however, he is at length discovered by his pursuers; upon which the young hero shoots two of them, stabs himself, and then joins hands round with them in a jig to the tune of a mysterious piper. Such is the story, worthy of the parentage it is ascribed to—an old Scotch lady.

The next piece is by way of being a defence of the Fairies against the outrageous supposition, broached in the second number, that they had gone off bodily from these parts. Though we must allow that the Fairies' champion is rather inferior to the Fairies' chief mourner, yet still it is not without merit, and possesses some good ideas, conveyed in an easy and agreeable flow of language.

Dark and mysterious as is the next composition, the Children of the Night, it abounds in beauties of no common order, though, a second or third perusal is necessary entirely to understand, and sufficiently to estimate its beauty. The style, as well as the subject, is wild and mysterious, abounding in metaphor, and expressions not of common occurrence—the general result of which is to perplex the reader. With this little drawback, the poem, we think, is worthy of high commendation, and displays a true spirit of poetical genius.

The tale bearing the name, and connected with the Castle of St. Angelo, is agreeably and forcibly told—the story is interesting, and the catastrophe pleasingly and yet powerfully wrought out.

Although we meet with many lines of considerable beauty, both in thought and versification, in the Vision of Achilles, we do not entirely admire the composition as a whole, there is something unfinished and incomplete, while some of the ideas are poor and ill-imagined.

Oh Geraldine! how are we to wade through two pages of your sorrows, told in so solemn and heavy a style? how are we to condole with you on your misfortunes, when we know not what they are? We read of a shriek being heard, and your lover weltering in his blood—but how—what—why—when? We were left to our imaginations to supply the catastrophe—the dire event that destroyed the felicity of the happy pair. Are we to suppose that the chandelier fell on the ill-starred bridegroom's head—or that a careless waiter made an incautious use of his knife, or anything of such a nature? Or shall we raise up visions of a sterner kind—an enraged and disappointed rival or the ferocious hero of a former engagement? The story conveniently is suited for everything—suffice it for us to show that Edmund dies, and of course the lady is bound to do so likewise. Still the poem possesses considerable merit from the easiness of its rhyme, and the successful treatment of the metre immortalised by Lord Byron, and many stanzas are exceedingly beautiful.

Thoughts on such a subject as Horace must always be agreeable to an admirer of the classics, and we perfectly agree with the author in the sentiments he has propounded and the pleasing picture he has drawn of the simple and yet not undignified mode of spending their time adopted by the two poets, and their munificent patron—sometimes honoured by the presence of a still more illustrious visitor. True it is, that we may gather from Horace's works the tale of his literary ease, and undisturbed repose.

Although unacquainted with the original, we cannot hesitate to bestow the highest praise on the spirited translation of the preface of the "Shah Nameh," which renders

with great felicity the exuberance and richness, which characterise all the specimens of Oriental devotion.

The continuation of "*Leonora*" preserves the merit which characterised its beginning. Like all German ballads, songs, &c., the meaning is enveloped in mystery, and it is with difficulty that we can follow through the wild and unconnected descriptions which are more remarkable in the close than in the beginning.

The next article purports to be a programme of a Gazette or Newspaper Extraordinary to be published during the following term, and contain all the news of, or about, the College. The idea is ingenious, but really the task, supposing it not to be a burlesque, but plain honest truth, would be a sinecure. Can the Editor tell us where or whence he is to collect the matter for his paper? Is there any spark of novelty of any sort in the place? Is there any variety to alleviate the morbid state of stagnation into which this place has been for time immemorial, and irrevocably plunged, unless the public are benignant enough to consider gossip and scandal as news, and can fancy that there is variety in the daily alternations of chapel, lecture, and hall. What advantage can a paper be under such circumstances, either in a pecuniary point of view to the editor, or pleasurable to the public? We recommend Mr. Cleophas to consider the matter seriously, before he ventures upon such an undertaking; if he does venture, we for our parts will do our best to support him.

The number is closed with a touching and pleasing composition, descriptive of the ill-starred fate of the "*Orphan*." The ideas seemed to be borrowed from the beautiful passage of Homer, from which the above quotation is taken;—the effect is much aided by the slow and solemn metre which has been judiciously selected.

Once more then, benevolent Readers, Farewell! Our labours are finished—grateful they must be, when our object, as we distinctly affirm, is to amuse all, and to give pain to no one. We have played our little part on the stage—we have employed our own idle hours, and may perhaps serve to break through the monotony, and give variety to the conversation hitherto perhaps less agreeably engrossed in speculations upon the approaching Examination. We throw ourselves upon your generosity—we appeal to your clemency:—upon our last appearance before you, though many smiled benignantly upon us, yet others—misguided individuals!—in a phrenzy of exasperated wrath, levelled against us the bitterest darts of indignation—burnt us in effigy, and horsewhipped us in imagination. To those gentlemen we now more particularly address ourselves. Bowing to their superior knowledge, and keener discrimination, we crave their pardon, we deprecate their wrath; with such sacrifices as lie in our power we soothe—we appease the "*angry manes*" of their departed offspring; still, however, if it must inevitably be that our innocent productions should be the cause of heart-burnings, and anger, forgive us, if we remind them of the noble revenge with which the great *Cæsar* repaid the poet, who had made him the object of his satire. Be not angry with us because we—self-constituted critics—have presumed to give forth to the world our opinion as incontrovertible; for we have only committed to paper, and thence to print what others—what all—have no less openly and unhesitatingly asserted, we have availed ourselves of a privilege which in a land of freedom must be open to all. Receive the criticisms of Part III. with the same urbanity that you received those of Part II., and it will never repent us of having presented ourselves to your notice, and appeared before you as

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